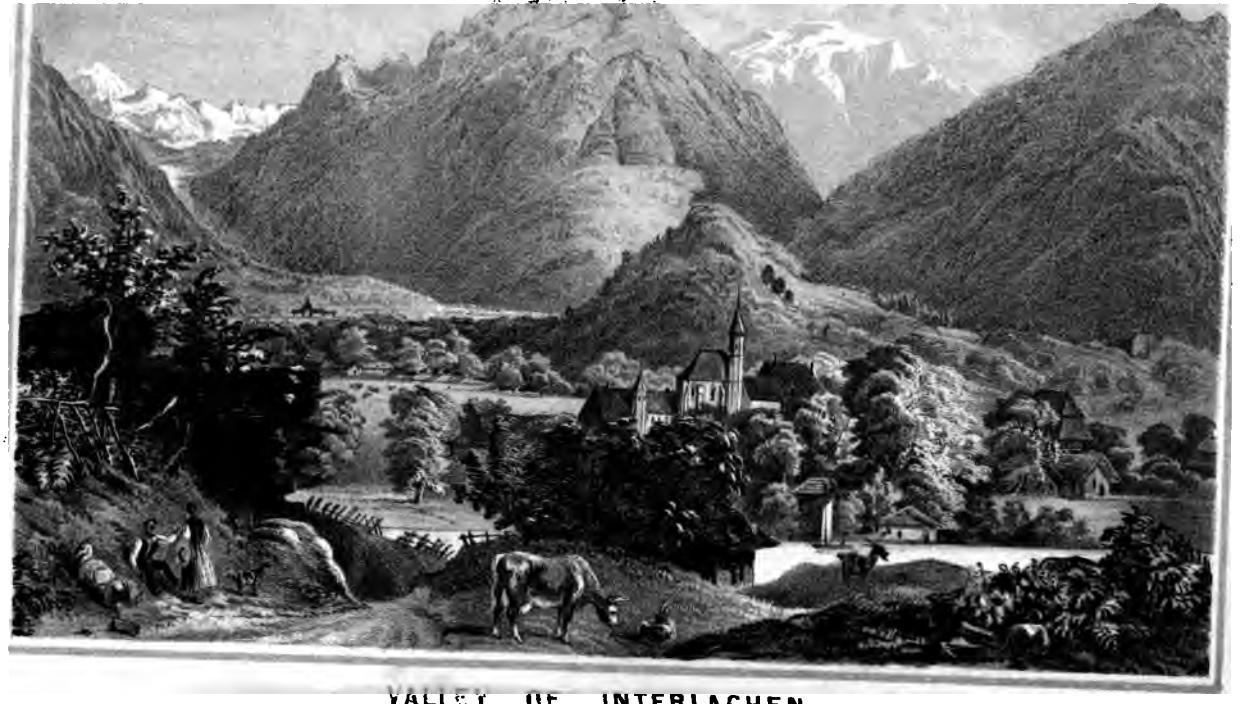

VALLEY OF INTERLACHEN

NOTES
of a
TOUR IN SWITZERLAND,
IN THE SUMMER OF
1847.

BY THE HON. AND REV.
BAPTIST W. NOEL, M. A.
Minister of St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row.

JAMES NISBET AND CO. 21, BERNERS STREET,
LONDON.

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PREFACE.

WHY has this book been written? First, every one who travels ought to write down his observations, if he does not wish to lose four-fifths of the knowledge which he acquires; next, what has given one person pleasure when seen, may give others pleasure when described; and each traveller has his own manner of observing, sees old scenes under new circumstances, and has a circle of friends who would feel some curiosity to examine his particular narrative. For these latter reasons, some persons probably who would leave better books on Switzerland unnoticed, may honor this work with a perusal.

Above all, the present state of the Swiss Churches is such as to merit the particular study of those who feel an interest in the progress of the Gospel; and

the political questions which now agitate the Cantons may lead to consequences so extensive, that they demand the attention of every thoughtful person in Europe.

Hornsey, Dec. 20, 1847.

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NOTES OF

A TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.

CHAPTER I.

GENEVA.

On Friday, September 6th, 1821, from the summit of the Jura mountains, I saw the Alps for the first time. Every moment, as the road wound round each obstructing eminence, we were expecting them to burst upon us; and at length a beloved brother, who, with elastic tread and bounding heart preceded the carriage, exclaimed, "there they are:" and there they were. The Jura forests, down which we were descending, the whole enchanting valley before us, the wide-spread lake, with the sloping banks of grass and scattered trees descending to its margin, the villages scattered over the land, with the towers of the distant city, reposed in the sunshine. Beyond the lake the mountains looked black and stormy, beneath

the shadow of a long line of clouds, which lay horizontally above their heads. Out of this shadowy sea rose naked pinnacles and sharp spires of granite, so steep that neither verdure nor snow could rest upon them; and higher than all, like another world, ethereal, brilliant, alone in its surpassing glory, towered the snowy summit of Mont Blanc. Twenty-six years had scarcely impaired the impressions of that hour, and with eager hope to gaze on that glorious scene again, I quitted Paris for Geneva, on Monday, August 24th, 1847, with three members of my family.

The road does not afford much occasion for observation. We passed unnoticed the dead men's bones and other relics in the cathedral of Sens: we were jolted on the execrable pavée; we repeatedly stopped to put new bolts and screws to the tortured carriage; were cheated at Melun; well lodged at Dijon; came into the region of vines and Indian corn; discussed the comparative condition of the women of England, who become as weak and washy as their tea in their poor cottages, and the women of that poor part of France, who work like men in the fields; and at length, on Wednesday evening, August 25, reached Poligny, at the foot of the Jura, hoping next day to gaze on the glittering dome of the highest mountain in Europe. But our sky was not settled: a bright and picturesque cloud, which had reflected the colours of the setting sun, and seemed like a celestial city, on whose luminous battlements angels might sit delighted and look down upon this fair world, be-

came, as night advanced, livid as death; and hanging over the Jura range, began to discharge upon them its flashes of fierce lightning; just as a man who, once smiling and good tempered in prosperity, has grown misanthropic under adverse circumstances, and darts his execrations upon all beneath his influence.

During the night the storms gathered; clouds hung all the next day upon the heights to our right and left; and when we descended towards Geneva, the magnificent scene which had often filled our imaginations along the road, was to us as though it existed not. The misty Voirons, and Saleve across the lake, were the utmost boundary of our view. We had crossed the Jura in vain—and yet not wholly in vain—for first our disappointment served to remind us that, travelling as we are to the celestial city, it is cheering to catch even distant views of its glory; but unbelief, like those mists which now hid Mont Blanc from our view, may hide it from our sight, rendering our homeward journey tedious and gloomy; and secondly, we now for the first time called into exercise a rule which we laid down for ourselves in our journey, never to fret at the loss of any anticipated enjoyment, but to receive thankfully those which might remain. We still looked, therefore, with pleasure on the rich woods, the ample lake, and the cultivated vale before us, terminated by its mountain barriers; and entered thankfully, long after nightfall, the cheerful Hotel des Bergues, at Geneva.

Scarcely any view, in the neighbourhood of a city, can be more attractive than that from the windows

of the Bergues. At your feet is the bright broad rapid Rhone, blue as the sky over your head, transparent as crystal, hurrying to the ocean. On its banks are lines of handsome buildings, backed by the turrets and roofs of the upper city. On either side are environs of the richest verdure, woods and bright villas, and gentle cultivated slopes. Behind these, to the south-west, two guardian mountains, the Voirons to the left, and the Saleve to the right, which stand as sentinels at the opening of the great valley of the Arve. Between these and more distant is the Mole, a conical mountain of some height, and then, above them all, Alps rise on Alps, among which Mont Blanc glitters in the sun. Such a scene seems made for piety and peace: that river seems formed to bear on its ample tide boat-loads of happy beings, families which are peaceful as the sunny lake, young hearts which bound like those dancing waters; and the smiling land seems made to be the abode of a free, simple, united, and pious people, rejoicing in God, whose gifts have been so ample to them. But painful recollections gather thickly round that bright city, and hover over the blue rushing tide.

Only a week before we gazed with delight on that river, it looked remorseless as an assassin to a dear friend of mine, whom it bereaved of his only child. His son was floating upon its surface; the current was too strong for him; his boat, being hurried beneath the bridge, was upset, and he perished. They had quitted England to give him pleasure, and they left him in Switzerland a corpse.

Thanks be to God, they sorrow not as those without hope, for their son had given satisfactory proofs that he was born again of the Spirit: faith gave them blessed support, they were able to honor God in their trouble, they cheered the hearts of their Swiss brethren by their resignation; and though he has sent them this great trial, he has not forgotten his promise to his children, "All things shall work together for good to them that love God."

About the same time the Saleve too, which seemed to us so attractive when its blue summit appeared through the rent vapours which had obscured it, or when small fleecy clouds sailed over its dappled flank, had lured a joyous young heart to its destruction. On its cultivated side some laborers heard agonizing cries of distress far up on the cliffs above them, borne to them by the gusts of wind. They could see nothing. Again the cries floated down the wind: and then all was hushed. A Genevese youth had climbed to see, from its summit, the gorgeous spectacle of the Alps, which stretch from west to the east and south-east, when on the edge of the cliff his foot slipped, and he fell. Clinging for some time, it seems, to a tree midway down, he hung over the precipice, with the frowning rock above, and with death beneath him. No help came, his strength failed, and he was found at the base of the cliff dead.

There were also worse spectacles upon that bright river's margin but a few months since. Along the wall which confines the stream on its right bank was the insurgent population of the Quartier St. Gervais crouch-

ing, while upon the bridge a christian friend of mine was leading his company beneath a murderous fire to dislodge them: the city was the prey of civil discord, and a revolution had burst upon the Government like a thunder-storm. Quiet is restored now; but there are longer evils than a popular tumult which sadden a christian spectator there. The doctrine of the gospel, which in that city Calvin maintained with a force of intellect and of character rarely equalled, so that streams of evangelical light flowed forth from Geneva over Europe, has now been generally abandoned. Rousseau is more to the modern Genevese than Calvin: the deist is honoured, the reformer is decried. Nor has the canton apparently yet reached its lowest humiliation; for although it has long lost its evangelical earnestness, it has still been Protestant, but now this its last honor seems falling from its palsied grasp.

The population of the canton is about 60,000, of which the city contains 32,000. Within the city about 7000 only are Roman Catholics; but around it the large majority of the peasants are Savoyards, who have been within a few years added to the population, and profess that creed. The city is flourishing. Industrious, frugal, and well governed, they thrive. About 100,000 watches are annually manufactured in its workshops; it has a considerable trade in jewellery; its inhabitants are busy with printing, hat-making, the manufacture of silk and woollen shawls, tannery, calico-printing, and twine-spinning; its fisheries are considerable, and in summer thousands of stran-

gers flock into it. Hence hands are wanted; and as the Vaud is thriving too, numbers of laborers and artisans are recruited from the poor adjacent departments of France and the still poorer valleys of Savoy. All these new settlers are Catholics; and as the full rights of citizens are easily and speedily acquired, and few of the settlers ever leave their adopted country, the proportion of Protestants to Roman Catholics becomes annually less and less. Hence a numerical majority of Roman Catholics, at no distant day, seems inevitable; and a numerical majority, according to the present constitution, must determine the whole aspect of the government: for the canton is governed by a Great Council, and a Council of State; both these are chosen by the people; and as the suffrage is universal, a Roman Catholic majority in a few years will return two Roman Catholic Councils, and both the legislative and executive Government of the once Protestant Geneva will be again in servitude to the Pope. But Geneva is not lost to Protestantism yet; there are some Christians there still, and if the task of reviving the religion of their country is arduous, their difficulties are less than they were.

Under the late Government the Geneva church was governed by the Company of pastors, who nominated the pastors of the whole canton. The majority of these were worldly men, with Unitarian opinions, who took care to appoint pastors of their own views, so that not more than three or four of the national church were evangelical men; and yet the sober part

of the community were so attached to their Establishment, corrupt as it was, that they would not listen to any dissenter from it. But the late revolution having overturned the ecclesiastical as well as the civil government, the Company of pastors, who have long persecuted the gospel, have lost their power to persecute. Henceforth the Geneva church is to be governed by a consistory chosen by the people. But this new ecclesiastical court will be less powerful than the Company, since the pastors who were appointed by the Company are now to be elected by the parishes. Scarcely any arrangement could promise a worse choice of pastors; since the ministers of Christ are to be chosen by the populace. Every citizen has a right, without profession of faith, without belief in revelation, without examination, without morality even, to declare himself a member of the national church, and to give his voice in the election of parochial ministers.

No one can say now what the doctrine of the Genevese church may be. It has no creed; it does not own the Bible; it offers no test to its ministers; and it is therefore a christian church without even the profession of Christianity. Can Christians endure this state of things? Habit, prejudice, sloth, timidity, self-interest, and other criminal infirmities, might make them cling to the old arrangement, though they saw year by year the Venerable Company armed with state power, repressing the gospel; and the parishes, perverted by their legal pastors, opposed to spiritual religion. And they would have probably supported it still; but this new mischief, this upstart abuse, this

plebeian disregard of all spiritual discipline, will probably force almost all the Christians of the Establishment to assert their own liberty of thought and action. Two things may be expected which are urgently required by the churches of Christ throughout Europe —separation from the world, and union with each other. There are Christians at Geneva who must feel it to be an intolerable evil that an ungodly Government should order, as they have done, all the pastors of the canton to be chosen by a populace as ungodly as themselves; and they will say, let us have our own pastors: let the sweepings of the cabarets and the communists have the teachers whom they like; but the churches of Christ must not submit to such degradation. And when the churches of Geneva shall at length be free from the trammels of an irreligious government, an irreligious populace, and an irreligious clergy, they may effect, with the blessing of God, as great a change in their city as that which was effected by Calvin, Farel, Beza, and their associates.

At this moment they have great liberty of action. The new constitution recognizes, as the French charter does, the right of each person to profess what religion he chooses, and to claim for himself the protection of the State. Dissent is no longer a legal offence; and throughout the canton Christians may distribute the Scriptures and other christian books as they please. The value of that liberty is more apparent, from its contrast with the despotic bigotry which prevails within a few miles of the city. Saturday, August 28, we visited Colonel Tronchin, at Presange, near Co-

ligny, a few miles from Geneva, on the south shore of the lake. From a tower in his grounds you may look over the smiling canton, which liberty has made so industrious and so thriving, where still the disciples of Christ may preach the gospel, and freely distribute his word. But towards the Voirons, the Mole, and Mont Blanc, which form the southern boundary to the fine view, you can see a spot where the liberty to preach the gospel ceases; and thence the eye wanders over a beautiful but melancholy extent of territory, throughout which the priestly and the civil despots of the land proscribe the use of Bibles. The King of Sardinia, with his army of priests, takes no pains to remove the penury, ignorance, and dirt of his subjects: their goitres and their idiotcy, in alliance with mental slavery and abject superstition, receive no repression from him: but he carefully makes war with the distribution of the scriptures, and would instantly deport to the frontier, or hurry to prison, any faithful preacher of the gospel.

The extensive view from the tower of Presange, which has now much celebrity, brings visitors of all kinds to the place; and Colonel Tronchin has set a good example of christian zeal, by providing that all his visitors, of whatever rank or faith, should have the offer of at least one evangelical tract. Few, if any, refuse it; and multitudes have thus had the opportunity of learning a summary of the gospel, who would not else ever have heard it. Near the tower is an establishment which Colonel Tronchin has formed for convalescents: persons who have just escaped from

a severe illness are often unfit to resume their accustomed labors at once, and when discharged from a hospital, or restored by medical skill in their own close dwelling in the city, would benefit greatly by rest and country air. For this class Colonel Tronchin has raised this asylum, which has already been useful to many, and may have given rise to our institutions of a similar kind at Stoke Newington, Carshalton, and elsewhere. The matron is a pious woman; well-chosen scriptural tracts adorn the walls; there is daily family prayer; and Colonel Tronchin often comes and speaks a little to the inmates. Thus, while the clean and airy rooms, the fine climate, the beautiful views, and good food, tend to restore the feeble to spirits and health, the religious exercises and christian tone of the institution tend to awaken desires after salvation. The institution is open to decent persons of any creed, who are invited but not obliged to attend daily worship. This seems to me an enlightened and pious regulation. Poor persons ought not to be refused aid in calamity because they are unconverted; and all exercises of religion ought to be spontaneous and hearty. Under this arrangement, nearly all the inmates do unite in worship; and they do it heartily and freely. Even when direct instruction is refused by any persons, the scriptures inscribed upon the walls, the texts which lie in the rooms, the occasional words of piety from Colonel Tronchin or others who visit the establishment, and the religious tone which prevails in the whole administration, may act with power upon their hearts. A young woman who entered the establishment was so

scrupulous a Catholic, that she refused to join in any worship, and carefully avoided Colonel and Mrs. Tronchin when they came: before, however, she left the establishment she had bought a Bible, and had heard the way of salvation explained, at least incidentally. Yet her prejudice was so far from being subdued, that when weak health forced her again to seek the benefits of the asylum, she again systematically refused to receive any religious instruction. In that temper she ended her second abode at the institution. Some time after a messenger from Geneva entreated Colonel Tronchin to visit a young woman who was dying, who proved to be the same person. He found her near death, of which, with her little remaining strength, she told him that she had a dreadful fear. The rites of the church and the suggestions of the priest having afforded her no support, her dread was intolerable: she had no merit, and she wanted "to hear more of the salvation which costs nothing." "Tell me," she said, "more about it." "There is no time," he replied, "for me to explain any thing; you are too near your end: I will read to you what God has said." With that he read passage after passage in the New Testament, describing salvation through the righteousness of Christ, by faith, without merit. At each new revelation of divine mercy read from the book of God, she grasped his hand with all the strength which intense earnestness could give even to a dying person. God had made her poor in spirit, and it was apparent that the gospel met her urgent need; she was weary and heavy laden, and it was evident

that she came to Christ for rest. Before Colonel Tronchin left the room, she expressed to the friends who were nursing her, her confidence in the mercy of God through Christ, and shortly after she departed.

Christians should never lose the occasion of manifesting kindness to others, and in connection with friendly acts, should make known Christ to as many as possible. Repressed at first, the resisted truth may spring up to the salvation of those who hear it. There are states of mind in which nothing but the gospel can afford peace. This dying Christian was one instance of this truth, and Mr. Roussell has published another, yet more remarkable. Not long since, a Protestant lady, in the south of France, supposing herself to be near death, was seized with deadly terror. It was in vain that her husband sought to console her. They had lived a thoughtless life, and she could not bear to stand before the judgment-seat of God. "Then let us send for the minister," said her husband. "What use is it?" replied the sick person; "I know what he will say; it avails nothing." However, the minister was sent for. Being a young rationalist, who had often opposed evangelical doctrine, he endeavoured, when he reached the chamber of sickness, to console her by the memory of her domestic virtues, and by assurance of the boundless mercy of God. But his efforts were utterly vain: all his fine speeches could not silence a reproachful conscience; she felt that the justice of God was in terrible array against her ungodliness, and the very mission of Christ convinced her of unpardonable in-

gratitude to the Redeemer. The minister was perplexed; all his stores of common-place, heartless palliatives to mental anguish were exhausted, and she wildly told him that she was wretched and undone. What could he say more? At that moment it flashed upon his mind that the evangelical doctrine, which he had so often opposed, would silence all her fears: it was precisely what her agonized mind was asking for; it would be to her like water in the scorched desert. He knew the doctrine of justification by grace through faith well, for he had often maligned it: he was familiar with the texts cited by evangelical ministers, for he had employed his powers of criticism to refute their evangelical meaning. "If he could but speak to her as an evangelical minister, he could hush that awful tempest which he could scarcely bear to witness. But how could he say what he did not believe? how calm even that agony by a lie? At least he could read those passages supposed to contain evangelical doctrine—there could be nothing wrong in that." Baffled and perplexed, he directed her to the word of God for consolation; and read to her such texts as these, "*God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*" "*He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.*" "*As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name.*" "*Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law.*" "*Being justified freely by his grace, through the*

redemption that is in Jesus Christ." "*There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.*" No more was wanted: it was light to her perplexed path, it was peace to her anguish, it was life to the dying, it was an instant cure for her despair; and she welcomed the gospel as the flower in the desert welcomes the rain, held fast the consolation, and died rejoicing in faith; a signal instance of the adaptation of the gospel to our moral wants.

I rejoice to think that Colonel Tronchin is not solitary in his maintenance of the gospel. On the opposite shore of the lake is the beautiful chalet of Colonel Saladin, who, a brother with Colonel Tronchin in arms, is also a brother in the faith; and with them are associated Count St. George and M. de Watteville, who are equally decided in their principles, and equally open in the profession of their faith. These, with my friends Pastor Cordez and Professor La Harpe, were absent from home during my stay. It would be like flattery to say what I think or what I have heard of these christian men, and I shall be silent. Nor will I pretend to eulogize the brethren whom I had the happiness to meet, Merle, Gaussen, Malan, Scherer, and others. They do not want my praise: but it was very pleasant to meet them, and to receive their hospitality. To Colonel Tronchin, to Messrs. Lombard, and to Mr. Merle I was indebted for the opportunities of meeting many of the Christians of the place; and was obliged, much to my regret, from the shortness of my stay, to forego a similar enjoyment offered by Dr. Malan and by Mr. Gaussen.

There is irreligion in Geneva; and I have only heard of three or four pious pastors in the whole National Church: but still there are few towns of the same size where so many educated, influential, and decided men are combined for the promotion of the cause of Christ. I rejoice to record the names of some of those whom I met. Besides those whom I have already mentioned, the Pastor Barde, and Messrs. Vernet, de Mole, and Cramer, of the National Church, who have never been called by the Company of pastors to any pastoral charge, with Messrs. d'Epines, father and son, and Mr. Cramieux, are all active in doing good.* To these must be added the excellent ministers of the congregational church at La Pelisserie, Empeytaz, Guers, and L'Huillier. This is an influential band of brethren, to whom is entrusted a great work: their position may be best understood by the following sketch of the circumstances of the established church.

Monday, May 24, 1847, the project of a constitution, submitted by the Grand Constituant Council to the vote of the people, was accepted by a majority of 5547 electors against 3187, and is now the constitution of the canton.

The following are some of its articles:

Article 1. "The sovereignty resides in the people. All political powers are only a delegation from its supreme authority."

Art. 21. "Citizens of the age of twenty-one have the exercise of political rights."

* M. de Mole has since left the National Church.

Art. 31. "The legislative power is exercised by a Grand Council, composed of deputies chosen by the colleges of arrondissement, in proportion to the population." There are three of these colleges.

Art. 32. "Each electoral college names to the Grand Council a deputy for each 666 inhabitants of the arrondissement."

Art. 65. "The executive power is confided to a Council of State, composed of seven members."

Art. 66. "The Council of State is chosen by the whole body of electors, assembled in general council."

Art. 10. "The liberty of worship is guaranteed. Each denomination (culte) has a right to protection from the State."

Art. 114. "THE NATIONAL PROTESTANT CHURCH IS COMPOSED OF ALL THE GENEVESE WHO ACCEPT THE ORGANIC FORMS OF THAT CHURCH."

Art. 115. "The administration of the National Protestant Church is exclusively confided to a consistory."

Art. 116. "The consistory is composed of twenty-five lay members and of six ecclesiastical members."

Art. 117. "The lay and ecclesiastical members of the consistory are named by a single college, composed of all the Protestants of the canton who are possessed of political rights."

Art. 123. "THE PASTOR IS NAMED BY THE PROTESTANT CITIZENS OF THE PARISHES, under the approbation of the consistory."

Art. 121. "The consistory determines in cases of discipline, and may sentence pastors to censure, suspension, and deprivation."

Art. 31. "The legislative power is [redacted] pts and prece-
Grand Council, composed of de[redacted] of his church,
colleges of approbationers, in [redacted] he has absolute
him." There are three of th[redacted] person having any
Art. 32. "Each electoral [redacted] rch than a stranger
Council a deputy for each [redacted] se. But the Christians
[redacted]" nt have consented to
Art. 65. "The [redacted] om the Great Council,
Council of State, [redacted] s of Roman Catholics,
Art. 66. "The Co[redacted] of every variety of prin-
whole body of el[redacted]
Art. 10. "The [redacted] Christ ought to follow Christ's
Each de[redacted] by him under officers of his
from the State." they are commanded to obey in
Art. 114. "T[redacted] ts xi. 30, xvi. 4, 1 Tim. v. 17,
[redacted] x. 28, Heb. xv. 7. But the Chris-
[redacted] lishment consent that it should be
Art. 115. "[redacted] consistory of thirty-one members, cho-
[redacted] Protestant electors of the canton; by
Art. 116. "[redacted] which may be altogether worldly, as it
[redacted] he world; by a consistory which from
[redacted] ll, in all probability, be constantly opposed
[redacted] and doctrine, and disposed to frown on evan-
[redacted] tors, which has no authority from Christ, but
[redacted] all its authority from the people, including Ro-
[redacted] atholics, Socinians, and Socialists.

[redacted] Each church is bound to maintain sound doc-
[redacted] which is one of the ends for which churches are
[redacted] med. Each church is "the pillar and ground of the
[redacted] and Christians are called to hold it forth, Phil.
[redacted] nd to contend for it, Jude 3. It is the very

Art. 127. "Decisions on the nomination, suspension, or revocation of the pastors, &c. &c., are submitted to the approbation of the Council of State.".

The responsibility of those Christians who consent to these terms of union between Church and State by adhering to the Establishment, seems to me very great.

1. A church of Christ ought to be composed of those who are sanctified in Christ Jesus and called to be saints, 1 Cor. i. 2; followers of the apostles and of Christ, who have received the word of God, 1 Thess. i. 6; chosen out of the world, John xv. 19: and its members are called to come out from the world, and to be separate, and not to be unequally yoked together with unbelievers. 2 Cor. vi. 14—18. But the Christians in the Geneva Establishment consent that their church shall be composed of all who choose to belong to it. Believers and unbelievers, moral and immoral, orthodox and heretics, friends of Christ and his enemies, followers of Strauss and disciples of Swedenborg, may altogether form a chaos of religion and irreligion, of light and darkness. "C'est la liberté religieuse organisée," as Mr. Fazy declared, "c'est une forme de liberté dont nul est exclu." It allows you the liberty to be as wicked as you please, and yet to belong to the church. It is an association from which no reveller of the cabarets, no Socinian, no Voltairien, no atheist shall be excluded, *if he "accept the organic forms of the church."*

2. A church of Christ ought to determine its own organization by careful reference to the commands of

Christ, as expressed by apostolic precepts and precedents. Because Christ is the head of his church, Christians are the house over which he has absolute right to rule, Heb. iii. 4. No other person having any more authority to rule in his church than a stranger has to rule in another man's house. But the Christians who adhere to the Establishment have consented to receive their organization from the Great Council, composed as it doubtless is of Roman Catholics, Socinians, and worldly men of every variety of principle.

3. The churches of Christ ought to follow Christ's laws, and are placed by him under officers of his appointment, whom they are commanded to obey in spiritual things, Acts xi. 30, xvi. 4, 1 Tim. v. 17, 1 Pet. v. 1, Acts xx. 28, Heb. xv. 7. But the Christians of the Establishment consent that it should be governed by a consistory of thirty-one members, chosen by all the Protestant electors of the canton; by a consistory which may be altogether worldly, as it is chosen by the world; by a consistory which from its origin will, in all probability, be constantly opposed to evangelical doctrine, and disposed to frown on evangelical pastors, which has no authority from Christ, but draws all its authority from the people, including Roman Catholics, Socinians, and Socialists.

4. Each church is bound to maintain sound doctrine, which is one of the ends for which churches are formed. Each church is "the pillar and ground of the truth," and Christians are called to hold it forth, Phil. ii. 16, and to contend for it, Jude 3. It is the very

office of the church to maintain and uphold it in the world, where else it would be trampled under feet. But the Geneva Establishment itself tramples the truths of the gospel under its feet. It has no creed; it no where acknowledges the inspiration of the scriptures; it admits all kinds of serpent errors to nestle in its bosom unmolested; it offers no testimony for the truth to those outside its pale, and expects no belief of the truth in those within its pale. It is "une forme de liberté dont nul est exclu." It is a church without Christianity, to which every form of belief or disbelief is equally welcome.

5. Each church is bound by the law of Christ to exclude irreligious members from its bosom. *If he shall neglect to hear the church, let him be to thee as a heathen man and a publican,* Matt. xviii. 15—18. *Mark them which cause divisions and offences, contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned, and avoid them,* Rom. xvi. 16. *Now I have written to you not to keep company, if any man that is called brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner, with such an one, no not to eat. Therefore put away from among yourselves that wicked person,* 1 Cor. v. 11, 13. *Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them,* Eph. v. 11. *Now we command you, brethren, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye withdraw yourselves from your brother that walketh disorderly, and not after the tradition which he received of us,* 2 Thess. iii. 16. *Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrigh-*

teousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?... Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord. 2 Cor. vi. 14, 17. See also 2 Thess. iii. 6, 14, &c. &c. But the churches within the Geneva Establishment have no power of discipline; since all the discipline is to be exercised by the consistory alone, and that within limits so narrow, that the church is to continue still "une forme de liberté dont nul est exclu."

6. It is the will of Christ that Christians should secure pious pastors, and should reject unfaithful ones. Unfaithful pastors are termed by St. Paul "ministers of Satan," 2 Cor. xi. 15. Christians are to be on their guard against them. *Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheeps' clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves,* Matt. vii. 15. And Christians are not to aid them in their ministry: *If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed; for he that biddeth him God speed is partaker of his evil deeds.* 2 John x. 11. But the Christians within the Geneva Establishment, instead of securing godly pastors, give the nomination of their pastors to the whole ungodly multitude of the parishes, to all Protestants within parishes who exercise political rights. Political rights and the name of Protestant are the only tests for fitness to exercise a solemn church duty; and these tests have been determined, not by the Christians who require the pastors, but by the Great Council, including Roman Catholics and Socinians.

The results of this scheme seem to me certain. The Establishment must be mainly composed of ungodly persons, who will maintain false doctrines under the direction of an unevangelical consistory and the ministry of unconverted pastors; while the fact that it is established on so popular a basis will make all those who endeavour to maintain pure christian churches with faithful ministers, the objects of general dislike, as exclusive and as opposed to the acts of their fellow citizens. For these results the Christians within the Establishment will be mainly responsible; because their respectability and seriousness will chiefly support it. Under these circumstances it seems clearly their duty to come out and be separate; to sever themselves from the world; to form free evangelical churches, to which only those shall be admitted members who maintain a credible profession of faith in Jesus Christ; to choose and to maintain pious pastors; and then to do their utmost to make the gospel known to all their fellow citizens.

By the late revolution, the chain of the Venerable Company is broken: Socinian influence has received a powerful check; old ecclesiastical habits and prejudices are giving way; and the most rigid maintainers of ancient order must see that an Establishment, of which the pastors are chosen by the populace, and are under the power of a radical Government, all whose members may, in a short time, be pantheistic, while no confession of faith remains for either pastors or people, may retain the name of Church, but must, to a great extent, be destitute of religion. This is,

therefore, the time when all earnest persons in Geneva are called to organize free churches, entirely emancipated from the golden chain of the State, and to institute home missions for the whole of the canton. For this movement much preparation is already made. In the congregation of La Pelisserie there are many pious poor, while the Oratoire is filled with an earnest congregation of poor and rich, and if these are joined by the pious members of the Establishment, their united efforts must bring a blessing upon the canton. Already, indeed, the influence of the Company of pastors which drove Messrs. Gaussen and Merle from the Establishment some years since, has been overruled by God for the accomplishment of a great work.

The Evangelical Society of Geneva has now existed sixteen years, during which it has gradually extended its labours, till at the present time it employs 12 ministers, 15 evangelists, and 11 other agents, in sixteen departments of France. Of these departments ten are in the East, the Vosges, the Upper Rhine, the Jura, the Saone and Loire, the Rhone, the Isere, the High Alps, the Drôme, the Ardèche and the Gard; and six in the West, the Gironde, the Charente, the Lower Charente, the Two Sévres, the Maine and Loire, and the Indre and Loire. In some of their stations they have obtained success. At Mâcon, a congregation has been formed of 122 persons, of whom 52 have been admitted to the Lord's table, who profess the gospel under much obloquy. From that place a disposition to hear the gospel has

extended to the neighbourhood, so that at one village, to which the pastor lately went by invitation, 150 persons assembled to hear him preach; and another village then invited him to come, where the congregation was not less interesting. At Tournus there is a congregation of 60 persons, of whom 26 are communicants. At Brauges, near Tournus, there are 60 communicants and 83 other members of the congregation. At Sornay, and the villages near, there are 219 regular hearers, of whom 62 are communicants. At Lous le Saulnier, department of Jura, there are 30 communicants and 80 attendants. At S . . . . , a village near, there is a congregation of 30 persons, of whom 15 are communicants. Not far from this place, a lady, who had been a Catholic, but was converted by the grace of God, permitted some peasants to attend her family prayer, and began to visit the sick. She was denounced by the priest as a Protestant. A sister, of the order of St. Joseph, engaged the children of her school to repeat neuvaines, and to burn wax candles in the chapel of the Virgin, that the renegade might be chased away. But she continued to visit, and became even popular. At length, however, her little meetings having been denounced to the magistrate, though they had never exceeded the number of twelve, she was brought before the tribunal of Bourg, department of Ain, and condemned to two months' imprisonment, and a fine of fifty francs.

In the department of Vosges the Society has two stations, and the missionary visits above twenty villages.

At the village of B...., where the missionary went lately, expecting to find under twenty persons, he found near two hundred assembled. Scarcely had he begun to speak when the priest and mayor entered, who arrested him, and gave him in charge to the registrar of the place, where many assembled out of curiosity, to whom he preached the gospel. Being dismissed the following day, he intended shortly to renew his visit to the place. From the Vosges the missionary itinerates into Alsace, and has been the means of various conversions in the different villages where he has preached.

In the department of the Isere, in which, according to the priestly account, the Queen of Heaven lately appeared to two children, the gospel is not preached in vain. In Vienne, sixty persons regularly hear the word of God. At Grenoble, and in the neighbouring villages, a blessing has followed the preaching of the word; and although the congregations are very small, several interesting conversions have recently taken place. Several conversions have also blessed the labours of the missionary established at Mens, who is much aided by the ministers of the place; and some of the converts are themselves zealously endeavouring to bring sinners to Christ.

In the high Alps, notwithstanding the exultation of the Bishop of Gap at the success of the apparition of the Queen of Heaven, the Society reports that the kingdom of God advances, and that there would apparently be a rich harvest of souls, both

among Protestants and Catholics, for any missionary who should labour there with diligence. Fourteen villages also, in the department of Gard, are visited by the missionary, where small congregations are gathered, and some conversions have taken place.

Seven missionaries have been placed in the department of the Drome, in six stations, where the blessing of God has been most apparent. Remarkable conversions have taken place; and congregations existing become larger and more serious. In a village, where the inhabitants are chiefly Catholic, and the missionaries had been much persecuted, above 300 persons assembled lately to hear the missionary from the department of the Jura preach to them. Many shed tears; and all listened with attention. Since that, Pastor F., when he visited them, preached in the open air to nearly 3000 persons, among whom the greatest order prevailed; and at B. about 500 persons have crowded the temple, and an extensive revival of religion has been manifest.

I will pass over the work of the Society in the west, because I have described elsewhere a similar work of the Evangelical Society of Paris in that part of the kingdom.[1] Besides three missionaries, the Society has employed within the year, at different times, from 30 to 80 colporteurs, who have

[1] Appendix A.

worked in 26 departments, and in the course of their labors within the year have sold 1,510 Bibles, 15,215 New Testaments, 86,146 tracts, and every where take occasion to speak of the gospel to all who are disposed to listen.

Meanwhile the Society has not neglected their own population, among which several colporteurs have successfully distributed the scriptures. Connected with the Society are two schools, the preparatory school and the school of theology. During the past year there have been 29 students in the former, and 31 in the latter, and there remained, at the time of the last general meeting, 21 students in the one, and 14 in the other. During the year three of their students entered the ministry, two in Belgium, and one in the valleys of Piedmont. There remain seven students from these valleys, some of whom are maintained by special gifts from England. The object of the school is to promote the piety of the students, furnish them with professional learning, and exercise them in speaking; and the instruction given by the professors is gratuitous.

There was something adventurous in the determination of the christian brethren of the Oratoire, when proscribed by their countrymen, and thus losing their official incomes, to establish a mission for France, and a theological institution to train ministers for all the French-speaking countries. And it has been greatly blessed. It has shed much light on the east of France, it has much revived the churches of the

valleys, and it has doubtless much promoted the piety and the union of the brethren engaged in it. Any church which actively promotes the cause of Christ, is sure to promote also its own spiritual welfare by so doing.

CHAPTER II.

CHAMOUNI.

It is time that I should hasten from Geneva. Tuesday, August 31, in company with Dr. H. Malan and his sister, we crossed the Foron, a little stream which, descending from the Voirons to join the Arve, forms the south-east boundary of the canton; and we entered the territory of Sardinia. Three times was our passport examined before we reached Salleuche, where it had to undergo a fourth scrutiny, a symptom that we were in the territory of a weak and suspicious Government. We passed in high expectation the Voirons and the Saleve; left the mountain cone of the Mole behind us, and halted to rest our horses at Bonneville, the dirty and shabby capital of the province of Faucigny. There we entered a little church, adorned with wooden angels, with images of a stupid saint and doltish bishop, and with a sacred heart, indulgences, &c. &c. On the green, near the town, were some boys doing their exercise, such dwarfish, woebegone creatures as I never elsewhere saw in soldier's uniform. Priests and soldiers are the favorite

instruments of government in the kingdom of Sardinia: and these are thought so excellent, that Bibles are carefully proscribed. In the guard-room at Annenasse, where our passport was examined, lay a book of French plays, by Alexis Peron. The Government would not object to that; bnt in no guard-room, throughout the kingdom of Sardinia, would the Bible thus lie unmolested.

Still our road continued to deepen in interest: the woods were richer, the rocks loftier, the mountains more abrupt and more luxuriant. We left the forests and cliffs of the Brezon behind us, looked up into many an opening which promised walks of sublime beauty, traversed poor burnt Cluses all in ruins, and entered the valley of Maglan, which has lost nothing of its loveliness since, more than twenty years ago, I first felt the enthusiastic delight which these works of God inspire. Well may the Arve bound joyously along in this enchanting valley. Rich woods and emerald meadows overhang its waters; lofty forests look down upon it; and, across its narrow channel, bare and naked precipices, above the clouds, seem to frown at each other as proud rivals in the sky. But when are we satisfied? A more glorious scene before us hurried us on, so that we could not wait to hear the murmur of the waters, nor rest on the emerald turf, nor climb to the cave of Balme. We hoped to see one of the most beautiful landscapes in the world, the view of Mont Blanc at sunset, from the hill behind Sallenche, but we were to be disappointed. We had marked a storm bursting on the Jura; we

had seen the clouds from the north-west, stealing between the rocky summits of each mountain, like thieves watching our entrance in the valley; and these, collecting their envious forces in the south-east, threatened to defeat our hopes; but had the evening been superb, it would only have increased our regret, since its last glories would have faded from the loftiest of the summits before we could have gazed upon it; as settled darkness wrapped the silent world long before we drove up to the door of the inn at Sallenche.

The next morning, at dawn, I eagerly looked towards Chamouni; but not an Aiguille was visible; not the smallest portion of either rock or snow throughout the whole range of the magnificent mountain was to be seen; not a single rent was to be discovered in the unmoving misty veil which covered the whole eastern region of earth and sky. But the nearer view spoke much to the imagination. Black vapours, which were rolling round the head of the Varens, 8000 feet in height above the opposite bank of the Arve, seemed like the smoke of a great battle in the sky, out of which the bare peaks of rock projected still more blackly. The crest of Mont Douron, of almost equal height, rising directly at the back of our inn, was likewise invested with them. But here the huge tower in the sky above our heads flashed back the morning sun wherever the rolling war clouds left a gap, through which we might observe it. Although, therefore, the greater mountain was obscured by the clouds, I could scarcely quarrel

with them; since they invested the nearer summits with so strange and terrible a beauty.

Two char-a-bancs were early at the door of the hotel, to climb the long ascent to Chamouni, in which, creeping along the left bank of the Arve, we now sought the baths of St. Gervais. The flat of the valley of Sallenche is disagreeable, as many of the Alpine valleys are. Not only does the diminished stream, at this time of year, relinquish four-fifths of its stony bed, but on each side of it is much untilled and undrained land, in which low alders and rushes have undisputed possession of the territory. But the sloping sides of Mont Joli, at the foot of which we were passing, afford an endless succession of enchanting woodland scenery, and the opposite mountains, which are offsets from Mont Varens, are still more luxuriant.

On the road I picked up a little book, called "Parochial Hours," "According to the usage at Rome, printed at Annecy, by Burdet, Printer to the clergy. 1830." It had been dropped, doubtless, by some villager, on her return from mass. In the second page of the prayers I found these words, "Holy Virgin—St. Joseph—my good angel—my patron N., obtain for me grace," &c. Then, page third, came the Ten Commandments, in which the second is omitted. Then comes a confession of sin to St. Michael, St. John the Baptist, &c., with a prayer to them to pray to God for the penitent. Then comes a prayer to God, to grant to the petitioner, through the merits and prayers of the

blessed Jane Frances de Chantal (a lady who was enthusiastically attached to St. Francis of Sales,) "to surmount all obstacles." At the confiteor the suppliant is directed to say "Holy Virgin, Angels of Heaven, Saints and Lady Saints of Paradise, obtain for us the pardon of our sins." Among the subsequent prayers are the following expressions:—"I salute thee, august Queen of Peace, thrice Holy Mother of my God, and pray thee, by the sacred heart of Jesus, thy Son, Prince of Peace, *to appease his wrath*, and to obtain for us from him the peace so much desired." "Great St. N——, whose name I have the honour to bear; thou to whom God confided the care of my salvation, when, by holy baptism, he adopted me for one of his children, obtain for me by your intercession," &c. "I run to thee, Mother of Virgins: disdain me not, O Mother of my Jesus; hear my prayers; accord me the grace which I ask of thee, and be propitious to me with thy Son." So close the prayers of the book.

These Catholic priests, blind leaders of the blind, know not how they wrong our Saviour in making their devotees think that a penitent believer must have recourse to human intercessors "to appease his wrath." He came to seek and save the lost. He has said, *Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Him that cometh to me, I will in nowise cast out.* When others would turn from the guilty penitent, he intercedes for him. *If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.*

For we have not an high Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. And these priests have taught their deluded followers to imagine that a penitent believer cannot secure his favor nor appease his wrath, except through his Mother, or some St. Dominic, or St. Francis, or St. Anthony, or St. Gervasius, or St. Agnes. As well might we expect that the sun would not shine on us unless a creeping mist requested him to do so; or a father would not give his child bread unless he was solicited by a toad. These pretended intercessions of questionable saints with the Redeemer to forgive penitent believers, whom he has already loved and forgiven, are an abomination.

The book closes with a notice that "his greatness Monseigneur Claude François de Thiollaz, Bishop of Anneci, has demanded from the sovereign Pontiff, and has obtained particular advantages (des graces particulieres) for the epoch of the translation of the relics of St. Francis of Sales, and of St. Jane Frances Fremiot de Chautal;" and the notice closes thus: "By a rescript, dated July 1, 1826, our holy father Pope Leo XII. accords plenary indulgence, applicable even to the dead, to all the faithful, who, having confessed and communicated, shall visit the church of the first monastery of the visitation of Anneci." Lastly, the pious printer does not forget a word for his trade, and finishes by informing the reader that all the necessary books may be had at Aimé Burdet's, Anneci.

Whatever reverence was felt by poor Pomona, whose name I found in the book, for the Holy

Mother and for her patron saint, it appears from the verses printed on several slips of paper inserted between the leaves, that her thoughts were not wholly confined to them. One of them has this couplet:

> "Je vous crois un cœur tres sensible,
> Mais vous êtes trop susceptible."
>
> "I think your heart is warm and kind,
> Yet still to take offence inclined."

Was this meant for her confessor? Another subject of her meditation, during the celebration of mass, was the following:

> "On a vu l'hymen et l'amour,
> Se jouer souvent plus d'un tour."
>
> "Hymen and Cupid, as they say,
> Have trick'd each other many a day."

Prayers in an unknown tongue, muttered by a man with his back to you, are not calculated to excite in the worshipper thoughts and feelings much more devout. How these couplets got into the prayer-book must remain among the obscurities of history.

In a char-a-banc you sit sideways, as in an Irish jaunting car; but there is only one seat. Split an Irish car longitudinally, like a boiled rabbit's head when you wish to get the brains; place half the car upon four wheels, and join to it a crazy leather head on four iron rods, and you will have a Savoy char-a-banc. On the box of one of these vehicles I sat in durance, forced into a curve, because I found that the head of the carriage, which, like Lady Jane Grey's parents, was continually giving me unkindly bobs, was

harder than my own: and therefore to avoid it I leant forward, something as, I suppose, poor Mrs. *Noble* did when the Chinese made her prisoner in the late war; and carried her about in a low cage from place to place, exhibited to the curious crowds as the sister of Queen Victoria. But I got some talk with our driver, who was one of those whom a fire had reduced to want. His house and shop had been destroyed, and many others had suffered too: but the priests still gathered their invariable harvests, liable to no accidents from frost or fire. Twenty francs, he told me, must be paid for every burial; and how could the ghost rest if the bones were not blessed by the priest? and then twelve francs more upon every mass for the dead. Priests know how to extort money from superstition. In Catholic countries we may often remark how disproportionate the size and splendour of the church is to the meagre village, upon whose neck it has grown as a huge goitre, drawing all the moisture and health from the rest of the body.

We soon reached the baths of St. Gervais, in a most picturesque glen; at the head of which the Bon Nant, after having gathered its forces from the summits of the Col de Bonhomme, and passed through the rich uplands of the Val Montjoie, plunges through a ragged rent in the rocks, with wild and foaming glee, into the glen. A delicious retreat for a July day; where, sheltered from the sun by the steep mountain sides, and listening to the music of the torrent among the tall pines which overhang it, you may look at the Aiguille de Varens, which seems

to block up its entrance, and watch the light golden clouds which kiss the mountain's bare lime-stone head, as a rosy child kisses the storm-beaten brow of her sailor parent, when he returns home from his wanderings on the waters. But we might not rest here; for we were approaching sublimer scenes. Shortly after quitting the glen, we passed a pretty looking road to the right, which wound up to the rich woods of the Val Montjoie. That road would lead us to the village of St. Gervais, and Contamines, to the pass of the Bonhomme, to the Col de Vosa, where the view is not far inferior to that from the Col de Balme, to Courmayeur, where Mont Blanc is seen more steep and wild than elsewhere, to the cité d'Aoste, with its enchanting combinations of rugged and luxuriant beauty; or towards the west, along the path, where Henry Arnold and his gallant comrades burst like an avalanche upon the Catholic plunderers of of their valleys. How that little road filled the imagination! But life is made up of the choice between incompatible advantages. Resigning, therefore, the hope of gathering this harvest of delight to the west and south of the great mountain, we hastened on to the village of Chede. Near that village I had seen, on Saturday, September 24, 1821, the little lake of Chede. Fancy can imagine nothing fairer. It reposed in the sunshine, at the base of the south side of one of the lofty arms of Mont Varens, up which rich forests rise to the herbless precipices, which are visited by nothing but the eagle. Green lawns rose gently from its resplendent waters on all sides, adorned with the

most varied and luxuriant trees. There is a world of verdure before you to the south, beyond which, on the right, is the steep Col de Forclaz, on the left the precipitous Brevent, and above these sky-piercing mountains, you see looking down on you from the heavens the eternal snows of Mont Blanc. All this was reflected that day on the bright blue water, so as to seem another world, as bright deep down in its unruffled and transparent depths. We approached the spot—the hour was not unfavourable—but the lake is gone. Huge masses of rubbish, loosened by frost and rain from the stormy heights, descended a few years since, overwhelming the forests in their descent; filled up the lake, and defaced the whole lovely scene with a covering of black mud, through which a turbid stream now works its ignoble way.

Still the valley of Servoz was before us, with its almost unequalled beauties. Its scenes are endless and indescribable, but their elements are few. In the narrow defile, the Arve is struggling in its rocky bed: from both its banks the mountains rise immediately. High over its left bank the great mountain and its offsets seem almost to impend; while on its right, from its margin to the clouds, walnut trees, orchards, vineyards, and green lawns, adorn the southern slope of the Brevent, beneath which the road is winding. An adequate expression of the delight which such scenes create would seem extravagant: it must be felt; and then the Christian should bless God that he has made this world so fair, and reflect what Heaven must be, where all his creatures supremely love Him,

and sin has never entered. Yet it is remarkable how often, amidst these Alpine glories, there are the indications of sin and of danger. At the loveliest part of your road, when you feel enchanted with all the sublimity and beauty which solicit the eye in every direction, comes a dirty, ragged, blear-eyed, blotchy, cretin, to poke his hand into your face for some sous; or if no living deformity pursues you, you see perhaps, some inanimate and perpetual record of calamity. Retired a little from the village of Servoz, and just where a most inviting path winds upwards through a rich defile towards Mount Buet, there stands a simple column, on which I read this inscription:—

TO THE MEMORY OF

FREDERIC AUGUSTUS ESCHEN,

Naturalist, Scholar, and Poet. Born at Eulenen, in the circle of Lower Saxony; swallowed up in a crevasse of the Glacier of the Buet, 19th of Thermidor, in the year 8. Recovered from that abyss by John M. Devillaz, John Claude and Bernard, his two sons, and John Otill; buried in this place by Mr. Deymar, Prefect. This monument raised 21 Fructidor, in the year 9, under the magistracy of Buonaparte, Cambaceres, Le Brun, Consuls of the French Republic, Department of Lake Leman.

One, young, brave, enthusiastic, had then perished in exploring those scenes which we are visiting with such delight. The recollection cast a shadow over my sunshine; but new scenes soon diverted my thoughts. Every mile the scenery is varying, and at length, at Pont Pelissier, just before you make the

last steep ascent to Chamouni, you gain some anticipation of the more savage scenes which you are about to enter, by seeing the boisterous and merry Arve rushing down to your feet, from a rent in the mountain so narrow, between rocks so steep and close, that you may imagine what you please of the darkness, abruptness, and immensity of the region in the valley which lies behind such a portal. From the summit of the ridge of the Montets, which is climbed immediately after leaving Pont Pelissier, the Vale of Chamouni lies open to the traveller's view, which, when the summit of the mountain is hidden, would be monotonous and dreary, were it not for the unusual spectacle of its two glaciers, which are enough to engross the attention of a traveller who has never seen these great productions of the frost before.

About half-past three Dr. Malan and I quitted the road to visit the Glacier de Bossons, under the guidance of a man named Balmat. From him we received sticks about seven feet in length, with an iron spike at the end, and ascended the west margin of the glacier, till we reached a part where the ice was smooth enough to cross. These glaciers descend at the speed of nearly 300 feet each year: when the descent is gentle, the glacier is pushed on by the higher mass, and remains compact; but when it reaches a steeper slope, then the lower mass pulls forward the upper, and forms rents across the glacier. As it passes also over the edge which commences the steeper declivity, it naturally bursts asunder, because obliged to assume the curved form of the bed along which it descends,

and the lower mass descending faster than the upper, tends to widen each crevasse which is formed. The crevasses are still farther deepened by the waters which form in each hollow of the descending mass, and which, towards the lower extremity, form into streams, wearing away the ice in every direction. We ascended to a lofty flat, and there crossing the high bank of rubbish and rocks, called the Moraine, which bounds the glacier, we walked with perfect ease on the smooth and united ice; but lower down we could see enormous fissures, which rend the ice into ridges, pinnacles, and blocks, separated from each other by profound chasms, down which it is fearful to look.

Along our road through the Vale of Servoz, and upon the Montets, our curiosity was excited by the glittering snows, of which we caught a glimpse occasionally through the rents in the cloudy veil which was thrown over them; but, at length, as we sat at the table d'hôte in the Hotel de l'Union, it was announced that the whole mountain was uncovered. We rushed to the windows, and beheld the granite needles and snowy dome, bathed in a flood of golden light. Again they were immersed in vapour, and again, when night came on, not a single fleecy cloud intercepted the pale starlight which rested on their still and sleeping forms.

The next morning, Thursday, September 2nd, at half-past seven, our mules had crossed the meadows in the valley, and were ascending the Montanvert. Other travellers had joined our party, and it was

curious to see the long zig-zag line of mules, guides, and pedestrians, who were climbing the steep path, preceded by a lady in a chair, (chaise à porteur,) with which four stout guides were rapidly ascending. By my side was Louis Payot, who gave me various information on the state of the valley and its laws, in return for which I spoke to him of the gospel. Gaps in the clouds which were rolling upon the valley from the west, revealed at intervals the chalet on the Flegerè, the Aiguilles Rouges, and the whole range of jagged heights, from the Brevent to the valley of Argentieres. Occasionally the Aiguille de Dru looked through other openings down upon us. Bright gleams also sometimes broke in on the icy and naked region of the Mer de Glace, and for a moment disclosed its rocky barriers, and then all was gloom again.

So we toiled up to the Pavilion, which at the height of 5,724 feet above the level of the sea, looks down upon the frozen cataract. Here, while our guides rested, we rejoiced to sing our Redeemer's praise. Verse by verse I read the hymn which begins, "Come, let us join our cheerful songs;" and five travellers, besides our own party, heartily joined in it. In that bleak but then busy dwelling among Savoyard Catholics and French and German listeners, nine English voices united to praise our God and Saviour, amidst the glorious works of creation.

It was now about ten o'clock, and as we had time before us, my friends, Mr. Hone and Mr. Maitland, determined to advance as far as circumstances

2

permitted towards the Jardin; and when the weather should render farther progress either perilous or useless, to return. Accordingly, being provided with alpenstocks, or spiked poles, with which to traverse the ice, we set off, under the guidance of Michel Devouassou, and accompanied by Mr. S., who requested to be of our party. We were soon overtaken by Ambroise Simond. As a beautiful little flower was growing even at the edge of the glacier, on the granite sand over which we walked, "Is not that," I said to the guides, "the image of a christian character, blossoming in this wicked world?"

"A good comparison, Sir," answered Ambroise.

"And ought we not," continued I, "to be ourselves such Christians, loving and serving God, where so few love and serve him?"

"Certainly, Sir."

"Especially should those who live in the midst of dangers, and who may any day be called into the eternal world, make their salvation sure. When you see one guide who has broken his legs by a fall, another who has died from extreme exhaustion and cold, and then learn that another has perished in a crevasse, do you not feel that you especially ought to be sure that you are Christians?"

"Sir, I trust that I am," said Ambroise; "we believe in Jesus Christ, who was born of the Virgin Mary, and in the resurrection after death; is that what you believe?"

"Assuredly; and since Jesus Christ is the only Saviour, we must be saved entirely by faith in him;

'*for God has so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*'"

"Yes, we believe that," said old Devouassou; "but then it is not so easy to be sure of being saved, since so few in the world live according to their faith."

"Unhappily, it is too true that many live inconsistently with their belief; but observe, there are two kinds of faith,—a faith of the head, by which the heart is little influenced, and a reliance upon Christ for salvation, wrought in us by the Holy Spirit, which changes and governs the heart—a real faith, which makes us love and serve God. It is through that we must be saved."

Ambroise. "We have excellent preachers in the valley, who teach us all this."

"But do they not also teach you that you must trust to the intercession of the saints, to the church, and to your own good works?"

"Certainly, we must do good works in order to be saved."

"There is not a good work which we ever did, fit to be presented to God: and to suppose that God pardons us for our works, is to trust in works, and not in Christ. He died to save us from sin and from hell, that we might trust in him only. If you trust him, you will be saved. Good works are necessary; but they follow salvation, and are not its cause. Christ says to each of us, 'As I died for you, and am willing to save you, trust me, me only; then love me, obey me, and honour me.' Those who trust in

him are saved; and those who are saved, no longer drink, lie, steal, or commit evil deeds, but forsake all sin."

The mention of drink roused old Devouassou, who did not seem to think that taking a glass too much could be a sin which a Christian must forsake, and who responded, "But if we may not drink, why has God given us wine and eau de vie?"

"To refresh us in the sober use of them."

"But a little may intoxicate a man, when he only drinks to refresh himself."

"Each man ought to know how much he may take with sobriety, and should take no more. I never yet saw a pig drunk; and we should not make ourselves worse than pigs."

The guides laughed.

"So you see that it is necessary to be holy, and to do many good works; but we must first be pardoned, sanctified, and saved by simple faith. Faith alone can save us, or make us serve God."

Being now overtaken by Louis Payot and Michel Ambroise Froissard, we proceeded with our four guides to cross the glacier. Every moment the sleet fell faster, every rock and pinnacle was gone, and we could find no boundary, but were moving on a shoreless frozen sea, where there was no path, and where the crevasses began to make the hand of the guide needful. I was a little in advance of my companions, with Ambroise. "Ambroise," I said, "a guide ought, I think, especially to comprehend the gospel. Placed alone in a thick mist upon this glacier, if a traveller

should say, 'I will have no guide, but will trust my own sagacity, strength, and courage,' and the guide should leave him to cross these chasms as he could, he would perish. But trusting to our guides, we cross with ease. Jesus is such a guide, who undertakes to guide his disciples safely through this dangerous road to heaven. But we must trust him alone, and follow him fully." "Yes, Sir, that is the chief point," replied Ambroise: and we continued our way.

After continuing our walk for some time across the glacier, observing, as we advanced, how the summer sun had formed upon it rivulets which were flowing along its furrowed surface, we at length reached a spot, where several of them having met, the united stream descended by a deeper channel, and at length plunged into an ice cavern; through which it rushed into the subglacial bed of the Arveiron. Such seemed to me the course of revealed truth: flowing from God as these streams from the influence of the sun, it makes its way through the fixed and icy errors which occupy society, it works for itself, as it goes, a freer and deeper channel, is proscribed and buried by the world for a moment, and at length bursting from its ice caverns, as the Arveiron from the foot of the glacier, flows on through the world with an unrestrained and beneficial tide.

Having now crossed the glacier, we stood at the foot of the Aiguille du Moine; and as the snow was penetrating our clothes, there was no appearance of improvement in the weather, and it was clear that if we reached the Jardin we should see nothing more than what we then

saw, an apparently boundless sea of ice over which the snow was driving, we decided to return. "Then," said Devouassou, we will take a new path which I have discovered across the glacier, along which travellers have never yet been. As he was an experienced guide, we determined on following his advice. We were now to descend by the right or north bank of the ice-torrent, skirting the base of the Moine and of the Aiguille de Dru. Accordingly we pursued the path indicated to us upon the Moraine, till we halted about half past twelve under the shadow of a fallen rock, where we opened our provision basket for ourselves and our guides. Of the wine we drank sparingly, which left the more to them: whereat old Devouassou rejoiced, and lifting up a tumbler full, round which the snow flakes fell fast, "Here's to the health of the weather," said the old man, laughing. "You may well wish it better," said I, "for it is extremely bad." In fact, the snow was falling so thickly on our hands, from which the drenched gloves had disappeared, that we could scarcely grasp our poles.

After this refreshment we proceeded, skirting the massive crags of the Aiguille, till we were arrested by a precipice at our feet. What should we do? Should we turn to the right or left? On the right was the steep face of the crag, with ledges so narrow, that with our numbed hands we should probably not be able to keep our footing on them. On the left, the glacier at this part looked like a chaos of ice rocks and ravines. It was determined that we should descend upon the chaos. Had we been able to continue

our course at the foot of the rock, till we reached the part opposite the Pavilion, we should have had little difficulty, because the ice at that point was tolerably united, and the path across it well known; but as our farther progress close to the mountain seemed impracticable, we were obliged to make our way across the ice. Here the glacier, no longer smooth as at the upper part where we crossed it, sloped more rapidly, and was rent consequently into innumerable fissures, of every magnitude, from the slight crack over which the traveller leaps easily, to the broad chasms down which he looks fifty feet and finds no bottom. Some of the ridges which separate these chasms are so sharp and razor-edged, that the chamois could find no footing on them; and some form long winding terraces, on which the traveller may walk in safety. But one ridge alone would not carry us to Montanvert. Often, on the contrary, a ridge which promised well was found at length to terminate in an impracticable gulf; and we had then to quit it for another. To effect this we had sometimes to tread upon a rock jammed in between the two blue walls of the chasm, and thus forming a slippery bridge. Sometimes we had to descend from a higher level to a lower; and were obliged to slide down the inclined plane of ice, at the summit of which we stood. Once we had to descend such a plane to a small ledge, which alone arrested our descent into the gulf beneath us; into which we should probably have fallen, if one of the guides had not stood on the margin of the ledge to prevent our sliding too far. Occasionally, when we came to some narrow ridge

between two such gulfs, where a false step might be fatal, we heard the warning cry, "Chaque guide à son voyageur,"—"Each guide to his traveller." Then we trod cautiously along on the slippery ridge, steadying ourselves on the perilous margin, by driving the pole into the ice with one hand, and with the other, taking the hand of the guide, who, as he walked before, extended his hand behind him; or perhaps we heard the other word of command, "Chaque voyageur entre deux guides,"—"Each traveller between two guides; and then the silent line was formed accordingly of travellers and guides alternately, one by one, in succession.

We had now reached about the middle of the glacier, and Montanvert was scarcely more distant than the Aiguille de Dru; but at every step our progress grew more difficult, the ridges more narrow, the chasms more numerous and profound. At length we slipped down on a ridge from which all egress seemed almost impossible. We were now on a mass which stood apart, surrounded by impassable gulfs. Here the first comers halted perplexed. At this moment I saw our young companion, Mr. S., assisted by two guides, slipping down the last ice-rock which we had descended, and crossing with difficulty a crevasse which lay in front of it. "It is a rum place," said he, eyeing the ridge on which we stood, and the net-work of abysses around us—"A single slip and it's all over with one." "Yes," said I, "and in the midst of such dangers we feel how needful it is to be a Christian; for if we have faith in Christ, death would come well

at any time." "C'est un endroit très mauvais," said old Devouassou seriously—"C'est impossible à traverser," said Payot, looking to the ice chaos which spread out between us and Montanvert. And now our guides engaged in eager conversation in Savoyard. It was evident that Devouassou had mistaken his path, and that the rest were perplexed. What was to be done? To go back was nearly impossible: the way was too long; to climb the ice rocks down which we had slided was too fatiguing, if not impracticable, without hatchets to cut steps in the ice; and night would overtake us. The consultation being ended, Froissard, the youngest and most athletic of our guides, was dispatched to trace our ridge to its southern extremity towards Montanvert, to see if there was any bridge for us on that side over the chasms, but finding that it issued in a wide, deep, and impassable gulf, he motioned with his hand that there was no path that way. "Which is easiest," I asked, "to press on towards Montanvert, or to return towards the Aiguille?" "Monsr," replied Devouassou, "c'est à peu près la même chose," "It is almost the same which we do." I now saw that there was some danger, and committed myself and my companions in silent prayer to the mercy and care of God through Christ our Saviour, but said nothing; as any perturbation of mind might be dangerous to any one of our party in the formidable labyrinth through which we had to explore our way.

It was now the turn of Simond to explore northwards. Skilfully he slipped down the ridge on which we stood, to a lower level, crept along a narrow ledge

on the verge of a deep crevasse, then leaped from ridge to ridge like a chamois, and at length, on a rock far away to the north, beckoned us to retreat along the path which he had found to the Aiguille de Dru: we followed the path he indicated, and after several dangerous slides, and after creeping cautiously in several places, one by one, along the slippery margin of what seemed a bottomless abyss, we stood on the Moraine at the foot of the Aiguille de Dru, with the whole glacier again between us and Montanvert.

However, the worst was now passed. Descending for a little space by the north edge of the glacier, we arrived nearly opposite to the Pavilion, at a place where the ice was less broken, and the path well known. There we once more crossed without accident; and about three o'clock, by the mercy of God and the skill of our guides, reached the comfortable fire of the Pavilion. To the energy and skill of our guides, especially Ambroise Simond, we owe, under God, our lives. Many a crevasse we could not have crossed without them; on many a ridge their support alone enabled us to walk: unless Ambroise especially had possessed both a good eye, athletic limbs, and a courageous heart, we could not have explored the menacing chaos; and had night overtaken us when so chilled, exhausted, and lightly clothed, upon the ice field, we should probably never have seen the light of day. Our alpenstocks too had done us great service; they are useful in any steep descent, but on the ice, in any difficult part they are essential. Fifty times I should have slipped into a fissure on those narrow

ridges, where the only level space was sometimes not a foot broad, if I had not felt steadied by the spike. We could now reflect upon our difficulties with pleasure; and recalling them, I said to Devouassou, "C'est une jolie promenade que nous avons fait." "Monsr," replied the veteran, "Il y a très peu de voyageurs qui ont fait une pareille." Our only remaining labor was to descend the mountain; which my companions, who were better walkers than I, accomplished gallantly. I was completely tired, yet being strongly cautioned by the guides not to ride after being so heated, was obliged to creep along as well as I could; and got several rolls among the loose stones before I reached the bottom.

While descending the mountain, Ambroise Simon kept close by my side, and at length said, "Sir, if you are going to the Brevent, the Flegère, or elsewhere, I hope you will take me as your guide. I like to go with those who will moralize: I like your sentiments." Though the choice of a guide, out of his turn, involves an extra expense of three francs a-day, I determined to take him, not only because he was an excellent guide who had much to tell, having recently ascended with Mr. Smith to the summit of Mont Blanc, but partly because I felt grateful for the important services which he had rendered us, and partly because I wished to give him a New Testament, and to speak to him more about Christ. "We should see each other again in the morning," I said, "and would then settle."

Mr. S. was much more tough than I, and when

we reached the meadows of Chamouni, his spirits revived; and, as fresh as though he had been just riding to cover some mild winter morning, he exclaimed, "Now we may go a-head," and urging his reluctant mule with voice, hands, and heels, to a gallop, came up in triumph to the door of his hotel. For myself, I trotted after gently; and when I reached the village, and got off my mule, not being aware how tired my limbs were, to the amusement, no doubt, of the group of guides near the spot, I tumbled into the mud.

It was pleasant, when sitting by the fire in our hotel, to think that no one of us was lying in a crevasse of the glacier, nor even bivouacking on its surface; but even such a catastrophe has not always proved fatal. Some years since, a report reached the table d'hote, that Paccard, an inhabitant of the village, was lost in the glacier, for that his dog had returned without him. Mr. Mortlock, of Oxford Street, heard it, and with his usual benevolence, promised at once ten pounds each, to any ten guides who would go in search of him, provided they brought him back alive. Ten men, with torches, instantly started, taking with them the dog, who, once placed upon the glacier, took the path which his master had taken. Along their whole progress they loudly shouted out the name of Paccard, especially at the verge of each crevasse; at length, from the bottom of one of them, they heard his feeble voice answering to their shout. A ladder was placed across the crevasse, and one of the number, being fastened to it by a cord,

descended, who found the old man wedged between the two ice-walls, midway between the top and the bottom, and nearly frozen. He was raised with cords, carried across the glacier, descended the mountain on their shoulders, and was brought into the village with shouts of triumph.

The next morning, unhappily, Ambroise was again on his road to Montanvert, with a new party, before I was moving, and I saw him no more. The weather was uncertain, the ladies unprepared for contention with the elements, the Col de Balme would be cloudy, and the Tête Noire, in a drenching rain, would be disagreeable. We determined, therefore, to renounce that unrivalled pass, of which it has justly been said, Niente di più maestoso, niente di più imponente. Never, perhaps, shall we see those terraces of rich grass, piled, terrace upon terrace, crowning abrupt precipices with pastoral beauty to the very clouds, and chalets bowered in woods and gay in the sun-beams, so high that they seem the companions of the eagles, while far beneath the pathway excavated from the rock, the buried Trient is struggling and roaring in its rocky prison like a newly-caged lion; and at both ends steep snow-robed Alps close in the pass. We must not not look upon the leap of the Barberina torrent, which has gathered all the northern waters of the huge Buet, and then flings itself thundering into the abyss. We must not look up to Mount Catogne, that granite spire, from whose dizzy summit of 8000 feet, a brave Saxon youth rolled headlong. We were obliged to forego the sight of the vast ice vault, from

which the Arveiron rushes, at the foot of the glacier des Bois; an arch so fragile, that when Mr. Maitz, of Geneva, visited it on the 8th of August, 1797, a single pistol shot, fired for the effect, no doubt, of the reverberation, brought down the roof, by which his son was killed, and his own leg was broken. We must leave too, unvisited, the Brevent, from which you look directly, without one intervening object, on the whole north-western surface of Mont Blanc, with its eternal ice fields and its granite pinnacles rising from them in sublime sterility. We could not even look up the Mer de Glace from the Flegère. The clouds had therefore robbed us of much, when they forced us to turn our backs upon Chamouni, and once more seated in two chars, to seek the hotel of Sallenche. At that place, however, there is a scene which, if the sun shone out, might compensate for the loss of all the rest. To look on the whole northern side of the mountain from the Col de Balme, with its numerous granite spires in the foreground, to get near its south-western surface on the Col de Vosa, to contemplate it from Courmayeur, where, seamed with deep channels, and propped by sharp rocky buttresses without end, it looks down more majestically than on any other spot, or to gaze on its whole north-western surface from the lofty watch-tower of the Brevent, must give abundant delight; and all this was beyond our reach: but there was still a view of it from Sallenche, which, if the sun shone out, might compensate for the loss of all the rest. Before, however, leaving Chamouni, I sought out the house of Michael Paccard, an in-

telligent and amiable man, who had been my guide twenty-six years ago. Ebel, in 1818, represented him as the best of the guides. Monday, 8th September, 1821, I had climbed with him 1100 feet higher than the Pavilion towards the Aiguille de Charmoy, when he declared farther ascent to be dangerous. From that part we had a full view of the ice-sea and of the Jardin, with its amphitheatre of naked pinnacles, rising from their beds of eternal snow. Clouds rose magnificently from the valley, and sometimes over their wavy outlines, and sometimes through their numerous rents, as they rolled and spread over the rugged crescent, we could see those granite needles alternately bright and dark with the fitful sun-gleams. He afterwards attended us across the pass of the Tête Noire to Martigny, and I remembered to have felt a degree of sadness in bidding him farewell, probably for ever, which made me wish to see him again now. He is still healthy, though past work. I was glad to exhort him to seek salvation through Christ, and offered him a Testament, but he already possessed one, given to him by Mrs. Sumner, the wife of the Bishop of Winchester, which he seemed to value. I could only, therefore, present the cheerful old man with five francs, as a testimony of good will, bade him again farewell, and set off for Sallenche.

The day was fine, but heavy clouds hung still on all the loftier mountains. Again, we admired the Montets, and the gorge of the Arve above Pont Pelissier, and wound round the base of the Brevent, till we reached the Nant Noire, a torrent which now

rolls along a bare and desolate channel. A few years since, my companion, Dr. Henry Malan, was travelling this road, when the clear stream descended through lovely woodland scenes, sporting from crag to crag. A carriage, in which was a Russian lady, followed his; and when he had crossed the torrent, hearing a loud sound in the mountain above, he looked up: a lake on the summit had burst its barrier, and rocks and stones were descending with the furious flood. One loosened crag shot down at the moment when the Russian carriage was crossing the ravine: Dr. M. heard one scream, and then carriage, horses, servants, mistress, shivered to atoms, were either buried in the rubbish, or hurried far down to the Arve. No accident befel us along the enchanting road at the feet of the Brevent and the Varens. Safely and smoothly we crossed the bridge of St. Martin, and once more received the smiling salute of the folks at Sallenche.

Here we ought to have seen the whole western surface of Mont Blanc, between the Brevent and the Mount Joli, reflecting the flame of the setting sun; we had longed for this view more than for that from the Jura, or that from the Bergues: already we had been once disappointed; and now again high-piled, immoveable vapors, along the whole range, buried it and our hopes together. But what right had we to complain? a sparkling torrent was at our feet, descending a deep rich glen of Mont Douron; above us were groves of the richest verdure, formed by magnificent walnut and Spanish chesnut-trees, which threw their picturesque boughs over verdant lawns,

where, as we reposed, we could look along the umbrageous slopes of Mont Joli, extending far away to the south; then over the woody foreground at our feet, admire the blue mountains which stand beneath the shadow of Mont Blanc; then glance along the steep cliffs of the Brevent, which close in the valley to the east, and more than all, examine and re-examine the bare rugged stormy peaks of the Varens, shooting into the sky above the vast forests upon its flank, and the boundless groves which make its sunny base a woodland paradise, where the bounding Arve, morning, noon, and evening, utters its song of joy. How long I could gaze on such a scene with thankful delight. If earth is so fair, what must heaven be? And yet one is never satisfied! While some of our party took out their sketch-books, where the deep glen and the bright torrent made a scene which memory would love to recal, I climbed a path winding up through the hanging woods, to obtain some new revelations of beauty; and as I looked to the south-east, there came a gap in the clouds—and another—and another. I could not be mistaken; and behind them was the glittering snow in the very heavens; and then, far away to the south, was another gap, through which the snow glittered; and then to the east a granite spire shot out from the moving mass. It was evident that the mountain was about to come forth: and with eager haste I summoned my companions to a higher level, where they might watch with me the aerial transformation. Silently the openings in the clouds enlarged; the mountain snows

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shone brighter; we could distinguish parts of the highest outline; we could see the Dome du Gouté; then the Aiguille du Gouté came forth, and the glorious summit itself; and now the far-off needles above the Mer de Glace shone out as though to bid us farewell; till the whole north-west face of the mountain gleamed like another world above the deep blue mountains at its base, from which it was still severed by a long narrow horizontal line of clouds.

The next morning, at sunrise, I ascended the road behind Sallenche, which winds among the villages scattered along the fertile sides of Mont Joli, to enjoy once more, before parting, those magnificent scenes. It is impossible to do them justice. The level sunbeams streamed to the south over the rich and woody slopes of Mont Joli; to the west and north the eternal towers of Mont Douron, with its colossal bastions and battlements, high piled above rich woods, welcomed with answering lustre the visit of the morning sun; and right opposite, across the narrow vale to the north-east, the Aiguille de Varens, with more inaccessible crags, scarred by ten thousand tempests, and long sharp ridges of naked rock descending on either side into wide-spread forests, now cold and clear, without a cloud, stood like a still prouder fortress in the sky. But the south-east region was the glory of the panorama. Before me were picturesque oaks and walnut-trees, above whose tortuous arms the eye glanced along the beautiful mountain lines on either side, leading to the great mountain which fills the south-eastern bonudary of the view; and there, be-

yond this superb vista, it shone unclouded. The clear atmosphere brought every object near. Each ridge and hollow of the mountain, each wall of ice, whence avalanches had thundered, or where the hanging mass was gathering and splitting for the future avalanche, each rock projecting from its bed of snow, and the wide region of untrodden snow-fields, seemed all so close, as to make one impatient to climb amidst these icy wonders. I thanked God for his goodness in making this world so beautiful; and descended to the hotel.

In the salle-à-manger we met for reading and prayer, and were joined by young Mr. S., with whom I had traversed the Mer de Glace. It was the more pleasant to worship God with a degree of publicity there, since in that very hotel, a few years since, Sardinian papistry had signally demonstrated its intolerance. A pupil of Dr. Malan, of Geneva, having been suddenly taken ill at the hotel, sent an urgent request to Dr. Malan to visit him. He came as was desired: but he was known to be a zealous evangelist, and scarcely was his name reported at the police-office as a visitor at the hotel, than six gendarmes entered; of whom four kept watch in his room all night, and two remained at the door. The next morning they were about to hurry him to Chamberry; but as Sallenche is in the province of Faucigny, he insisted upon being taken before the governor of the province at Bonneville. He had good reason to urge his demand with vigor; for some time since Mr. Pache, of the Canton de Vaud, for giving a religious tract to a person who asked for it, was hurried to prison from

the baths of Aix, where he was staying for his health; and was kept six months in confinement, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the cantonal Government. Happily Dr. Malan's reasonable request was granted; and with two gendarmes within the carriage, and four on horseback, he was conducted to the governor. Here he protested against the injustice of such violent proceedings, against one who had absolutely committed no offence. "C'est le diable de prêtre," said the governor, mortified at the humiliating position which compelled him to sanction such tyranny. But not daring to send him back to Sallenche, he could only deport him, under this police escort, to the frontier near Geneva, and there leave him at liberty. I had heard this narrative before, and took occasion to verify it. The hotel people recollected the fact with mingled indignation and fear.

Whilst the sister of the maitre d'hotel was preparing our breakfast, I remarked to her the apparent poverty of some of those in the crowded market-place under our windows.

"Yes," she said, "many are very ignorant, and therefore poor."

"Have they, then," I asked, "the Bible to instruct them?"

"No; but they have the Catechism."

"Have you the Bible yourself?"

"No; but I have an excellent book, which I should like to show you, by Thomas à Kempis."

"It has in it much that is good, mingled with superstition; but why read the word of a servant and

neglect the word of his Lord? The Bible is the word of God; why do you not read *that?*"

"I should not receive absolution if I were to do so."

"God can pardon all your sins through Christ without human absolution. Why do you go to men for pardon?"

"It is a happiness to confess our sins."

"Certainly it is a happiness fully to confess them to God, but to be obliged to confess to a priest I should feel to be an intolerable burden."

"Sin is indeed a burden, but not confession."

"Yes, to be obliged to confess to a man what ought only to be confessed to God is intolerable. If I were a Catholic, and I observed all the other rules, I would renounce confession. Observe its nature. I am a husband; my wife is a Catholic, and bound to confess to a priest. From that time he is the master of her mind, and she has two husbands; half her thoughts she discloses to me, and the other half, hidden from me, she discloses to the priest. She must confess, too, for herself and me, and tell him my faults while she reveals her own. Then comes my daughter to the priest, and does the same. Then comes each servant, and makes similar disclosures; till the priest becomes an omnipresent spy upon me. Whatever I do or say, at home or abroad, the priest sees me, hears me, watches me; and if he be a meddler, a bigot, a rogue, an enemy, what havoc he may work in my family. And whence has he this authority? Not, certainly, in the word of God."

"Yes, Jesus Christ gave it to his apostles, when he

said, 'Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.'"

"The apostles were indeed inspired to declare what characters should be pardoned, what condemned; but these priests bear not the smallest resemblance to the apostles. And apostles themselves never pretended to absolve persons as the priests do. We ought to seek pardon from God, through the merits of Christ alone."

"So I do, with the intercession of the saints and the blessed Virgin."

"Intercession of saints? how do they know any thing about you? And what need has a Christian of their intercession with Jesus Christ? He is my Saviour and friend; I have this day prayed in his name to God my Father. Why should I ask saints to intercede with him? Look at that dirty, tattered, sottish-looking beggar down there. When you want some favor from your father, would you go to that creature, and say, do ask my father to be kind to me? You would be ashamed to do so. You want no intercessor with your father, because he loves you. Christ is more gentle, compassionate, and kind to his disciples than any father to his daughter; therefore do not dishonor him by asking any body to intercede for you with him. But, if you are a Christian, ask him himself to bless you. And as God is our loving Father through Christ, and can justly bless us for Christ's sake, do not allow any creature to come between him and you."

In the open space before our hotel a large population was assembled, buying and selling poultry, butter, cheese, vegetables, and other productions of the neighbourhood. To these were added more questionable wares: one little book bore the following title, "Miraculous Apparition of the Holy Virgin to some young Shepherds, in the Diocese of Grenoble. Grenoble: Prudhomme, Printer and Bookseller, 1847;" and contains the following information. September 19, 1846, Metanie Matthieu, aged fourteen, and Germain Giraud, aged eleven, were watching their flock in the parish of La Salette, a village on the southern boundary of the department of the Isere, near Corps, a town on the road between Grenoble and Toulon, just where the road enters the department of the High Alps. The two children could neither read nor write, were almost idiots, incapable of the least understanding of the simplest things, ("presque idiots incapables d'avoir la moindre intelligence des plus simples choses,") and therefore well fitted to be deceived by any priest who wished to invent a miracle. About three o'clock in the afternoon they saw a great lady, (qu. a priest in disguise?) seated on a flat stone. This was the Queen of Heaven. She wore an old-fashioned bonnet, ("bonnet de forme antique," probably belonging to the priest's grandmother,) which was adorned with roses; for the Queen of Heaven, according to the account, did not despise artificial flowers, any more than the queen of belles at a Paris ball would. "Her gown was white, and sparkling with rubies;" but how the idiots, who had not "the least understanding of the most simple

things," knew them to be rubies, since probably no ruby was ever seen in La Salette, is not related. "Her neck-handkerchief (fichu) was adorned with a garland of roses:" artificial roses on the bonnet, embroidered ones on the handkerchief. "She wore a crucifix," because in the Roman Catholic heaven it seems they do not attend to the second command, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image . . . thou shalt not bow down to it, nor worship it." "Her shoes were white, fastened with a buckle, and surrounded with roses." Roses again: but, notwithstanding her roses and rubies, "she was weeping," and, having excellent eyes, the idiots, "could see her tears," though they were at some distance, and her eyes were shaded by the old-fashioned bonnet. Then the Lady told them to come near, and in the patois of the country she said, "*that she could no longer restrain the arm of her Son, ready to strike men;* . . . . that already, the past year, one part of the crop had failed, through the permission of her Son; . . . . that it was time to be converted, if they did not wish to see great calamities come upon the earth, either through the death of little children under seven years of age, or through the horrors of famine." All this patois and much more, for the Lady talked to them for half an hour, the idiots remembered exactly. They said besides, that when she walked upon the grass, the stems did not bend, and the roses which surrounded her feet (se relevaient d'elle mêmes apres chaque pas) rose up again after each step. As these roses were so numerous that she trod on them at every step, it is

to be regretted that the children did not send some of them to Paris, Lyons, or Toulon. Roses from the Alps in September would have fetched a high price: but I forget that they were "idiots, who had not the smallest understanding of the most simple things," (la moindre intelligence des plus simples choses.)

At length the Queen of Roses, the Rose-Mary of the Alps, disappeared: but wonderful things have followed the apparition. First, the idiots have become clever; but then, to be sure, "almost all the clergy of the diocese have verified the facts," so that they must have been almost daily, since that time, the pupils of priests. Next, a fountain has been constantly flowing from the place where the dame with the old-fashioned bonnet ("la dame avec un bonnet de forme antique") placed her feet. October 15, Lieutenant Angelini, of the 15th regiment of the line, being at Corps, received from the idiots a piece of the stone upon which the dame sat, which being broken, was found to contain inside the face of Jesus Christ engraven on it. Melanie Cornau, with sore eyes, washed in the fountain, and in two days was cured. Mrs. Laurence, wife of the baker at Corps, who was bed-ridden, and without the use of her limbs, having sent some of her neighbours to the fountain to ask for the intercession of the Virgin, rose up and walked. And such is the effect of the miracle in the High Alps, that Mgr. the Bishop of Gap, exclaims in triumph, "What is passing here in my mountains is truly prodigious. All my priests organized as missionaries are not sufficient in many places. . . . . The

devil will not find a single blade of grass to throw into his furnace." Fervet opus. The missionary priests seem to be doing wonders in support of apparitions and dead saints. At Corps, close to La Salette, in February last, one of them thus demonstrated to his congregation, in language taken down by one of his hearers at the time, the glory of St. Joseph. "Jesus has said, Whatsoever ye shall ask THE FATHER in my name, that will I do. Now St. Joseph is THE REPUTED FATHER of Christ: address yourselves therefore to him. Joseph is the greatest of the patriarchs: Joseph, Mary, Jesus,—behold the holy Trinity on earth. If all blessings are originally in Jesus, they can only come through Mary and Joseph. Inhabitants of Corps, you are happy, for you have that holy Trinity in your church." [1] By such blasphemous absurdity the Bishop of Gap thinks the furnace of the devil is to be deprived of its fuel. The Bishop of Grenoble, too, must be as delighted as his brother of Gap, for on the 19th of last September, 60,000 persons, if a Catholic paper is to be credited, assembled at La Salette, to celebrate the anniversary of the miracle, for whom he permitted mass to be performed on the spot.[2] Nor will the diocese of Grenoble alone reap the benefit; for many of the priests of Lyons have been drinking in these marvels: and who can tell with what new energy they will carry on the war to the knife with the humble and pious evangelical

[1] Sixteenth Report of the Evangelical Society of Geneva, p. 99.

[2] La Reformation, Nov. 4, 1847.

church in that city, to the infinite contentment of Mgr. the Cardinal Archbishop? Who could have thought that the two idiots could have been such important allies to the three prelates?

At another stall I bought a small gilded figure of the Queen of Heaven and her baby, both with idiotic faces, enclosed in a glass case for adoration. Next I purchased three "miraculous medals," bearing a figure of the Romish Queen, with an inscription round her head, "Mary, pray for us, who have recourse to thee." When I asked the dealer in these goods what their use might be, she replied gravely, "Perhaps you buy them to amuse yourself; but I assure you that they will really be of use to you." Upon which I answered as gravely, "My trust is in Jesus Christ himself; I want no one else to trust in, and I advise you to trust in him, and not in such things as these."* Perhaps she believed, as multitudes of the deluded disciples of the priests, that the Romish Queen of Heaven is pledged to keep from harm all those who wear these

* The value which is attached to them by many, is illustrated by the following extract from a letter inserted in the Times of December 10th, which refers to the Lucerne soldiers engaged in the late war.

"I have seen some curious little brass amulets, with the effigy of the Virgin on one side and the Cross on the other, which were sold in great numbers to the people, as charms against all possible injuries in battle. Those sold at seven and ten batzen (about 10d. and 15d. of our money) were efficacious against musket and carbine balls; those at 20 batzen (about half-a-crown) were proof against cannon shot also! The purchasers of these medals were also presented with a

medals in her honor: but more probably, if she had spoken out her mind, this shrine-seller of Mary would have said, as the shrine-seller of Diana at Ephesus

card, of which the following is a verbatim transcript, capitals, italics, and all:—

'O MARIE!

CONCUE SANS PECHE,

PRIEZ POUR NOUS QUI AVONS RECOURS A VOUS!

"'*Quiconque*, portant une médaille miraculeuse, récite avec piété cette invocation, se trouve placé sous la protection spéciale de la Mère de Dieu; c'est une promesse de Marie Elle Même."

"Which, being interpreted—if indeed I may be excused for profaning the honest English tongue with such blasphemy—is,

"'Oh, Mary!—conceived without sin—pray for us who have recourse to you. *Any one* carrying a miraculous medal, who recites with piety the above invocation, becomes placed under the especial protection of the Mother of God. This is a promise made by Mary herself.'

"The case of one victim of misplaced confidence (and I doubt not there were many similar) has been related to me on good authority. One of the landsturm was pursued, and challenged to surrender; he refused, took to flight, and was wounded successively by four shots, when he sank under his wounds. Upon being captured, he declared that having a medal, had he thought it possible the bullets could have touched him, he would have surrendered at once. I understand he is since dead.

"Upon a like principle—or want of principle—the landsturm and soldiers were invited to bring their arms to the churches to be blessed; for which fees of five or ten francs were charged. Whole piles of arms received benediction in this manner, and were then declared to be sure of hitting.

once said, "Sir, you know how by this craft we have our wealth;" and the tumultuary cry which echoed through that city, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," might have been very soon raised among the mountains of Savoy, in the form of "Great is Mary of the Savoyards."

There were many other trashy books in the market, similar to the "Miraculous Apparition," but there was not a single Bible or Testament. These would neither suit the priests of the valley, nor the prelates of Annecy and of Chamberry, nor their master, Pope Pius IX., the official patron of all the priestcraft which wars with the gospel of Christ throughout the world.

At Bonneville, where we halted to change horses, I had some conversation with the waiter of the inn, who expressed his thanks, when I urged him to read the scriptures, to trust wholly in Christ, rejecting the mediation of saints, and to seek eternal life through him alone: and thence a pleasant drive brought us safely to Geneva.

CHAPTER III.

CANTON DE VAUD.

WHILE I was sitting at breakfast in the salle-à-manger, at the Bergues, on Sunday, September 5th, the intelligent and obliging master of the hotel, who stood near me, acknowledged that, during the summer months, neither he nor his servants could find leisure to attend public worship.

"It is to be lamented," I replied, "because the care of the soul is the most important business of life; and we cannot expect the blessing of God without prayer for it."

"I am the son of a Swiss pastor, and was early taught to pray, so that I do not disregard it."

"Ought you not, then, to preserve these good family habits?"

"I do, as much as I can; and, in the winter months, both attend the church myself and urge my young men to attend; but, when there is so much business, my motto is, Travailler c'est prier, to work is to pray."

"Oh, that is not true. God has made us for action and contemplation: and as contemplation is no sub-

stitute for active duty, so active duty does not lessen the necessity of reflection and prayer. Without reading and reflection, how can we know the will of God; without prayer, how obtain grace to fulfil it? Reflection plants right principles, active duty strengthens and confirms them. But if it is so difficult to let your young men attend church, cannot you, like Mr. Wood, a friend of mine who keeps a hotel in London, call your household together daily for family prayer?"

"It is impossible. In this country there are such different views. Some of my servants are Catholics. Besides, people generally have a horror of the Momiers, because, without necessity, they have left the National Church; and declare all to be damned who do not think as they do."

"Undoubtedly Christians ought to be humble and charitable, but they must also maintain truth. Scripture, you know, says, that except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God, which is what, as I imagine, these Momiers say. And if these are hated, you must recollect that the gospel has always been hated by the world, as Christ himself was."

"We by no means hate the gospel, but why should they leave the National Church without cause?"

"In this I must own they seem to me right, and the National Church wrong. It has no confession of faith; it does not even require its members to profess to believe the Scriptures; and every citizen, however irreligious, may be a member of it if he pleases. It is a Church without Christianity. How can real

Christians belong to it? But I must break off our conversation, for I am just going to hear these Momiers at the Oratoire, and the time is come. Mr. Rufenacht, who has one of the best managed hotels which I have ever entered, who has most respectable and well behaved servants, and who seems to have a high degree of firmness with equal good temper, received my remarks most good naturedly. May he himself one day know and love the gospel.

At nine o'clock I attended the Oratoire, where Mr. Burnier, of Morges, preached to a congregation which, though not large, nearly filled the building. From these words of Paul, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" he urged with simplicity and force upon us the necessity of entire subjection to the will of God. What a happiness it is to be able in any measure to say from the heart, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" How much we should study to say so, unreservedly, always, and in all things. The English congregation, at eleven o'clock, nearly filled the chapel of the Hospital near the Bourg des Fours. I was glad to be permitted to preach the gospel to them. Though the congregations in the different towns at which we halt are small, yet they are interesting, from the consideration that, being very miscellaneous, many there hear the gospel, who never would hear it at home. And those who preach on these occasions should especially endeavour to set the gospel so plainly and earnestly before the careless, that some at least may be converted by it. A dry, heartless, common-place sermon, upon some secondary topic, is infidelity to a great oc-

casion of doing good. English ministers too, who officiate in these towns, have other opportunities of doing good if they know how to use them. Each should be familiar with the language of the country, associate with the Christians of the place, assist in their religious and benevolent objects, interest the English residents and visitors in them, and labor to make the English become a spiritual blessing to the place, a living protest against superstition and infidelity, a bright manifestation of the reality and beauty of true religion.

In the evening Mr. Douglas, of Cavers, opened his room at the hotel to all who wished to attend an exposition of the scriptures, and unite in prayer. About seventy persons came, among whom were several young men. I enjoyed the service. The doors of the room being open, many servants and others sat outside, and foreigners who passed along the passage had the opportunity of hearing our hymns and our united supplications. When wealth is thus used to honor God it brings a blessing to its possessor and his family: whereas wealth spent by the owner in selfish indulgence injures both him and his. About thirty persons remained after the service was over; when we canvassed an expression of Vinet, that the world now wants less preaching and more speaking; by which he meant that preaching should be less formal, or pompous, and be more simple, colloquial, practical, more like the speaking of the bar and senate. But it seems to me that it is not a change in the form which is wanted so much as an improvement in the substance of

the preaching of many. Ministers should bring to their sermons more earnestness and more faith, and we should set our minds on converting and on edifying those whom we address. With that view, we should speak to them simply, directly, heartily, and then expect a large blessing from God. But discussing this point, we were farther agreed that the gospel must be promoted more as in the first age, by ministers and Christians speaking to persons individually about the gospel. Officers alone must not fight for the truth, but the whole army must do battle with the errors and ungodliness which prevail. Each Christian must become an evangelist, before society can be much moved by the gospel. All the redeemed and the forgiven must feel themselves to be servants and soldiers of the Redeemer.

On Monday afternoon we visited the place where the pure and arrowy Rhone, fresh from the calm lake, repels the muddy Arve. But the separation cannot last: a short distance down the waters mingle; and the Rhone contracts a turbid hue, which it never wholly loses till it joins the sea. It is an emblem of many a youth who rushes heedlessly into the world, simple, sincere, and virtuous, from his father's quiet dwelling; resists, while the impetus of habit lasts, the corruption which he meets with in the world; but by degrees contracts the taint of the society with which he comes into contact, from which he is never completely liberated. How earnestly should young persons who wish to follow Christ avoid the first contact with the dissipated and irreligious! We spent the evening with Mr. Merle d'Aubigné, and shared in the

intelligent conversation kept up by himself, Mr. Gaussen, and Dr. Tholuck, of Halle. Great parties are a wearisome waste of time, in which there is infinite small talk, and no conversation; but the conversation of three or four intelligent, thoughtful, well read, and pious men is an enjoyment of the very highest order. But I must except from this rule the larger gatherings to which we were introduced by the kindness of Colonel Tronchin and of the Messrs. Lombard, by means of which, during our short stay, we became acquainted with so many of those Christian brethren, on whose fidelity, zeal, and union the religious prosperity of the canton, under God, depends. We conversed on the prospects of the churches of Christ, and examined some passages of scripture together, a practice which, if oftener adopted, would make the intercourse of Christians both more endearing and more instructive. Christian friends should never meet merely to gossip. We live in eventful times, when many great questions are awaiting their settlement; the word of God must decide them; and pious men in general do not seem to me to have an accurate knowledge of it. As there is very little expository preaching, and as very few persons examine the scriptures with critical accuracy, unscriptural ideas still are current; on the other hand, there are few skilful defenders of the gospel, and religion does not make much progress in society. Christians, therefore, peculiarly want a large and exact knowledge of the word of God; and united examination of it when they meet together would lead to that result.

Tuesday, September 7, the north wind driving the careering clouds before it in dark masses, gave us some fine lights as we steamed up the lake. Portions of the Jura range were blackened by sweeping storms, while other parts were revealed for a short time in sunny clearness. The mountains of Savoy were generally dark, but occasionally distant snow-tops gleamed in the misty sunshine. The Valais was filled with vapours. On the whole, the day was bleak, and for those with me, more than for myself, I regretted the brilliant morning on which, a few years ago, I thus described this passage up the lake.

Swift on these blue and most transparent tides,
In gallant trim, our banner'd vessel glides:
From the cool north a breeze just serves to make
Ten thousand thousand sparkles on the lake.
On either side along the shores are laid
Vineyards and lawns, with groves of deepest shade.
Above, yon mountain masses, torn and riven,
Like thunder clouds, invade the cloudless heaven;
While oft, those dark and shadowy heights between,
Far off ice-peaks and granite spires are seen;
Enormous piles of everlasting snow,
Still freezing on in summer's fiercest glow.
How, as the joyous vessel glides along,
The heart exults these glorious scenes among!
Then turns to Him, who thus the earth has bless'd,
Thinks of Almighty love, and feels at rest.

On the voyage I much enjoyed conversation with an excellent Christian brother, whose views were more cheerful than those which I had previously met with among my brethren at Geneva. "In England," he

said, "when any political progress has been necessary, the Whigs came in to effect it, but soon the Conservatives return to power, not to overturn the new measures, but act upon them; till again progress becomes necessary, and again the Whigs are called to office. A similar process has taken place in Switzerland. The aristocracy being unwilling to make necessary changes, the democracy has seized the power and effected them. The excitement being past, the most capable and influential persons in the canton will again become members of the government, not to undo the recent changes, but to render them beneficial. One consequence of the late revolution has been, that Christians enjoy more liberty. The old Company of pastors who opposed the gospel having lost their power, Christians before fettered by it feel now more at liberty to act as circumstances require. The evangelical members of the National Church and the congregations of the Oratoire and the Pelisserie will be much less severed than they were, and the cause of religion by their joint efforts will probably advance.

"These remarks apply with circumstantial differences to the other Protestant cantons in which no wild and disorganizing democracy is likely to prevail. Society in Europe, till the French revolution, was governed for the interests of the few to the injury of the many, when the rich were scarcely taxed at all; since that epoch all classes have been taxed alike. In our day there is a disposition to oblige the richest, who derive the greatest advantages from society, chiefly to bear its burdens. That done, society is quiet: and the

limits of justice are not likely to be transgressed, because the people, besides their sense of right and wrong, after a time are sure to perceive what is required by their own interests. As capitalists, if oppressed, would leave the country, and all classes would suffer by the injustice done to one class, this injustice will not be attempted."

"*Vevey, Hotel des Trois Couronnes.*

"The lake is rippling gently beneath my window, the sun is just up, and all the earth is radiant. The lake, the rocks, the luxuriant woods, which climb to the herbless crags, and descend to the margin of the water, the mountains dressed in new-fallen snows, the small clouds which are floating across them, the light boats which are dancing on the waters, and the silver-winged birds which are reposing near them, are all bathed in splendour. There is nothing to lessen my enjoyment. My wife and children with me are well; I have good news from home; I rise after sound sleep well; Christian friends here welcome me kindly; and the blessed book of God is in my hand, to reveal and to recal to me the love of God in Christ. How different is my lot to that of Paul, when he went from place to place to preach the Gospel! He had to labor day and night for his maintenance; enemies without opposed him every where: the dungeon and the scourge were the rewards of his benevolence; and he was called to witness the sufferings of the few poor persons who believed through his preaching. But we must take care not to make our lot different from his

by avoiding the cross. Like Paul, let us be willing to suffer for Christ; then our joy is holy, and our blessings do us good."

After enjoying reflections like these, I walked with my friend Mr. Baup, pastor of the Free Church at Vevey, to breakfast with Mr. Morgan, the pious and warm-hearted English minister officiating in this place. There, besides a pious English family, we met Mr. Mieville, president of the constituent synod of the Free Church and pastor at Vevey, Mr. Grenier, pastor at the same place, Mr. Centurier, pastor of La Tour, and Mr. Rapin, pastor at Corsier. They stated that the cause why the pastors felt obliged to leave the National Church was, that the Government wished to subvert the liberty of the ministry.

1. The confession of faith was abolished.

2. The Government claimed the right of modifying the liturgy, and of composing prayers which the pastors were obliged to employ, and one such has been since forced upon them.

3. Government claimed the right of introducing into the pulpits of the churches "whom they would, when they would, and to read what they would"—"Qui ils vouloient, quand ils vouloient et pour lire ce qu'ils vouloient."

4. Pastors were forbidden to preach in any places but the parish churches, and at any times, except those which were settled by the Government.

After three days' discussion, with much prayer, about forty pastors have formed the constitution of the Free Church. These are sustained by about two

hundred elders, and about the twentieth part of the population of the canton. The fund for the maintenance of the demissionary ministers is much diminished; but, on the other hand, a fund is forming for the Free Church ministers, to which the church at Vevey has contributed in the last four months 4500 Swiss francs, about 6000 French francs.

After breakfast, Mr. Colomb, brother-in-law of Mr. de Presseuse, of Paris, called. He was director of the college here, and is a good tutor, as I was informed by a friend: but joining the Free Church, he has lost his place, and therefore wants English pupils. Enchanting scenery, a fine mild climate, good care, and good instruction, invite Christian parents to commit their children to his charge.

Wednesday afternoon, while looking from the windows of a house at which we were visiting, upon the deep and luxuriant vale which separated it from the foot of the Dent de Jaman, I was led to express to the owner that the idea which those scenes most frequently presented to my mind was the goodness of God in making them to give us such exquisite pleasure: "It is a great pity," remarked my host, "that in such a country men should so quarrel with each other. In my youth all were united, now all are contending." "The ideas of the French philosophy," I replied, "have gained ground on the one hand, and the knowledge of the gospel on the other. These 'opposite views cannot but strive together;' and Christians must contend with error that the truth may prevail. But, Sir, look at those mountains! a fortnight since

they were basking in sunshine, without snow: storms came, and now they are glittering with virgin snow, more radiant and glorious than before. So affliction and persecution have come down upon the Christians of the canton, to increase their piety and make their character more beautiful."

Shortly afterwards, from a spot called Les Cretes, where I sat with some Christian friends who had joined us, we looked on the paradise before our eyes. The luxuriant slopes of the mountains, with their rocky summits, were radiant; the Dent de Morcles and the Dent du Midi were rivals in snowy splendor, and the Sugar-loaf Mountain, which closes the view in the Valais, was half veiled in hazy splendor; while the rocks of Meillerie, the Dent d'Oche, and the bright blue lake before us, were basking in the light.

"In such scenes," I remarked to one of those Christian friends, "we may be tempted to wish to stay here always."

"The Lord," she replied, "can send us thorns enough, to make us feel that this is not our rest."

"True; he has done it here. But these troubles do his children good: and on this little theatre of Vaud great principles may be well maintained by a few of God's people; which may teach us in England, and our brethren in all other lands, to labor and to suffer for Christ's sake. Meanwhile, this lovely nature makes us feel how glorious heaven must be, where no human corruption hinders the overflowings of the

parental tenderness of God." I thought then of Heber's lines:

> "O great, O good, beyond compare!
> If these, thy meaner works, are fair,
> If thus, thy bounties gild the span,
> Of ruined earth, and fallen man,
> How glorious must the mansion be,
> Where thy redeemed dwell with thee!"

The most interesting spot in that fair Eden was the Chateau de Chatelard, perched on a verdant knoll, high up in that luxuriant region; because from those picturesque cottages flock many pious peasants, to hear the word of God preached in one of its rooms.

From the Cretes we passed by Clarens and Montreuse, each beautifully placed, and came in sight of Chillon. Here hanging woods descend from the mountains steeply to the very margin of the water; and at their feet a mass of rock projects into the lake, so abrupt, that at its termination you might leap from it into water 500 feet in depth. The surface of this rock is entirely covered with the towers and courts of the castle, which commands magnificent views in every direction. It is a spot so fair, that you might fancy it an Eden, exempt from the world-wide curse, where the good and kind might love and be loved, and where religion and poetry might feed their kindred fires. But from a remote antiquity far other occupations have saddened it. In 1259 Count Peter of Savoy, the conqueror of the neighbouring territory, descending from the pass of St. Bernard with his hardy fol-

lowers, burst suddenly upon an imperial army, which was laying siege to his Savoyard garrison; crimsoned these sunny lawns with the life-blood of multitudes, whose corpses lay strewed upon the ground, and entered his fortress in savage triumph. For such scenes it was built: not for peace, but war; not to cherish religion, but to indulge in revelry; not to enjoy affection, but to maintain tyrannical dominion. Before the invention of cannon it was a place of great strength: its walls were thick, and being almost an island, it was connected with the land by a draw-bridge over a deep fosse. If pressed on the land side, the garrison might escape by water; if attacked by water, they had free communication with the land. Later, the dukes of Savoy often made it their residence. A few symptoms of past splendor identify the ducal bed-room; other rooms and halls remain perfect; and the hall of the knights, a spacious banqueting-room, is in excellent preservation. Here, by the blaze of the pine-logs, did the Savoy nobles doubtless indulge in deep potations of the wine of Vaud, and amidst their cups and cuirasses laughed at the grievances of their Swiss vassals, and defied their revenge. Here also the songs of the jovial revellers derived new zest from the thought of the iron rings which held their prisoners fast to the walls of the subterranean vaults, where

> "A double dungeon, wall and wave,
> Have made, and like a living grave."

Above, a courtly throng, made merry at the ducal

feast; below, chained, cheerless, hungry, and doomed to solitude or death, the prisoners cursed or prayed, as their mood might be. Above, they danced and sung, and laughed with riotous glee; below, their victims were anticipating torture, or asking dissolution as a relief.

Besides the strong and dreary vaults, where the aimless and hopeless captive took no note of time, they show you the oubliette, or dungeon of death, deep and dark, into which wretches were precipitated, to die by torture or by starvation; and point out the beam, still marked by the friction of cords, which served as the general gibbet.

But even these dungeons sometimes appeared a refuge from worse calamities. In the year 1350, some poor Jews having been confined in them on the absurd charge of having poisoned the fountains of the neighbourhood, the infuriated populace, forcing open the doors, dragged them out, men, women, and children, and burned them alive. By what horrible crimes has the Christian name been disgraced, under the auspices of a brutalizing priestcraft, which substituted the priest for the Bible, and the Pope for the Redeemer!

But on March 28, 1536, there was still wilder uproar round those walls. More than six years had Antoine de Beaufort, the governor, kept it for Duke Charles V. of Savoy, and for six years had Francois de Bonnivard, his prisoner, been chained to a pillar in the subterranean vault, as the reward of his energetic resistance to the oppression of the duke at Geneva. And that morning his dungeon was

as dismal, its walls as solid, and his chain as heavy as ever they had been: but through the small aperture, high up in the outer wall, which served to let in a few rays of light upon his darkness, he could hear the clash of arms. From the land besiegers seemed to be threatening the castle gate, and from the water he heard their shouts. Who they were he knew not: but the enemies of the duke must be his friends. Would they succeed?—That fortress might defy half the world.—Would they burst open that massive door, which had hitherto creaked on its hinges to admit no one but his gaoler?—Night came, and the sounds died.—Were the besiegers repelled?—were his hopes vain?—Again at dawn the shouts of battle rose; and before the day closed, his liberators entered his dungeon—the castle had surrendered—he was free.

Let me briefly tell his tale. He was the son of Louis de Bonnivard, Lord of Lunes, was born in 1496, and in 1510, at the age of fourteen, was made prior of St. Victor at Geneva. Early he maintained the rights of the city against the duke and the Bishop of Geneva, for which he incurred the hatred of both; and in 1530 was seized by Antoine de Beaufort, Governor of Chillon, and shut up in that fortress, where he languished till 1536. Upright, wise, learned, and courageous, he was a formidable enemy to the oppressors of his country; and it seemed improbable that they would ever suffer him to escape out of their hands. But in that year, the Swiss having wrested the Pays de Vaud from the

hands of the duke, procceded to attack the castle of Chillon, which had hitherto defied their efforts. On March 28, 7000 Bernese assaulted it by land, and were assisted by the galleys of the Genevese on the side of the lake. After a siege of two days, it was compelled to surrender, and Bonnivard was set at liberty. Returning to Geneva, which had now established its freedom, he was heartily welcomed by the citizens, received an annual pension of 200 gold crowns, wrote a history of the city, and died in 1570, leaving the republic his heir. From that time the castle was the residence of a bailiff from Berne, till the Pays de Vaud became independent; and at the present day it is employed as an arsenal and powder magazine for the canton.[1]

Perhaps, on the whole, Lord Byron is right, when he declares, in the lines which follow, that the tyrannical persecution of the good and free, tends to establish, rather than prevent, the liberties of nations.

> "Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
> Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art;
> For there thy habitation is the heart,
> The heart, which love of thee alone can bind:
> And when thy sons to fetters are consigned,
> To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
> Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
> And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind."

Such, I hope, will be the result of the persecution of the Free Church by the Government and by the

[1] See Notice sur le Château de Chillon. Vevey. Notes to the Prisoner of Chillon; and Murray's Hand-Book.

populace; although the man of the castle, the jovial successor of the dukes, governors, and bailiffs of other days, may too accurately represent the feelings of the present rulers. While he celebrated the virtues of Bonnivard, he reprobated the Free Churchmen who have revived the spirit of that reformer; while he condemned Duke Charles, he justified the Vaudois Government, who are playing the duke's part; and, according to him, Bonnivard, who sought the religious liberty of his country in the 16th century, was a hero; the pastors of the Free Church, who seek it in the 19th, are disturbers, who merit imprisonment and fine. So the Jews extolled their martyred prophets, and themselves martyred Christ.

The same evening, at the table d'hôte, I had some serious conversation with the gentleman who sat next me, whom I found to be much depressed in spirits. Last year he came with his wife to visit this beautiful land, and they reached Berne in health and spirits; but there she sickened and died. His visit to Switzerland this year was to see her tomb. Deprived of the greatest blessing of his life, he felt lonely, dejected, and without an object. And yet he had no consolation in religion, although, as he said, "his wife was eminently pious, and died in peace."

"Then, Sir," I answered, "let your wish once more to see her, and your affection for her memory, prompt you to decided piety. What would she now wish for you, so much as that you might be a decided Christian?"

The next morning, just before we embarked for

Lausanne, I saw him once more on the terrace before the hotel, when the following conversation ensued.

"I heartily hope, Sir," I said, "that God will console you under your affliction, and bless it to you."

"Thank you; I need it, for I am very unhappy."

"One of the chief means which God has appointed to strengthen our religious principles, is the society of Christians. Will you allow me then, before I go, to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Baup, the pastor in this place."

"I always feel better," he replied, as he welcomed Mr. Baup, "in such society."

"Let me then, ere we part, beg you, dear Sir, for your happiness, daily to read the word of God with prayer, and wherever you go, to seek the society of God's people. The religion of penitent sinners, for whom Christ died, is to trust to his merit and mediation for our pardon and salvation, then to love and serve God, who has saved us: and among the chief means to these ends, God has appointed that we study his word, that we pray to him for his grace, and that we associate with those who may improve us."

He thanked me, and we parted. May God bless the words which were spoken to him.

It is impossible for me to describe the glorious scene which presented itself during our passage from Vevey to Lausanne. The whole range connected with the Dent de Jaman was dark and shadowy, with its

bold peaks rising from a bed of silvery sun-lit clouds, black and sharp. Far off the mountains of the valley of the Rhone were bright with hazy splendor. A brilliant sunshine pervading all things, not only did the snows glitter on the Dent de Morcles and the Dent du Midi, but even their naked peaks shone radiantly; and bright clouds, rivalling the very snows, moved slowly across their breasts, or rose behind them like silvery domes high into the cloudless blue, till you might fancy that across that still blue lake, sparkling at the feet of the celestial mountains, you might sail to the very gate of Paradise. Heaven seemed to lie that way: and the transcendant vision appeared to be bright with the reflection of its unearthly magnificence. The colours of nature are here sometimes wonderful. I have looked on these mountains on a summer evening, when the purple hues of earth and the rosy light of heaven were beyond the imitation of the artist. I have seen them look so still, so vast, and so mysterious in the mist, that they penetrated the inmost soul with their majestic tranquillity. That morning, when each dark crag was distinctly projected before sun-rise on the amber sky, they were beautiful; and they were beautiful when afterwards they became dim and ethereal in the bright haze which overspread the heavens: but the beauty of that hour surpassed all other combinations, and must leave permanently engraved upon my memory a picture of perfect loveliness.

But sorrow mingles with joy in this fallen world. On that still lake, so pure, so blue, last week a young

Englishman, intoxicated, went out in a little boat; and leaning over the gunnel, to catch an oar which had slipped from his unsteady hand, was buried in the avenging waters. Last year too, in the very entrance of that paradisaic region, Mr. and Mrs. Winter, of Bedford Row, were ascending the hill, in their carriage, to see the salt-mines above Bex, when the horses, unwilling or unable to drag their load, backed, and rolling the carriage over the precipice, Mrs. Winter met with an untimely end; and lies now buried at Vevey. It is still more melancholy to reflect that the sublimity and beauty of the Valais does not prevent its Roman Catholic inhabitants being ignorant, dirty, goitered, and plagued with want, with idiotcy, and with priestcraft.

On quitting Vevey, I learned too late that Ludlow, the enemy of tyrannical power, whether exercised by Cromwell or by Charles, died in a house near Vevey, on which he inscribed, with a courage which exile and obloquy could not destroy, "Omne solum forti patria." Too late also I learned that Vinet was buried at Clarens. While he lived I would have crossed the world to make him my friend; and I would willingly have stood for a solemn moment at his grave. He seemed to be necessary to Switzerland and to France. His powerful mind, subordinating all literature to the illustration and defence of the gospel, seemed a barrier raised up by God against the flood of materialism and of unbelief now rolling over Europe; and just when his matured powers were likely to do most for the cause of evangelical religion, he was called to lay

aside his armour, and summoned to put on the blood-bought crown of the redeemed. God does not need the aid of the strongest. The Free Church of Vaud will live on though Vinet is dead, and evangelical religion will triumph in France and in the world, though a thousand more of its best defenders should lie side by side with Chalmers, with Rochat, and with him.

Early in the afternoon of Thursday, September 9th, we landed at Lausanne. A bright day served to impress the mind with the goodness of God, as we passed by the vineyards laden with an extraordinary crop. The Creator has made the Canton de Vaud one of the fairest regions of the earth. Sloping gently towards the lake and towards the sun, it looks upon the Savoy mountains along its whole extent from east to west; its climate is healthy; its fields richly reward the cultivator; its people might be one of the happiest of the earth, and they were abounding in the year 1844 in all kinds of prosperity. Who could imagine that with revolutionary fanaticism they would, in 1845, fill the streets of Lausanne with the cries of "Down with the Methodists;" "Down with the honest people;" "Down with God." The fever is not yet extinguished. My excellent friend, Mr. Scholl, the demissionary pastor of the town, one of the gentlest and most inoffensive of men, has been the object of lawless and of legal violence; and even now cannot meet his flock in public, because the Government will not protect them from the brutality of the mob. But neither the beauties of nature, nor the bounties of

Providence, can make men love God; else poor Byron would have loved him; and Rousseau, with an equal sense of the charms of nature, and with more heart than Byron, would have loved him. And so would Gibbon, who, blessed with intellect and ease, with cheerful temper, kind friends, and the capacity of enjoying these beautiful scenes in the intervals of the study which he loved, was nearer to happiness than either of the others. But so far was he from loving God, that in his history, which is equally remarkable for its vigor of thought and extensive erudition, he has rarely lost an opportunity of sneering at religion. There is something affecting in his record of the completion of his great work. "It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious." It was a natural sadness. Men of

the world often outlive the sources of their enjoyment; and at best must be speedily torn from them. How much it is to be regretted that able men have so seldom employed their faculties for the glory of God who gave them, and have even been emboldened by their talent, to blaspheme its author. Pride is not less an obstacle to salvation and piety than vice is.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FREE CHURCH OF VAUD.

BEFORE I quit the Canton de Vaud I must sketch the history of the establishment of its Free Church, an event which, having illustrated great principles, and having given occasion to the exercise of great virtues, ought not to be forgotten.

The relations of the Establishment to the State in this canton are very clearly described in various papers issued within the last three years by the Council of State, which must contain the authoritative exposition of those relations as they now exist, because they have been approved by at least the tacit assent of all the authorities in the State.

In these papers the Government has thus described the subjection of the Establishment:—It is "salaried by the State and *governed by law*." It is "salaried and *governed* by the State." "The constitution, expressing the will of the people, maintains the union of the State and the Church, and *subjects the latter to*

the civil power."[1] "The Church is protected and salaried by the State, governed by the law, and *consequently subordinate to the State.*"[2] "The powers of the State ARE AT THE SAME TIME THE SUPERIOR AUTHORITIES OF THE CHURCH."[3] "Its fundamental principles have been ever the same, the subordination of the Church to the State; *the government of the Church by the civil power.*"[4] "There is no union, except when there is *one supreme will, from which all flows.* The single fact, that the State inserted the 9th article in the constitution, shows that it has the supremacy."[5] "According to the constitution of the country there is a union between the Church and the State, not a simple alliance, and THE GOVERNMENT OF THE CANTON IS BISHOP."[6] "The Council of State HAS THE SAME POWER THAT THE CONSISTORIES HAVE in the Reformed Churches of France."[7]

According to these authoritative declarations the

[1] Régie par la loi, régie par l'Etat. Circular of C. S. Lausanne, Aug. 6. Precis des faits qui ont amené la Demission des pasteurs, &c. Lausanne, 1846, pp. 116, 120. See also p. 160.

[2] Judgment of Government, Nov. 3, 1845. Precis, p. 143.

[3] Ibid. p. 147.

[4] Letter of C. S., Dec. 11, 1845. Precis, p. 203.

[5] Druey. Speech before G. C., Jan. 23, 1846. La Reformation, vol. ii. p. 47.

[6] "D'apres la Constitution du pays il-y-a union et non pas simple alliance entre l'Eglise et l'Etat; et LE GOUVERNEMENT DU CANTON EST EVEQUE." Letter of M. Druey. La Reformation, vol. ii. p. 70.

[7] Druey. Speech before G. C., Jan. 21, 1846. Ref. ii. 39.

State governs the Church, and is within it THE SUPERIOR AUTHORITY, THE CONSISTORY, THE BISHOP.

1. The State, being thus supreme, can determine *the doctrine* of the church at its pleasure. As it has taken from it one creed, it can impose upon it another: and although, by the 82d Article of the ecclesiastical law, a Synod is to be called when any changes are introduced, yet it is expressly declared, by Article 83d, that the decisions of the Synod are simply an advice which the Council of State *may* use: so that the Government has the right to disregard all such decisions, and to settle the doctrine of the church as it will. Any day the Grand Council may, without doing violence to the law as its now exists, tell the pastors of the Establishment they must preach Unitarian doctrines, or renounce their salaries.

2. The following statement of the Government further shows that the State has similar power over *the discipline* of the Establishment. "The State, and not the Church, decreed the 9th Article of the constitution, touching the National Church, *which was not even called to deliberate upon it.* It is according to the laws and ecclesiastical discipline of the canton that the ministers of the National Church are consecrated. Now these laws are the work of the State, *and this discipline is placed under its authority. . . .* For all important things the classes and the Synod have only their advice to offer to the Council of State, which makes use of that advice according as it judges fitting."[1]

P roclamation of C. S., Lausanne, Nov. 14, 1845. Precis, 157.

3. When new pastors are required, the State may order the appointment of a Commission of consecration, of which the majority of the members are nominated by the Government; over which the president of the Council of State presides.[1]

4. When there is a vacancy in any parish, the State appoints the pastor; and can remove him at its pleasure.[2]

5. The State determines the magnitude of the church over which each pastor is to preside; settling, at its discretion, the limits of his pastoral charge.[3]

6. When the pastor is placed over any church, the State can limit the exercise of his ministry; by declaring when and where he is to preach, or not to preach, and by prohibiting all preaching except at the times and places appointed by law.[4]

7. The State has the power of determining upon what topics the pastor may or may not preach.[5]

8. The State has the right of occupying all the pulpits of the Establishment, and may send whom it will, whenever it will, to read whatsoever it will to the people.[6]

[1] "Il y fait prevaloir ses vues et ses idees par l'influence qu'il exerce sur la commission de consecration, laquelle est en majorité à sa nomination et à sa devotion." Conversation sur la Demission. Lausanne, 1846, p. 5.

[2] Precis, 54, 166, 167, 198, 212.

[3] Precis, 54, 198, 201.

[4] Precis, 11, 44, 45, 147, 148.

[5] Circular of C. S. to the Demissionary Pastors, Nov. 20, 1845.

[6] Precis, 146, 158, 187, 188.

9. The State can demand that the pastors read, or cause to be read, to the people, at the hour of divine service, any of its proclamations. A law, indeed, seemed to guarantee to the pastors, that they should not be obliged to read any proclamations but those which directly concerned religion: but this has been overruled by the following decision; "The 12th Article of the law of the 23d May, 1832, which runs, 'the Council of State may order the publication from the pulpit of acts which regard religion in any religious solemnity,' does not hinder the Council of State from causing proclamations to be read from the pulpit, as has always been done."[1]

10. Thus the pastors are functionaries of the State, to exercise their office under its control, or to be suspended at its discretion: and those who, being prohibited from officiating, shall nevertheless exercise their ministerial functions, are held to have violated the 359th Article of the penal code, which inflicts a penalty upon those officers of Government who execute their office after being suspended or deprived.[2]

Lastly. So complete is the power which the State has over the church, that it has the right of suspending or of disregarding at any time the fundamental laws which regulate the union between them.[3]

II. We have next to inquire what that body is to which the churches of Christ and the pastors within

[1] Circular of C. S., Lausanne, Aug. 6, 1845. Precis, 117.

[2] Government Circular, Nov. 24, 1845. Precis, 216.

[3] Decree of G. C., Lausanne, Nov. 19, 1845. Precis, 162, 163.

the Establishment have consented to give this authority over them in spiritual things. By the State, in any nation, is meant the governing power: and in the Canton de Vaud it is composed of the Council of State, the Grand Council, and the Electors. The Council of State is the executive Government; this Council, with the Grand Council, form the legislature; the Council of State is chosen by the Grand Council, and the Grand Council is chosen by the people. All the citizens, including minors and paupers, are electors, and are eligible to every office in the Government. The man who depends on charity for his daily bread has a vote as good as that of the first man in the country. Of course Roman Catholics have, as they ought to have, equal rights with Protestants: these Catholics are elctors, and eligible to all offices. Besides these there are ten communist clubs in the canton; whose principles M^r^. Hurt, an intelligent Vaudois writer, accuses of involving atheism, theft, and murder: all these are electors and eligible.[1] Lausanne has further within its walls not only communists, but avowed atheists and atheistic publishers:[2] these also are electors and eligible. Religious meetings have in various places been broken up, inoffensive and excellent persons have been insulted, threatened, sluiced, and beaten by the rioters: these rioters also are electors and eligible. And persons have even paraded the streets of Lausanne, exclaiming, "Down with the

[1] Causeries Politiques, par Oscar Hurt Binet, No. iv. p. 7.
[2] Ibid. No. ii. p. 17.

Methodists—down with God:" and all these are electors and eligible.

Thus the supreme and ultimate power in the State is composed, first, of religious, grave, honest, and educated citizens; secondly, of Roman Catholics, Unitarians, infidels, profligates, drunkards, rioters, persecutors, minors, and paupers. Of these electoral assemblies the Grand Council is the representative; and this Council forms the Council of State. The churches, therefore, within the Establishment have allowed a supreme power over their doctrine and discipline, over the settlement of their pastors, and over the exercise of the pastoral office to three bodies, of which the chief is comprised in part of Roman Catholics, infidels, profligates, communists, and atheists; and of which the other two may be similarly composed.

III. Were the Vaudois church composed, like the apostolic church of Philippi or Thessalonica, or any other apostolic church, of "saints" and "faithful brethren," of those united by the same creed, the same character, the same hopes, the same spiritual life, they could not have yielded this spiritual power over them to the State: but its composition is vastly different. "All the world among us is of the church," said M. Druey truly, in a speech before the Grand Council.[1] Every citizen may belong to it. It is not, therefore, united by the same spiritual life, for the vast majority of its members are spiritually dead; it

[1] "Tout le monde chez nous est de l'eglise." Ref. ii. 47.

is not united by a common creed, for it has no creed; and its members are not drawn together by their separation from the world, because it is itself the world. Light and darkness, summer and winter, are not more opposed to each other than its members are. It is a moral chaos of all the elements found in the State; and therefore very naturally has resigned to the State all spiritual power over it. Having lost the attributes of a faithful church of Christ, it cannot be expected to act according to them. But then the question occurs, What should the real Christians do who remain intermingled with this chaotic mass, the faithful among the faithless, the living amongst the dead? The New Testament commands Christians carefully to separate from the world: *I have chosen you out of the world; they are not of the world, even as I am not of the world. Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers. Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord.*[1] And when a professed Christian at Corinth fell into vicious habits, Paul gave this direction to the church, *Now I have written to you, if any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner; with such a one no not to eat. . . . . Wherefore put away from among yourselves that wicked person.*[2]

How then can the Christians within the Establishment be mixed up in the same church with the worldly and immoral, with the profane and ungodly, with

[1] John xv. 19; xvii. 16. 1 Cor. vi. 14.

[2] 1 Cor. v. 11—13.

communists, infidels, and profligates, allowing to them all the rights of members?

2. It is said in the New Testament that the church is the house of Christ, within which he rules, and he has given to his disciples this rule—*Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.*[1] There must be no confusion between the spiritual and the temporal. Temporal dominion is Cæsar's; spiritual dominion is God's. How then can Christians give to aliens the rule in Christ's house? or render to the State that dominion over the church which belongs to God?

3. Each church is called by Christ to be a support to the truth; and its members are to strive together in supporting it.

The Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth. Let your conversation be as becometh the gospel of Christ .... that I may hear of your affairs that ye stand fast with one spirit, striving together for the faith of the gospel.[2]

But the Vaudois Establishment has allowed the State to withdraw its creed; and now knows not in the least what its members believe or disbelieve.

4. By Christ's appointment each church is called to maintain its own discipline under the superintendence of its pastors.

If he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the church: but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as a heathen and a publican. Then

[1] Heb. iii. 6. Matt. xxii. 21.

[2] 1 Tim. iii. 15. Phil. i. 27.

pleased it the apostles and elders, with the whole church, to send chosen men, &c. Now I have written unto you not to keep company, if any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner, with such an one, no not to eat .... therefore put away from among yourselves that wicked person. Now we command you, brethren, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye withdraw yourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly, and not after the tradition which he received of us. I have a few things against thee because thou hast there them that hold the doctrine of Balaam, &c. Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God.[1]

But the Vaudois Establishment has relinquished its right of self-government. Its Synods, when called to do so, may offer their advice to the State, but the Establishment itself can review none of its doctrines; expel no false teacher who instils poison instead of truth into the minds of his people; remedy no neglect of any one of Christ's commands; correct no abuse, and provide for no improvement.

5. According to the New Testament precedents, the State had no voice at all in the nomination of church officers.[2] But the Vaudois Establishment gives to the State the nomination of the majority of

[1] Matt. xviii. 15—18 Acts xv. 6, 12, 22—29. 1 Cor. v. 9—13. Rev. ii. 14, 15, 20.

[2] Acts i. 15—26; vi. 3; xiii. 1—3; xiv. 23.

its ordaining presbyters, and makes the civil magistrate their ex-officio president.

6. The qualification of pastors to be appointed in the Christian churches are determined by Christ.

Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business. A bishop must be blameless as the steward of God, not self-willed, not soon angry, not given to wine, no striker, not given to filthy lucre, but a lover of hospitality; a lover of good men, sober, just, holy temperate, holding fast the faithful word . . . . not a novice, lest being lifted up with pride, he fall into the condemnation of the devil.[1] If any man teach a doctrine contrary to the gospel, he is a minister of Satan. *Such are false apostles, deceitful workers, transforming themselves into the Apostles of Christ. And no marvel, for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light. Therefore it is no great thing if his ministers also be transformed as the ministers of righteousness.*[2] And the churches ought to reject such teachers. *If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed. I would they were even cut off which trouble you. Whosoever transgresseth and abideth not in the doctrine of Christ hath not God. . . . . If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God*

[1] Acts vi. 1—4. Titus i. 7—9. 1 Tim. iii. 1—7.

[2] 2 Cor. xi. 3, 4, 12—15.

speed, for he that biddeth him God speed is partaker of his evil deeds.[1]

But the Vaudois churches, in total disregard of these laws of Christ, receive without examination any one as pastor who is appointed by the State.

7. If a pastor is appointed according to Christ's law, he is made the Επισκοπος, or bishop, of the church by the Holy Ghost; and therefore no one, not authorised by Christ, ought to interfere with his ministry.

He gave pastors for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying the body of Christ. Take heed unto yourselves, and to all the flock over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you (ἐπισκόπους) *overseers. What therefore God hath joined together let not man put asunder.*[2]

But in the Vaudois Establishment the State has the right of appointing the pastor, suspending or removing him at his pleasure.

8. Christ has said to the preachers of the gospel, *Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.*[3] And the Apostles, therefore, disregarded every prohibition of those in authority which would interfere with their obedience to Christ. *And when they had brought them, they set them before the council: and the high priest asked them, saying, Did we not straitly command you that you should not teach in this name?... Then Peter and the other Apostles answered and said, We ought to obey*

[1] Gal. i. 6—9; v. 12. 2 John x. 11.

[2] Eph. iv. 11, 12. Acts xx. 17, 28. Matt. xix. 6.

[3] Mark xvi. 15. Matt. xxviii. 19, 20.

God rather than men . . . . And daily in the temple, and in every house, they ceased not to teach and to preach Jesus Christ.[1]

But in the Vaudois Establishment the pastor is forbidden to preach to any company of persons, except to those who assemble in the parish church.

9. According to the doctrine of the New Testament, the Christian minister must preach the whole truth, as well as nothing but the truth. *I kept back nothing that was profitable to you. I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God.*[2]

But the Vaudois pastors must not preach on topics prohibited by the State.

10. Christian pastors are required to oppose false doctrine in the churches.

Certain men, which came down from Judea, taught the brethren, and said, Except ye be circumcised after the manner of Moses, ye cannot be saved. . . . . Paul, therefore, and Barnabas had no small dissension and disputation with them. To whom we gave place by subjection, no, not for an hour, that the truth of the gospel might continue with you . . . . But when Peter was come to Antioch, I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed. I would they were even cut off which trouble you.[3]

But the Vaudois Government claims the right of occupying the pulpits of the Establishment, "when-

[1] Acts v. 27–33, 40–42.

[2] Acts xx. 20, 26, 27.

[3] Acts xv. 1, 2. Gal. ii. 4, 5, 11; v. 12.

ever they will, by whomsoever they will, to speak whatsoever they will;" and the pastors submit to this claim.

11. It is the express command of Christ to his ministers, not to make themselves parties to the misconduct of others.

Them that sin, rebuke before all, that others also may fear . . . . neither be partakers of other men's sins. If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed; for he that biddeth him God speed is partaker of his evil deeds.[1]

But the pastors of the Vaudois Establishment are liable to suspension, if they do not read, or cause to be read, from their pulpits, any proclamations which the Government may send them for that purpose, although such proclamations may be irreligious or immoral.

12. Christian ministers are servants of Christ, to whom they must give account of their stewardship, and therefore should not allow any unauthorised persons to exercise control over their ministry.

Take, therefore, unto yourselves, and to all the flock over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers. Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves, for they watch for your souls as they that must give account. Ye are bought with a price, be not ye the servants of men. If I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ.[2]

[1] 1 Tim. v. 20, 22. 2 John x. 11.

[2] Acts xx. 28. Heb. xiii. 17. 1 Cor. vii. 23. Gal. i. 10.

But the Vaudois pastors are the servants of the State, who must please the State or lose their salaries; and being dependent on the State for the maintenance of their families, are in a thraldom unbecoming the servants of Christ. The subjection of the Vaudois Christians to the State is dishonorable to Christ; is discreditable to the national pastors; must multiply bad ministers and cripple good ones; is noxious to every congregation; prevents the progress of religion in the canton; and is condemned by the plain declarations of the word of God.

IV. The principle of this Vaudois union between the Church and the State is hopelessly corrupt. No ingenuity can free it from the character of a worldly compact, in which principle is bartered for money. It subsists by the force of the salaries alone. We need not ask how it works, because that which is wrong in principle should be done away, whatever its practical results may be; yet, as its working illustrates the evil consequences of bad principles, and fully justifies the steps which have been taken by the Free Church ministers, let us now consider the events to which these relations between the Church and State have recently led.

February 14, 1845, the canton underwent a revolution which brought the present Government to power. "The country was happy; its neighbours often called it the model canton; they copied its laws, and envied its prosperity. Its inhabitants exulted when they heard it cited, both in Switzerland and among foreigners, as an example of what order and

liberty united can accomplish. Private fortunes increased, together with the public revenue; the prices of land and of labor were high; the roads, the post office, the military force, education, the administration of justice, and the general administration of the country, were all in progress. Its constitution was thought the most liberal in the world. All the citizens, except paupers and felons, were electors, and eligible to every office. There were regular legal means of correcting every defect in the constitution, and there were no serious complaints; but every where was the appearance of prosperity."[1]

Such was the state of the canton at the close of 1844; and on February 14th, 1845, a revolution, directed against men rather than measures, a tumultuary change of the Government, with a disgraceful addition of paupers and minors to the constituency, placed power in the hands of the present rulers. On that day insurgent crowds dissolved the Grand Council; ordered the election of a new Grand Council; and in the mean time formed a provisional Government, upon which it conferred autocratic power. On February 15th the new Government entered on their functions in triumph. The cannons roared; the inns were filled with revellers drinking at the public cost: and during the whole day bands of men paraded the streets of Lausanne, shouting out, "Down with the Momiers," (evangelicals)—"Down with the honest people"—"Down with those who have servants"—

[1] Simple Recit de la Revolution. Lausanne, 1845, p. 1.

"Down with God."[1] Trees of liberty were every where erected, with flags, on some of which were emblazoned the words, "Hatred to fanaticism"—"Down with the Momiers"—"Hang up the aristocrats."[2] On the shoulders of these crowds the present rulers have been carried to power. The elections were every where favorable to the radical party; and the Grand Council formed its Council of State of the members of the provisional Government.[3] The new Government instantly demanded the adherence of all the Government functionaries, *including the pastors*, upon pain of losing their places: and although they were satisfied with a simple submission of the pastors, because for the time it was expedient, they did not in the least modify the right of the Bishop-State to treat them as clerks, omnibus conductors, or policemen, whom they might retain or deprive at pleasure.

May 15th, they were told by a circular of the Council of State, that "it was their duty to abstain from all religious meetings which had a character of dissent and a tendency to separation."[4] This circular was sustained by the following resolution of the Grand Council, May 20. "Every salary derived from the public revenue . . . . . shall be withdrawn from the pastors who shall officiate in any other religious assemblies than those which are legally consecrated to

[1] "A bas les Momiers, a bas les honnêtes gens, a bas ceux qui ont des domestiques, a bas le bon Dieu." Recit, p. 40.

[2] "Les aristocrates a la lanterne." Recit, p. 45.

[3] Recit, p. 52. [4] Precis, p. 11.

the worship of the National Church."[1] By this order the pastors were compelled to discontinue the usual services in their oratoires, or lecture rooms, though these had been found eminently useful. Thenceforth they must preach just where and when the Government might order: their ministry was mischievously restrained; its servile dependence on the Bishop-State was made manifest; and instead of preaching to any of their parishioners any where, according to Christ's command, they must only preach to empty walls, if their neighbours did not choose to attend the temple of the commune.

July 29, the pastors were ordered to read or cause to be read, on Sunday, Aug. 3, to their congregations, a long political proclamation, vindicating the recent revolution, and the conduct of the present Government.[2] Politics were thus to be introduced into the house of God; political passions were to be excited where men met for prayer; the ministers of Christ were to become the agents of the revolutionary Government, to promote its party purposes; congregations were to be broken into hostile factions; and all devotion was to be stopped. All this happened. In some places the congregations deserted the temple while the pastors were reading the manifesto; in others both the pastors and the people went out while laymen were reading it; and the pulpits of forty-three pastors, who had previously refused to obey, were occupied by

[1] Precis, p. 148. La Crise Ecclesiastique dans le Canton de Vaud. Lausanne, 46, p. 16.

[2] Precis, pp. 24, 104.

agents whom the Government had sent to read it in their stead.[1]

October 22, the four classes (or district synods) of the church were summoned by the Government to try the forty-three pastors on the charge of insubordination. They were acquitted by each of the four; but the Government, disregarding the acquittal, declared them guilty, and suspended them from their ministry.[2] The reason assigned for this act, by a ministerial journal, was, that a bishop has always a right to suspend a clergyman; assuming truly, that M. Druey and his friends are collectively the bishop of the Vaudois Church.[3]

The Government thus proved that sentences pronounced by church courts have no authority against its decisions; and established the rule that the State has a right, not only to indoctrinate the congregations of the Establishment in any theories, political or religious, but also that the pastors are bound to be their agents in making these Government doctrines known to the congregations.

Upon these acts of the Government an intelligent Vaudois author made the following remarks. "The motion to close the oratoires, and the order to read the proclamation, are not awkwardnesses or failures, but two well concerted attacks. The motion struck religion outside the temple; the proclamation pursued it into the church itself. The one, while pretending to attack the Methodists only, would make religion

[1] Precis, p. 25. [2] Ib. p. 33, 35, 37. [3] Causeries Politiques, No. ix. p. 9.

disappear from ordinary life; the other, meaning to chase it from our pulpits, orders, as a prelude, the reading of a long political piece, interlarded with two or three political words. . . . The Druey proclamation is not, then, at bottom, a political affair, but a serious attack against evangelical preaching, a first step towards replacing that preaching by the preaching of Communism. . . . These gentlemen are held by their opinions, on that point well known, by their hatred against the gospel, for these two things go necessarily together, by their antecedent actions, by the manœuvres which have brought them to power, and by the principles of that portion of the people which has placed them there, to declare war against the Christian religion. M. Druey, the soul of the party, is not a man of common ambition . . . but would fix upon himself the eyes of Europe by the endeavour to realize amongst us the theories of Socialism."[1] To such hands have the Christians of the Vaudois Establishment consigned, by their adherence, the Episcopate of their church.

November 19th, the Grand Council passed the following decree. "The Council of State is authorized to violate, as far as it may judge necessary, the ecclesiastical law of the 14th of December, 1839, as well as the other laws, resolutions, decrees, and regulations touching the church and its ministers: at the same time without changing any thing in the doctrine of the church, or in the forms of public worship and in

[1] Causeries Politiques, No. vii. pp. 11, 12.

the books adopted for worship and for the public teaching of religion."

This decree, which tears to pieces, and throws to the winds, the idea of an alliance between the Church and State, as between two independent contracting parties, and which illustrates the entire and unconditional subjection of the church to the Bishop-State, placed the pastors absolutely at the mercy of the Government. After this they could appeal to no ecclesiastical law against a decision of the Government, because the Government was placed by the State above all law. From this time M. Druey and his friends had indisputable legal right to order or prohibit consecrations within the Establishment, to admit pastors into the church, or exclude them from it, to fill up vacant parishes, to limit and restrain the pastoral office, to grant salaries, or to take them away, to grant preferment to a pastor, or to suspend him and deprive him of his ministry, as they would. They could crush at once any pastor who opposed their wishes. And in fact the comforts and fortunes of all the pastors, their homes, their families, their spheres of labor, and the exercise of their ministry, were committed to the irresponsible control of a few public functionaries, among whom Mr. Hurt Binet reports, that two had proclaimed Communism to be "a magnificent idea, for which, unhappily, the Canton de Vaud was not ripe."

November 20, the Council of State declared it to be "their view that the pastors should abstain from introducing politics into their pulpits, and from making

any allusions to the subject."[1] They would introduce their own political views by means of proclamations, but wished the pastors not to counteract them by any opposite views; that the pulpit politics might be all one way. Mr. Berthoud, however, of Vallorbes, when resigning his living, assured the Government that he should still think it his duty to show to the people from the word of God the encroachments of the civil power, though this might be called introducing politics. In fact, how many important topics might be forbidden to them under this name. They could not preach on a call to the ministry without leading men's thoughts to the Commission of consecration and its president; they could not describe the nature of the pastoral office without condemning the Government nominations.[2] They must not speak of the duty of preaching the Gospel to every creature, since that would reprove the Government restrictions upon preaching; nor upon the value of social religious meetings, because this would expose to blame the recent prohibition of the oratoires; nor must they advert to Christian union, because that would charge the church with sectarianism and the Government with persecution. It is difficult to see how many useful topics the Government might on this pretext forbid. And if they had a right to prohibit these, why not any other topics which they might conceive to be equally dangerous? Why not render the danger impossible by suspending preaching altogether?

[1] Circular, Nov. 21, 1845. Precis, p. 167.

[2] Letter, Precis, p. 180.

December 6th. Acting on their "full powers," the Council of State made a new distribution of the parishes to the pastors, without consulting any ecclesiastical court, or any body of pastors:[1] upon which occasion one of the pastors was deprived of his living, because he could not conscientiously abandon his congregation to the nominee of the Government.[2]

Shortly afterwards, as there were many parishes without pastors, the Council of State ordered that a new consecration should take place:[3] and a commission of consecration was called for Feb. 25, to be composed of five members delegated by the Council, of four delegated by the classes, and of two theological professors, over all of whom M. Druey, as President of the Council, would preside.[4] Upon this occasion Mr. Herzog, professor of theology, resigned his office, because he could not conscientiously take part in the approaching ordination.[5] The commission, therefore, was composed of five members chosen by the Council, and five other members. Of course the delegates of the Council would be of their politics, and subservient to their views: assuming, therefore, that all the rest would be opposed to them, which is improbable, then the votes of the commission would be equally divided, and M. Druey would, by his casting vote, determine all the consecrations. He could

[1] Circular, Dec. 5. Precis, p. 196.
[2] La Reformation, vol. ii. p. 8.
[3] Precis, p. 213.
[4] La Reformation, vol. ii. p. 70.
[5] Precis, p. 229.

therefore admit to the ministry within the Establishment, or exclude from it, whom he would. All the new pastors would therefore be M. Druey's nominees; and further, as the President of the Council might be a Catholic, a Jew, a communist, or an infidel, according to this arrangement, all the persons to be consecrated to the ministry of the gospel within the canton, may hereafter be nominated by a Catholic, a Jew, a communist, or an infidel: to which arrangement the pastors of the church assent by their adherence.

Lastly, the Council resolved to call a Synod, to give advice to the Government respecting the form of prayer for a civic fête on the 10th of August.[1] July 20th, the Synod assembled, and the prayer was presented to them by the Council; because the Government, claiming to be their bishop, thought it right, in its episcopal functions, to prepare their liturgy. On this occasion, Mr. Curtat, pastor, said, "Our position is singular: we ought to have been consulted on the establishment of the fête, but we are consulted on the prayer alone, which is a detail of the fête." It soon, however, appeared that even this humbler task was beyond their capacities. Mr. Mestral, pastor, maintained, "that they should examine the doctrine of the prayer and its matter, to see if the things which it asked, or for which it gave thanks, were really blessings." Nothing could be more reasonable than his proposition: but immediately the Synod was in a fever. "No," cried Mr. Mellet, pastor, "we

[1] La Reformation, vol. ii. p. 232.

have nothing to do but to accept the project of a prayer presented by the Council: we are here for nothing else." A crowd of speakers supported this view; and at length the President, Mr. Meystre, prefect, settled the dispute thus: "I should not be opposed to the project of a prayer being examined phrase by phrase, if the press did not exist; but, gentlemen, the press will get hold of the discussion, and then what will happen? We cannot satisfy all the world. . . . . If you are to scan all the words of the prayer, we shall never end; and we shall be drawn into political discussions unsuitable for a Synod. It is much better not to anticipate the sense which will be given to our words." A large majority voted for the adoption of the prayer as it was, and the Synod closed.[1] Another Synod might not be so obsequious; and if from this servile assembly, called together for so insignificant a business, fierce debate and even schism seemed likely to arise, to what might not a free Synod lead? The Government will not repeat the experiment.

V. Contemporaneously with these successive exhibitions of the subjection of the Church to the State, various acts of violence were committed against the disciples of Christ, whom the hatred of the populace designated as Momiers or Methodists, whether they were pious dissenters or evangelical members of the Established Church. On the night of Feb. 5th, a dissenting chapel at Lausanne was invaded, the furni-

[1] La Reformation, vol. ii. p. 244.

ture broken, and the place was plundered of every thing valuable.[1] During March riotous mobs assaulted the oratoires of the Establishment, dissenting chapels, and even more private religious meetings. Among others, the oratoires of Pully and of Cully were devastated.[2] Sunday, April 6th, J. Parisod, a dissenter of Arau, near Cully, held a small meeting at his house: upon which a mob assembled, broke the shutters of the house, destroyed the furniture, dragged his son along the ground, struck his daughter with a stick, and when he defended his children, loaded him with their blows.[3]

Sunday, August 24th, at Aigle, about half-past eight o'clock, a man masked entered the house of the minister, where twelve persons were assembled, and summoned them to separate. They obeyed, perhaps unwisely; and had scarcely left the house, when they were attacked by about thirty men, armed with sticks and stones. Several were unmercifully beaten, one was struck to the ground by a stone and trampled on, and another was nearly killed by a blow from a stick.[4] A letter from Moudon, dated October 15th, stated that on the previous Sunday the doors of their oratoire were broken in, and when all was over, the agents of the authority came to afford their protection, and then, having done nothing, retired to regale themselves with the most ardent of the assailants.[5]

[1] La Crise Ecclesiastique, Lausanne, 1846, p. 7.
[2] Precis, p. 9.
[3] La Crise, p. 7.
[4] Causeries, No. iii. p. 16.
[5] Ib. No. vi. p. 18.

Sunday, Nov. 30th, the oratoire was attacked at Lausanne.[1]

January 18th, 1846, as some pious persons of Montreux were assembling to hear their pastor, M. Monnard, they were successively drenched by a fire-engine, and received no aid from the magistrate.[2]

The same day, the congregation at Montricher was assailed with stones.[3]

Sunday, February 1st, a congregation having assembled at Lausanne, at five o'clock in the morning, on leaving the meeting, were struck with stones or sticks: and one of the Christians receiving a blow, heard the assailant exclaim as he struck him, "There's for Jesus Christ."[4]

In March, some ruffians entered the house of Mr. Parisod, of Arau, where a small congregation was assembled; and having burnt the Bible, seized two women, bound them, and dragged them nearly a league, reviling them.[5] At Villarzel, a congregation was dispersed by the fire-engine.[6] At Echallens, a Protestant charitable establishment was invaded, some furniture was broken, and the Bible was torn in pieces.[7] At Aigle, those who attended a meeting for worship were held under a pump by the populace, who were not ashamed to exercise this brutality even towards women.[8]

All these violent acts were in the highest degree

[1] La Crise, p. 56.
[2] La Reformation, vol. ii. p. 39.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Ibid. vol. ii. p. 55.
[5] Ibid. vol. ii. p. 87.
[6] Ref. ii. p. 143.
[7] Ibid.
[8] Ibid. p. 159.

unjust, because they were committed against unoffending persons, who were simply exercising their sacred and inalienable right of worshipping God according to their own conscience. Had the law allowed these acts, the law would be unjust and tyrannical; but they were also illegal. For the 133rd Article of the penal code runs thus, "He who, during the celebration of worship to which the public is admitted, disturbs a religious solemnity, is punished by imprisonment for a space not exceeding six months, or by a fine not exceeding 400 francs." It was therefore the most obvious and elementary duty of the Government to protect the worshippers, and to punish those who assaulted them. Natural justice, the voice of the law, and the necessity of order to the well-being of the community, required this of them.

But the Government has taken another course. When J. Parisod, of Arau, whose case has been mentioned, complained to the magistrates of the violence done to him and to his children, the prefect brought his case before the Council of State, and received a reply, signed by L. Blanchenay, Vice-President of the Council, of which the following is an extract; "Sir, in reply to your letter of yesterday to the Department of Justice and Police, I am charged to request you to inform the Separatists, that they are invited amiably to abstain from their meetings which disturb public order. . . . . You will warn them, that if they obstinately continue these meetings, *which are reprobated by the great majority of the people,* it is at their peril and risk; *seeing that the worship of the National*

Church is alone guaranteed by the State. The State owes no protection to these assemblies, and still less is bound to use preventive measures in their favor." The doctrine of the Bishop-State in this paper is,

1. That the National Church is established to the exclusion of every other Protestant communion.

2. That if men cannot with a good conscience worship God in the parish church where there may be an ungodly pastor placed by the Bishop-State, that they should abstain from public worship altogether.

3. That if they will not violate their consciences by abstaining from all public worship, but will meet to worship God, however enlightened their creed, however pure their worship, however inoffensive their proceedings, they are to be considered the disturbers of the public peace, whenever any unprincipled libertines choose to disturb it by assailing them.

4. That the Government owes no protection to peaceable men who are fulfilling their duty to God and are doing no wrong to any one, when they are attacked by ruffians.

5. That the majority of the people in the canton, who are the "supreme authority" in the church, and of which the Bishop-Government is merely the representative, abhor quiet and orderly meetings for prayer and praise.

When this reply was communicated to Parisod, he withdrew his complaint, because he saw that he could obtain no redress or protection: and when the magistrate went to Cully to receive his withdrawal, a mob, which was gathered from Arau and the neighbour-

hood, testified with drum and trumpet their triumph at his defeat by means of their ally the Government.

Although the Government had, indeed, in their letter to the prefect, used these words, which were concealed from Parisod, "You will engage the citizens, by all means in your power, to abstain from illegal acts with regard to these *fanatics*, since, if disorders repressible by law occur, justice must have its course;" yet these were only words of form, for in all the series of outrages against the Evangelicals which afterwards disgraced the canton, the Government remained for a time a silent and inactive spectator; and when it did interfere, it was to persecute the innocent and to gratify their enemies.

November 19, 1845, the Council of State was invested by the Grand Council "with full powers touching the oratoires and other religious assemblies not within the National Church."[1] These powers were not to be used to punish the riotous, but to vex the peaceable; not to sweep from the canton the nuisance of a lawless persecution of enlightened Christians by godless mobs, but to constitute the worship of God by these Christians a crime against the State. Some brutal ruffians having attacked the congregation of the oratoire at Lausanne, November 30, the Council of State issued, December 2, the following decree:—"Considering that, in the present state of men's minds, it is for the interest, rightly understood, of religious liberty itself, *as well as of the National Church*, . . .

[1] Precis, p. 163.

to suspend religious meetings not within the National Church, which are the occasion of disturbances. . . . . The assemblies at the oratoire and other religious meetings not within the National Church, and not authorised by law, are, from this day till further order, interdicted at Lausanne."

"In case of disobedience or of resistance to this prohibition, such meetings shall be dissolved by force, if necessary, and those persons who shall have resisted the orders of the authority shall be brought before the tribunals to be punished conformably to the penal code."[1]

Similar decrees were successively issued against the religious meetings of Montreux, of Orbe, of Chateau d'Œx, of Vallorbes, Romainmotiers, of Echallens, of Cully, of St. Saphorin, of Villarzel, and of Aigle.[2] At the last-mentioned place two gendarmes entered the house of Mr. Mark P . . . . . "to prevent a religious meeting," when there were only three friends sitting at breakfast: which drew the following remarks from the author of the Causeries Politiques; "Henceforth the principle is adopted that every meeting of more than two persons is subject to the domiciliary visits of the police; if those persons are judged to be supposed to be suspected of having the intention of reading the Bible, of singing psalms, or of committing any similar devotional offence. But should thirty rogues get drunk, and being tired of obscene songs, rush

[1] Precis, p. 209, 210.

[2] Precis, p. 219, 221. Reformation, vol. ii. pp. 119, 135, 151, 168.

like cannibals upon inoffensive persons assembled in private houses, this is all simple and natural."[1] The comments of Dr. Bluntschly, President of the Grand Council of Zurich, upon this conduct of the Vaudois Government was scarcely less severe. "The State of Vaud, hitherto so flourishing, is become the victim of a violent revolution. They have reached in a few months such a point, that in a country in which the word liberty is on all lips, the religious liberty of the National Reformed Church is opposed and chained in a manner of which we find no example in antiquity, except during the persecution of some pagan emperors; and in modern times, during the reign of terror only in the French revolution. It is by means of gendarmes or of mobs that those who share with us an evangelical faith are hindered from social worship, even in their own houses."[2]

By acting on this decree the Government crushed important rights which they were bound to uphold, and instead of protecting the innocent against the culpable, encouraged religious riots throughout the canton; by assuring the mob that if in any place they would only get drunk and make sufficient uproar against the religious persons of the place, they would take care to gratify their hatred by not permitting Christians to enjoy social worship any more.

Their fear of the populace, which had advanced them to power, was not the only motive which made them persecute the best men of their country; for to

[1] Causeries, No. v. p. 4.

[2] Causeries, No. x. p. 10. Reformation, vol. ii. p. 7.

this was added their avowed dislike of evangelical religion. In their circular of December 24th, 1845, they thus speak: "*The Methodism which has already done sufficient harm to the country, and against which we cannot be too much on our guard,* because of its invading and exclusive character, because it tends to subjugate the life as well as the thought, at the same time propagating spiritual pride and selfishness; and because it is a source of trouble in society and in families."[1] Now since this term Methodism was applied to all the evangelical pastors of the National Church, it could mean nothing but earnest religion: and the word is thus explained by those pastors themselves: "The word Methodism, in the Canton de Vaud, is frequently employed to designate a sincere piety and an attachment to the doctrines expressed in our liturgy and in the Helvetic confession of faith. It can have no other sense when applied to the whole body of pious pastors and pious members of our church. One of the arguments used against the confession of faith was, that it was the flag of the Methodists."[2] It is true, earnest, evangelical religion, then, which the Government teach the people to believe "has done harm to the country," and against which "neither Government nor people can be too much on their guard."

VI. It was during the progress of these events that many members of the Establishment began to see that it was impossible for them, as faithful men, to retain

[1] Precis, p. 218. [2] Precis, p. 20.

their positions within it. The whole number of national ministers was 288.[1] Of these no fewer than 225 assembled at Lausanne, November 11, to consider what they ought to do. The discussion lasted two days, without any other interruption than that which arose from occasional prayer; and at its close 108 pastors and 40 ministers, not pastors, signed a paper by which they resigned their legal salaries and their position in the Establishment.[2] Indeed the very same day, November 12, 153 pastors and ministers, being considerably more than half the whole number of national ministers, sent in their resignations to the Government.[3] Shortly after the number increased to 185;[4] and though many afterwards withdrew their resignations, yet in the following December, the Council of State reported to the Grand Council, that while there were then in the Establishment 99 pastors and ministers, of which 89 were fit for service, and 36 others had withdrawn their resignations, yet there remained 147 demissionary pastors and ministers.[5] So that still, by the official report, more than half the pastors and ministers of the Establishment had effected their emancipation from the shackles of the Bishop-State.

The duty which they had resolved to discharge was not easy. Although the reasons which urged them to separate were irresistible, and will be appreciated by every enlightened and earnest man in Europe, yet the prevailing party among their countrymen, being

[1] Reformation, vol. ii. p. 78.
[2] Precis, p. 42.
[3] Precis, p. 46.
[4] Precis, p. 42.
[5] Reformation, vol. ii. p. 8.

under high political excitement, could see in their resolution nothing but an intention to embarrass the Government: and resisted it accordingly. Their meetings were prohibited; their persons were insulted: and as those of their countrymen who supported them from political motives soon withdrew, they were speedily reduced to distress. Few of them had independent fortunes, some were aged, some had large families depending on their professional incomes, and all loved their homes. The result of their resignations has been, that some have been driven from their parishes, some are exiles in foreign lands, many see their wives and children exposed to severe privations, and all are harassed by bitter and ceaseless calumny. As such consequences of secession stared them in the face before they took that step, a sensible public man, opposed to their views, said to his friends, shortly before their resignations, "You will see that not one of them will leave the National Church." Lord Brougham and other sagacious but worldly men predicted the same of the Scotch ministers, who have since formed the Free Church. Men who are not themselves religious cannot estimate the force of religious principle. By this integrity they have proved to the incredulous world the reality of their faith. Heretofore, although their salaries in the National Church were moderate, yet their position was more easy than that of the mass; and when the people saw them at their ease in pleasant dwellings, surrounded by their smiling families, and with every want abundantly supplied, they inferred from their own ungodliness that

the religion of their pastors was a trade, and that their devotion was simply official. But men who renounce ease and income for the sake of truth must be men of conscience and courage; and the sacrifices made by these ministers for the sake of their principles will eventually, when the passion and the prejudice of their opponents subside, do more to teach their countrymen to believe the gospel than half a century spent by them in the routine of well paid and easy parochial ministrations.

After their ranks had been thinned, not by desertion, but by the necessity imposed on many of seeking their bread in other lands, 82 Christian men, of whom 37 were ministers composing a constituent Synod, the representatives of many of their brethren in 33 towns and villages of their canton, formed, March 12th, 1847, the "EVANGELICAL FREE CHURCH OF THE CANTON DE VAUD:" with a view, as they say in their published declaration, "to maintain the rights of Jesus Christ over his church, the purity of the evangelical ministry, religious liberty, and sound doctrine."[1]

Too late rather than too early, too cautious rather than too adventurous, they at length saw that, even under the most favorable Government, the terms of their alliance with the State were dishonorable to Christ, incompatible with the faithful discharge of their ministry, injurious to their reputation, and destructive to the purity of their church. These reasons for separation derived new force from the character

[1] Constitution pour l'Eglise Evangelique Libre du Canton de Vaud. Lausanne, 1847, p. 24.

of the Bishop-State. The majority of the sovereign people being opposed to spiritual religion, and the Government being their representatives, the Christians of the canton could not but see that in consenting to invest the Government with episcopal and consistorial powers, they were yielding up their church into the hands of men who would endeavour to corrupt its doctrines, and to destroy its vitality. The course of events had answered to the previous probability. The use which the Government made of their ecclesiastical power was that which their principles indicated beforehand would be its use. They declared the pastors to be state servants; they forbad them to preach Christ beyond the walls of parochial temples, to which the masses would not come; they ordered them to admit party politics into their pulpits; and they suspended them, at their pleasure, from the exercise of their ministry. These ministers of Christ could not so dishonor their Master, so degrade themselves, or so injure their countrymen, as to continue thus spiritually subject to the avowed enemies of spiritual religion. If they wanted a new reason for their entire and eternal separation from the State, they found it in the general ungodliness of the population. Amongst themselves there had been a revival of religion, and many pious pastors had for some years been exercising their pastoral office throughout the canton; yet the conversions had been few; and the majority of the people had contracted a hatred against them, arising chiefly from their union with the Government. Irritated against the conservative Government, the

revolutionary party disliked the ecclesiastical protegés and adherents of their opponents: and the first act of the new Government was to demand their adhesion. Thenceforth it became obvious, that if the pastors, already considered as the agents of the Government, were not to become the moveable subordinates of each political party, as clerks and policemen, they must sever from the State.

To all these considerations was finally added, that the Government manifested, together with its episcopal and consistorial pretensions, a spirit of persecution, becoming the partisan of the cabarets in their roaring execration of the most godly portion of the people. Since, therefore, our Lord has made brotherly love an essential test of discipleship, and those only will be welcomed by him, at the last day, who did not refuse to own and aid his followers, when they were suffering for his sake, it became every Christian to leave an Establishment which was to be upheld by the legal oppression of their fellow Christians. Well, therefere, did Mr. Oscar Hurt, with reference to their secession, declare, "The Vaudois clergy have taken the only course which can save the church. Honor to their courage and their virtue. In each religious crisis, when liberty, faith, and conscience are involved, the only good part to take, that which is alone prudent and politic, is to manifest a contempt of riches, an unreserved devotedness, and a courage beyond all fear." [1]

Although they may still be exposed to violence,

[1] Causeries, No. vii. p. 16.

from those who regard them as political enemies, and although the Government may still feel implacable towards them, because their secession has embarrassed its operations, yet sustained by a good conscience and a good cause, by the friendship of the most pious inhabitants of the canton, and by the sympathy of their Christian brethren throughout Europe, they are apparently entering on a course of great usefulness. Already they have gained much in their personal piety, by the sacrifices which they have made: and while the more serious pastors of the Establishment have seemed downcast, they have been cheerful, and even gay. Although, at Lausanne, the members of the Free Church have not been able to meet in public, they have enjoyed, in their private meetings, much of the presence and blessing of God. All things, acccording to the promise of God, are working together for their good. When they were in ease and prosperity, they were envied by the working classes; and the populace hailed them as official mercenaries, and as buttresses of the aristocracy. No one can think them mercenary now. They have renounced worldly comforts, for the sake of conscience; though poor and persecuted, they are patient; and, without any political objects to attain, they are endeavouring to convert men from irreligion to godliness and virtue.

Under these circumstances, every generous person in the canton, when political passion has subsided, and when the existence of the Free Church has become an established and familiar fact, must learn to appre-

ciate their integrity, and to sympathise in their difficulties. If the Establishment be as Mr. Druey declares, marked by its repugnance to Methodism, which is spiritual religion, it is dead; and, like a body without a soul, must soon crumble into dust. Animated, indeed, by the Bishop-State, it may multiply its prayers and ceremonies, its altars and offerings, like the priests of Baal upon Mount Carmel, but ecclesiastics and churches, without spiritual life, can no more secure a blessing from God, than Baal's priests could make fire descend from heaven. It is the faith and love of the ministers of the Free Church, which alone can bring down fire upon their sacrifices, and make the rain descend upon their withering land. And this they may expect: for through whatever discouragements they may yet have to pass, they will still reap the harvest which they have sought, in the unfettered exercise of their ministry, in the purity and the vigor of their churches, in the religious liberty of their country, and in the increasing number of sinners converted to God.

Since the preceding lines were written, the Government has renewed its blundering persecution. Ambitious of the honors of despotism, and more anxious as it seems to be classed with the Courts of Sardinia and Rome, than with the Governments of England or of the United States, they have recently issued a decree, of which the following are extracts:—

"Considering that the religious meetings without the pale of the churches, (cultes) guaranteed by the constitution, or authorised by law, particularly the

meetings of the church called Independent, continue to be the occasion of troubles and disorders . . . .

" 1. All religious meetings, not within the National Church, and not authorised by law, are from this time, until further order, prohibited in the canton.

" 2. In case of disobedience or of resistance to this prohibition, such meetings shall be dissolved, and those persons who shall have resisted the authorities shall be brought before the tribunals to be punished according to the penal code.

(Signed) " L. BLANCHENAY,
" President of the Council.

" *Nov.* 24, 1847."

So then, to save itself the trouble of repressing a few drunken and profligate revellers, the Bishop-State will interdict the public worship of God by all those throughout the country who are compelled by clear thinking and by sound principle to abandon their connection with the State-Episcopate. The decree is not only levelled against religion, but likewise compromises the rights of all who may be the objects of mob fury. For its principle is this, that whenever a mob sets itself against any practice, then, for the sake of preserving the peace, the mob must be gratified, and the practice prohibited. Let us apply this Blanchenay principle to some other things which come as directly within its sphere as a meeting for religious worship. The same mobs which shouted Down with the Momiers, also exclaimed Down with the aristocracy; the same ruffians who abhor the pure worship of God, are jealous of the comforts of those who are

richer than themselves. This year they have gathered from all the cabarets to bluster against the evangelicals: next year they may congregate to rage against the purchasers of any estate beyond one acre in extent while they are without land; to proscribe the use of carriages while they walk on foot; to denounce all lamps and chandeliers while they must be contented with tallow candles; or to execrate all wearers of watches since they are obliged to go by the parish clocks. Then the new decrees to be signed by Messrs. Druey and Blanchenay must run thus; "Considering that all estates of more than one acre in extent, all carriages, chandeliers, and watches continue to be the occasion of troubles and disorders .... all such estates, &c. are prohibited in the canton, and in case of disobedience or resistance to the authorities, all such possessions shall be confiscated for the use of the poor, and those who shall have resisted shall be brought before the tribunals to be punished according to the penal code." This Blanchenay decree tends, therefore, to anarchy and universal spoliation. It gratifies the riotous and discourages the peaceable; it assists the criminal and punishes the innocent; it has selected for its favors those who have neither educaton, nor principle, nor self-respect; and evinces the hatred of its authors for the most excellent of their fellow citizens. By it the Vaudois Council of State imitate the well known decree of the Council of State at Babylon, substituting the despot mob for the despot monarch. "*All the presidents of the kingdom, the governors and the princes, the counsellors and*

the captains, have consulted together to establish a royal statute and to make a firm decree that whosoever shall ask a petition of any god or man for thirty days, save of thee, O king, he shall be cast into the den of lions."[1] Like the murderous priests and the profligate Sadducees of Jerusalem, their decree commands the ministers of Christ *not to speak at all, nor teach in the name of Jesus.*[2] It purchases the huzzas of the cabarets by the tears of the disciples of Christ: on pretence of law and order, it delights the lawless; and in the name of religion it has afforded a triumph to the most coarse and riotous ungodliness. This proceeding is indeed in harmony with the origin of the Government. Since the patron mob carried their client to power, the client must now reward the patron by indulging him in similar outbreaks. But this is not a pleasant consideration, either to the owners of property or to the lovers of peace, Henceforth, since the rulers have placed themselves under the dictation of mobs, no one is secure from violence. A mob has only to proscribe any class or any custom, and that class or custom must from that hour become the object of remorseless persecution.

This decree is the more discreditable to the canton, because all the other Protestant cantons, and some even of those which are Catholic, guarantee complete religious liberty within their bounds. In Vaud, moreover, it is a step backwards, because it is in contempt of a law which still exists, to punish the disturbers of

[1] Dan. vi. 7. [2] Acts iv. 1, 6, 18.

public worship. The rulers have forgotten the principles of their own canton: the guardians of the laws have despised them. Mr. Druey, the late president of the Council, and Mr. Blanchenay, now its president, seem anxious to transmit their names to posterity, loaded with the associations which attach to the names of Nero and Diocletian, and to revive in their persons the antique spirit of Guessler and of Landenberg. But it will not last. They may disgrace themselves as short-sighted and narrow-minded persecutors; they may drag down the canton which they rule, and the Establishment which they protect, to the level of their own disgrace; but the very means which they employ to ruin the Free Church will, if its ministers and members have faith and constancy, be the occasion of its triumph. Let these ministers be pelted and reviled by lawless profligates, let them be fined and imprisoned by an irreligious Government, let all the ungodliness of the canton be let loose upon them, and when every pulpit in the land ought to thunder out the condemnation of the persecutors, let the enslaved Establishment maintain a criminal silence; the effect will be, that every Christian, every patriot, every honest man in Switzerland, will cry shame, shame upon the Vaudois Church and Government; and all Europe will resound with these foul offences of the rulers against religion and civilization; till, overwhelmed with merited obloquy, they sneak out of their persecuting policy, or are hurled, by their adherence to it, from their ill-used elevation.

But it is not too late for them to repair the mischief

which they have done. If their views have been mistaken in the foregoing pages, let them prove it by a vigorous assertion of religious liberty for all: but if their conduct has been too accurately described, let them frankly and generously renounce a policy which must be fatal to their reputation. By affording effective protection to the estimable men whom they have persecuted, they may yet atone for the injustice which has been done to them: and if superior to resentment and intimidation, discarding the wish to humble their rivals, and incapable of pandering to the passions of their adherents, they show themselves to be not unworthy of their high position, by ruling with dignified impartiality for the welfare of all their fellow citizens, they may yet win the gratitude of their country, and enjoy the esteem of Europe.

CHAPTER V.

FRIBURG AND BERNE.

In order to reach the Oberland, to which we intended now to direct our steps, we must make our way to Thun, either by Friburg and Berne, or by Chateau d'Œx and the Simmenthal. The latter road has considerable attractions. From Vevey to Chateau d'Œx there are three roads: one is a mule-path, by the valley of the Ormonds, with its sparkling cascades and ornamental chalets; the second is a mule-path across the Dent de Jaman, which is, according to Byron, "beautiful as a dream;" the third is a carriage road, which winds round the Moléson, the highest mountain of the Canton of Friburg, traverses the district famous for its Gruyere cheese, and ascends the valley of the Saane. After Chateau d'Œx the road crosses some high moor-land, then decends into the rich and romantic scenes of the Simmenthal, and passing between the Niesen and the Stockhorn, enters Thun.

But as we wished to see Friburg, the seat of the Jesuits, and Berne, the seat of the Vorort, we turned

our backs on cascades and chalets, on rocks and torrents, and set off on Friday, September 9, for the Jesuit capital. The sun shone on our road to Payerne, through the uplands of the Canton de Vaud, in which the peasants were gathering their second crop of hay, and their abundant harvest of apples. We were traversing an elevated valley, separated on the west from the Jura and the Canton of Neufchatel by a high pine-crowned range of hills, and from the Canton of Friburg by a similar barrier on the east. The people looked robust, and there were few indications of poverty. The smiling banks of the lake, with these sunny highlands, where all the people were so industrious and thriving, seemed little like the theatre of a wanton revolution. But human passions exist every where. Hitherto governments have generally neglected and disregarded the poor in favor of the rich, and the rich have also despised and oppressed them: but the feelings of jealousy and envy in the less fortunate classes are perhaps not weaker than the feeling of contempt in the more prosperous. And in a democratic republic, that jealousy finds occasions for its manifestations: every where there are ambitious men who wish to leap at once to power; and in Switzerland, unhappily, communism and irreligion have made much progress. The radical communists taught that there is no God; that the laws are the invention of the strong to crush the weak; that property is a crime, and that the life to come has been invented by the rich to deceive the poor, for the purpose of making them less discon-

tented with their present misery. These men labored hard and long to make the members of the Government hateful to the people; then they demanded the expulsion of the Jesuits from Lucerne, procuring numerous petitions to the Government to vote for their expulsion in the Diet, and when the Government failed to comply, armed bands began to pour into Lausanne, and a radicalist revolution now took place. But the revolution has not scarred the land. As we passed along, the people were gathering in their luxuriant crops beneath a brilliant sky; and the day was still fair when we entered Friburg, the Jesuit fortress, destined so soon to encounter peril, and perhaps suffering, for adhering to those ecclesiastical Bedouins whose gigantic establishments look down so proudly on the town.

In the upper part of Friburg the Jesuits swarm: they come out on its face as thick as the pustules in virulent small pox. There are sixty fathers in their convent, with four hundred budding pustules in their great school, inflamed but not suppurating. Then the prelate of Friburg, who claims nearly half the Genevese as his subjects, who is scarcely less potent at Lausanne, and is the spiritual lord of the Catholics of Berne, here, supported by priests, monks, and nuns, is real president of the Grand Council, and sits like a huge wen on the oppressed brain of the State: while nine convents, twelve churches, and ten chapels, filled with all the insignia of idolatry, extend, like the arms of a cancer, in every direction over the whole body of the city. Would you know, reader, what these

Jesuits are? They have been expelled from almost every kingdom in Europe for their political intrigues; their political intrigues forced the Emperor of China to drive them from Pekin and Pet-che-li. Their founder, Ignatius Loyola, was first a debauchee; then he despised himself, macerated his flesh, and mastered it; then grew into an ascetic, and becoming red hot with enthusiasm, was thought by others, and thought himself to be a saint; and by his enthusiasm won power over the enthusiastic. As happens generally, this enthusiasm burnt out; but it left behind it habits, opinions, aims, enmities, friendships, adherents, power, and the prospect of boundless empire. And now Ignatius became another man; the enthusiast grew into the chieftain. His fanaticism was past, his strong intellect and his force of character remained. Cold, calculating, guileful, and able, by his own experience of enthusiasm, to play on the enthusiasm of others, he climbed step by step, till his throne was as lofty and as splendid as the throne of the Pontiff; and he held an unrivalled army of hardy, devoted, and disciplined bigots under his absolute command. Now read the orders which he gave them, which, though dead, he gives them still, and which each Jesuit slave still obeys. I took them from the Institute, the great work of his genius, the Jesuit's Bible. "Most carefully let us strain every nerve to manifest the virtue of obedience, first to the chief Pontiff, then to the Superiors of the Society, so that in all things in which obedience is consistent with charity, we may be prompt at the voice of each, as though it was the voice of

Christ, obeying whatever is enjoined with speed, with joy, and with perseverance; persuading ourselves that every command is just, renouncing every opposite sentiment and judgment of our own *by a sort of blind obedience .... and let each persuade himself that those who live under obedience should permit themselves to be carried and governed by Divine Providence,* ACTING THROUGH THEIR SUPERIORS, AS THOUGH EACH WAS A CORPSE, *which permits itself to be carried any where and to be handled in any manner;* OR LIKE THE STICK OF AN OLD MAN, *which serves him who holds it wheresoever or in whatsoever thing he wishes to use it.*"[1]

They are therefore to go to any part of the world at any moment, on any mission, without the least reluctance, and to call what may appear white, black, if the church asserts it to be so.[2] Blind and chained with fetters of brass, for the love they bear to their society, their Delilah, the fathers grind like Samson in the prison house (see Judges xvi. 21,) under the orders of their general and their superiors. Their

[1] Et sibi quisque persuadeat, qnod qui sub obedientiâ vivunt, se ferri ac regi a divinâ providentiâ, PER SUPERIORES SUOS, sinere debent, PERINDE AC SI CADAVER ESSENT quod quo-quo-versus ferri, et quâcunque ratione tractari se sinit: vel SIMILITER ATQUE SENIS BACULUS qui ubicumque, et quâcumque in re velit eo uti qui eum manu tenet, ei inservit. Institutum. Pragæ, 1745. Vol. i. p. 262.

[2] Denique ut ipsi Ecclesiæ Catholicæ omnino unanimes, conformesque simus, si quid, quod oculis nostris apparet album, nigrum illa esse definierit, debemus itidem quod nigrum sit pronuntiare. Institutum, vol. ii. p. 305.

souls are corpse-like; but their minds are a living enginery, overspreading the earth, and worked by one master engineer, towards one end, the subjugation of the human race to their sway.

They began in enthusiasm, they have gone on in policy: they had devotedness, they have ambition: they obtained power by great sacrifices, they keep it by vigorous exertion. Half men, half machines, they give themselves up to their Machiavellian leaders, as Christians give themselves up to God. The Christian offers himself a living sacrifice to Christ, and burns like a flame of fire in his ennobling service: the Jesuit offers himself to be kicked, trampled on, or buried like a corpse; to be used any where and in any thing, or thrown away at pleasure, as a stick, by an ecclesiastical politician: the Christian renders to Christ a thoughtful, intelligent, and generous devotedness; the Jesuit bows with blind obedience to the will of tyrants whom he has sworn to serve: Christians are Christ's army, to struggle for the mental and moral emancipation of mankind; Jesuits are the Pope's Cossacks, to deceive and enslave them.

Leaving the town, we passed over the immense hanging bridge over the valley of the Saane. It is 361 feet longer than the Menai bridge, and at an elevation of 180 feet from the river, which is 50 feet more than the Menai bridge above the water: a noble work of art, which greatly facilitates the access to the town on the east; but which, however useful in peace, would in time of war expose it to every enemy approaching on that side; and render useless, as means

of defence, both the precipice on which the town is built and the river flowing at its base. With feelings of no friendly kind I looked back from the eastern bank of the river at the Jesuit pensionnat, which occupies the high ground on the north of the town, that huge manufactory of ultra-montane intolerance, of smiling fraud, of systematic servility, of unextinguishable hatred to the gospel, of skill to defeat all civil and religious progress in Europe; that slaughter-house of souls, that rendezvous of conspirators against the peace and welfare of mankind. As we advanced on our journey we caught some evening glimpses of the Bernese Alps; but the night had long closed in when we drove between the two sculptured bears of a great gate, which announced that we were arrived in Berne.

I spent Saturday in making some visits in the town, and on Sunday preached twice to a small English congregation in the Hôpital de la Bourgeoisie, which is granted freely to the English minister for the use of his congregation. At our first service we immediately succeeded a Swiss Presbyterian congregation in the use of the chapel; and after the second service we were immediately succeeded by another Swiss congregation, which was assembling at the doors when we left it. I wish there were a similar fraternization among evangelical denominations in England. At nine o'clock the cathedral was filled with worshippers, and the aspect of the city throughout the sabbath was quiet. The people of Berne are said to be industrious and well-behaved, there being few crimes against the

person, or against property: but my Berne friends, rather perhaps of the patrician class, were not disposed to attribute this to the existing Government, which, like that of Vaud, is the offspring of a recent revolution. Nearly all the Governments in the Protestant cantons, formed by the cantonal revolutions which immediately followed the French revolution of 1830, have been since overturned. That of Berne has shared the same fate. The old Government, before 1830, was a selfish oligarchy, in which there was, as in the Venetian oligarchy, both energy and administrative skill; but the Governors were harsh to their dependents, kept the power in their own hands, advanced their own relations to public offices, and refused political rights to the peasantry. The revolution of 1830 popularised the Government, extended the political rights of the people, and although highly distasteful to the patrician families, led perhaps on the whole to a more just and salutary administration of public affairs. Under that Government the canton flourished; the Government was rich, the public burdens light: still political power was concentrated in the town, in the hands of rich citizens, who were envied by the thriving peasantry of the canton and by the populace, always ready for any democratic movement. Aided by this latter class, the peasantry displaced the Government, and brought the present men to power, who are said to be chiefly young men without private fortune, and who represent the radical section of the community both in town and country. Under their administration, though inexperienced

and perhaps impetuous men, the canton has still continued quiet and orderly, without theft or violence. All goes on well, and the well disposed people, under their hot and restless rulers, are like an old post-horse, who, though guided by a drunken driver, will steadily accomplish his accustomed stage, and draw up the carriage safely to the old inn door. The constitution of Berne, like those of Geneva and Vaud, is now completely democratic. There is universal suffrage and universal eligibility: all the citizens of twenty years old elect the Grand Council, in the ratio of one deputy to two thousand souls; and the Grand Council elects the Executive Council which is composed of nine members, and chooses for it its president. The church is governed by a Synod, under the reserve of the right of sanction on the part of the State: the Synod is chosen if I was rightly informed, (for it is not determined in the constitution) by the political electors generally, and the pastors are chosen by the political electors of each parish.

Colonel Ochsenbein, the leading man of the Government, the president of its Executive Council, and now president of the Diet, last year, (1846,) as commander of the Free Corps, made a most questionable attack on Lucerne, without any commission from the Diet, with a view to make that canton expel the Jesuits. He is said to be an able man, and is evidently a man of spirit; but is no more favorable to evangelical religion than Messrs. Fazy and Druey. Colonel Ochsenbein is to the Establishment of Berne what Mr. Druey is to the Establishment of Vaud;

for, according to the "Reformation," a religious journal of Geneva, "the Berne Government is patron and bishop of the Church, administers its revenues, nominates its pastors, decrees both its doctrine and discipline, and commits the direction of its worship to the minister of police."[1] With the exception of the nomination of the pastors, now in the hands of the people, all this remains still true. As Colonel Ochsenbein and the other members of Government were brought into power by the radicals, who are violently opposed both to the conservatives and to evangelical religion, he must be true to his party; and with it must dislike evangelical pastors in the Establishment, both as pietists and as patricians. And this soon became manifest shortly after he came into power. Mr. Lutz, the professor of scripture exegesis in the university, having died, the Government had the right to appoint his successor. The chief duty of the professor is to interpret the scriptures to those theological students in the university who are to become the pastors of the canton; and under his teaching they are likely to become either evangelical, anti-evangelical, or infidel, according to the character of his instructions. It was an occasion, then, when Government might strike a severe blow against the "pietism" of the whole canton, and signally weaken the evangelical party, whom they believed to be their political antagonists. Instead of calling to the chair of exegesis an evangelical professor, which would have been to offend the great

[1] La Reformation, June 24, 1847, p. 198.

party which placed them in power, they called M. Zeller, a friend and disciple of the infidel Strauss, to sow throughout the canton those blasphemous speculations which the Canton of Zurich had expelled from its bosom, and to create pastors for the parishes, who would be Straussian enemies of the gospel, neological destroyers of souls. As soon as his appointment was announced, several pamphlets were written to expose his principles by evangelical writers; to whom the radical papers replied. There was much irritation on both sides, his opponents being accused of a wish to raise a political re-action against a liberal Government. The Government now issued a proclamation in defence of Zeller, which they ordered the pastors to read from their pulpits. Several refused; among these, Mr. Schaffter, pastor of the French congregation, who had published a tract against the nomination of Zeller, wrote to the director of the police, who is also the director of ecclesiastical affairs, to declare that it being against his conscience to read the proclamation, if Government wished to have it read in his church, they must themselves provide the reader. For this he was prosecuted by the Government, and sentenced by the civil court to suspension for seven months. The other pastors, who had read the proclamation, but protested against its statements, were likewise suspended. The affair having excited great attention in the canton, nearly thirty thousand persons petitioned the Grand Council to cancel the nomination. A similar excitement, when Strauss was appointed to be theological professor at Zurich, had

caused a revolution; and the Government of Berne felt that their seats were trembling beneath them. The Grand Council, however, rejected the prayer of the petitioners, by 118 votes against 23. Mr. Schaffter, and all the evangelical ministers, were against revolutionary violence, and the canton subsided into repose. Since that time, Zeller has been lecturing on the epistle to the Romans, and is training up theological students to be the future pastors of the canton with his own fatal views. When these Straussian youths are fully charged with the venom of the system, there are, unhappily, no adequate means to hinder them from poisoning the peasantry of the canton: for although evangelical pastors would, of course, refuse to ordain them, the Government can easily secure their ordination. Four young men were recently examined by a Commission of ministers legally appointed for that purpose, who reported that two of them were not eligible for the ministry: notwithstanding which report, the Government ordered them to be immediately ordained; and when some ministers refused to comply with the order, more pliant ministers were summoned; and the students, with the Commissioners' brand of incompetency upon their foreheads, were ordained. Once ordained, the Straussians are not likely to be without parishes. Hitherto the Government has nominated the pastors, and they would certainly advance their protegés; but if I am rightly informed, the Government has recently renounced their patronage in favor of the people, and, as at Geneva, the pastors are henceforth to be nomi-

nated by all the political electors. Men who have brought the Government into office which has nominated Zeller, and who have chosen the Grand Council, who rejected the prayer of the petition against the appointment, are sure, in many instances, to welcome his pupils as their pastors.

On the other hand, the evangelical pastors who remain within the Establishment are at the mercy of Government. Aug. 15th. Archdeacon Baggesen having preached a powerful sermon on repentance, without political allusions, the next day he was summoned to send his sermon to the police office. As he failed to do so, the prefect of Berne, at nine o'clock in the evening, entered his house, leaving two gendarmes at his door, and seized his sermon. His sermon was inoffensive, and no proceedings followed; but the incident serves to show the exceeding jealousy with which the Government regards influential evangelical pastors. A friend of mine at Berne declared, indeed, that if a sermon should displease the Government, the preacher would be at once suspended; and I am the more disposed to think the information correct, because pastor Benteli was deprived of his living simply from this cause.[1]

Thus the government of the church by the State will henceforth deluge the canton with unfit pastors, and place intolerable fetters upon the evangelical

[1] M. le Vicaire de Kœnitz a été destitué pour s'etre prononcée contre le nouveau professeur. Un autre pasteur M. Benteli a été destitué a cause de son sermon du jour de jeûne. "La Reformation," May 13th, 1847, p. 152.

pastors who remaim within it. In prospect of these consequences, M. Watteville de Portes, one of the most influential men in Berne, some years since left the Establishment, and has lately thus expressed himself on the subject:—"In the social point of view, the end of radicalism is communism, and in the religious point of view, it is pantheism—that is, the deification of the world; we must not, therefore, be surprised when we see that in Switzerland it employs all its resources to undermine biblical Christianity. There exists between the vital principle of the Christian church, and the vital principle of radicalism, an irreconcileable antagonism. Whether it will or not, the time is not far off when the church must separate itself from the radical State. But that which should determine the conduct of a Christian is his conscience: he should not wait till he is forced to act by the enemy. For this reason I have placed my faith and my church in safety outside the enemy's camp."[1] I cannot but think that M. Watteville determined rightly. How can the Christians of Berne continue identified with a system which must unchristianize the country? How allow themselves to be governed in spiritual things by a political party decidedly opposed to the gospel? Separate and free, they would be pure and vigorous; united with the world, and fettered by the State, their religion is dishonored, their action paralysed, and they are responsible for all the irreligion to which their voluntary position within the Establishment gives unchecked and fatal sway. If

[1] Reformation, April 15, 1847, p. 120.

they, like the Vaudois Christians, formed a free church, they would, by their acts, protest against the terms upon which the National Church is united to the State; but so long as they adhere to the National Church, they uphold the system, and practically sanction it. By their sanction of the appointment of Strauss, they poison the fountain of instruction for the theological students of the canton; by their sanction of the Government ordinations, they call disciples of Zeller into the ministry; by their sanction of the election of pastors by political electors, they are responsible for the establishment of bad pastors in the parishes; by their sanctioning the obligation laid on pastors to read Government proclamations, they are responsible for all the false doctrine which thus may be recommended to the congregations; by sanctioning the formation of a Synod by universal suffrage, and the superintendence of the church by the Executive Council, they give up the churches of the canton to a worldly Government; and by accepting their salaries from Government, to be withdrawn when the Government wills, they place themselves entirely under the control of a power which must generally be hostile to spiritual religion, and permanently fetter a ministry which ought to be free. The results of this sanction of the ecclesiastical government of Christians by the State is, that there are no pure and spiritual churches by which to enlighten and reform the bad pastors and the corrupt churches within the Establishment; thus the true character of the church of Christ, and the authority

of the word of God, are forgotten; thus religion is degraded to be an affair of police, and thus the communists and pantheists of the canton find no effectual check. The free churchmen of Vaud, though persecuted, are in a much more favorable position for piety and usefulness. Notwithstanding, however, these disastrous circumstances, religion has made some little progress in the canton of late years; there are a few more faithful pastors in the canton than there were when I visited Berne ten years since; Bibles and Testaments have been largely circulated; there is a small Independent congregation, under the ministry of M. de Rodt: the French congregation is under the faithful ministry of M. Schaffter. M. de Watteville, a faithful pastor, has a German Swiss congregation, and there are other faithful brethren who preach Christ in the town, besides these. Wherever, too, the gospel is preached, the people attend in numbers; and I was assured that, even in the parishes under cold or rationalist pastors, the people are found to be better disposed to religion than their ministers.

On Sunday evening I attended a small meeting, where pastors Schaffter and Bernard officiated. They sung two of the "Songs of Sion" very sweetly; and I felt it a privilege, when urged by these brethren so to do, to speak to the congregation of the way of salvation, and to express my sympathy in their spiritual welfare.

The political affairs of the Confederation are still more disturbed than those of the church. The Diet, composed of deputies from all the cantons, sits suc-

cessively in Lucerne, Zurich, and Berne. This year it is held at Berne, and the affairs which occupy its attention are very grave. The late revolution in Geneva has given a majority to the liberals; and there are four combined objects, which the leading liberals, Messrs. Ochsenbein, Fuhrer, Druey, and Fazy, are thought to have in view:

1st, The dissolution of the Sonderbund.

2d, The expulsion of the Jesuits.

3d, The revision of the federal compact, by which each canton may be represented at the Diet according to the population.

4th, The destruction of the cantonal system, and the formation of one Helvetic republic.

The Catholic cantons, with the conservatives generally, are against these propositions. The Protestant cantons, with the liberals generally, are in their favor.

On the conservative side it may be argued,

1. That the Catholic cantons, being menaced by the liberals, and last year attacked by a free corps, have a natural right to league in their own defence, without which they may be destroyed without power of resistance.

2. That the Federal Compact leaves each canton sovereign and independent to administer its own affairs: and that the Catholic cantons have as much right to admit the Jesuits as England has.

3. That the Federal Compact can only be altered by consent of all; and that as representation according to numbers would destroy their influence,

and give the liberals and Protestants a decided majority in the Diet, they cannot consent to it.

4. That the formation of a Helvetic republic would, first, destroy their cantonal rights; secondly, give a decided preponderance to Protestant councils; thirdly, deluge Switzerland with communism and pantheism; fourthly, make Switzerland the manufactory of communist revolutions throughout Europe; fifthly, arm all the kingdoms of Europe against their country; and, sixthly, terminate in its dismemberment and destruction.

To all this the liberals have a ready reply.

1. The Sonderbund is a direct violation of the Federal Compact; a rebellion against the supreme power in the State; a contempt of law incompatible with the existence of a Confederation. The free corps attacked Lucerne, because it was in rebellion against the decisions of the Diet factiously sustaining the Jesuits, and that, therefore, volunteers might arm in defence of the law and the constitution; that each canton is strong enough for its own defence if attacked by any lawless force; and that, therefore, the Sonderbund must be dissolved.

2. The Jesuits are a body of conspirators who overspread the Roman Catholic world; men who have no national ties, whose interests are not Swiss; and that if they are disturbers of the order, and dangerous to the welfare of Switzerland, as they were lately judged dangerous to the welfare of France, they are within federal legislation, and may be expelled from Switzerland, to secure its welfare, as they were lately

expelled from France; and as the Poles were, for similar reasons, lately expelled by the Diet from Switzerland. That the Diet has determined the expulsion of the Jesuits from Switzerland to be within its competence; that in all the questions respecting its competence, its decision must be final, or else each canton would continually nullify its decisions; and that, therefore, the petty cantons are bound, in that case, to respect its decisions. That, moreover, the Diet has given no pretext to the existence of the Sonderbund, because they have not even required the expulsion of the Jesuits; but have contented themselves with prohibiting their future admission; and have merely requested the dismissal of those who have established themselves in the cantons. These are the only questions which have occupied the Diet, and which are to be treated according to their own merits.

3. But if the Catholic cantons are afraid of ulterior measures, although it is natural that they should oppose any improvements which lessen their relative importance, yet that every State must have a right to revise its Constitution, all confederate powers must be able to review the terms of their alliance, and that it is surely unfair that cantons with 20 or with 50,000 inhabitants should exercise in the Diet the same influence with cantons which have 200,000 inhabitants, or even, 400,000; and,

4. That no enlightened person can doubt that Switzerland, as one united republic, would be greater and more prosperous than when broken into twenty-two separate sovereignties.

(1.) Now every European state can resist each canton at its pleasure, because the interests and feelings of several cantons being opposed to each other, no one canton is upheld by all the rest. Thus France, Austria, Sardinia, can afford on all occasions to treat Switzerland with contempt.

(2.) The cantonal system is an intolerable check to all internal improvement; each canton having its own currency, it own commercial treaties, its own tariff, its own regulations of police, by which trade is hindered, and all order, industry, and prosperity materially damaged.

(3.) The deluge of pantheism is an imagination, since the Christians of Switzerland are well able to resist it: but, on the other hand, the fusion of the cantons would necessarily lead to universal toleration, both of Protestants and Catholics, and to the universal religious liberty which is highly favorable to the diffusion and prevalence of truth.

(4.) While the Helvetic Government would have no sympathy with the anarchical doctrines of communism, which would pauperise and destroy Switzerland itself, and therefore would certainly not propagate these doctrines throughout Europe, that nothing could be more favorable to the liberties of Europe than to witness at its heart, in these central mountains, at the sources of its great rivers, a strong well-governed people, among whom, oppression being banished, the most complete self-government is attended with every kind of prosperity.

The views of the liberals would probably be received

with greater favor among the Christians of Switzerland, if they did not disgrace themselves by intolerance while boasting to be the champions of liberty. They ought not to wonder that the most pious persons in Vaud should dread the effects of their sway in united Switzerland, since in Vaud they have used their power to protect ruffians from legal penalties, and to prohibit peaceable meetings of Christians because communists and profligates have demanded it.

But let us turn from the disturbed and changing politics of Berne, to think of the unchangeable natural advantages which it possesses. Although it has lost Vaud and other dependencies, which it once governed in an illiberal and selfish spirit, it is still the leading canton of Switzerland. It includes within its territory the glacier scenes of the Oberland; the lakes of Thun and Brientz belong to it; it claims some of the most romantic scenery of the Jura; and if the rest of its surface is less romantic it is still highly beautiful, and well calculated to maintain a numerous and robust population. The town, which contains 24,000 inhabitants, stands at an elevation of 1700 feet above the level of the sea, on a sand-stone promontory, round which the Aar murmurs in its deep channel. It is built of stone, and has been compared to Bath and Oxford, but it little resembles either. Along its principal streets the houses rest on low arcades, with such solid supports that the shop windows are darkened by them. Rain and snow are indeed excluded by these arcades, but so are the light and warmth, and a cold north wind comes rushing along them more difficult

to deal with, than when it blusters on the top of a mountain, or howls over an unobstructed heath. Like other Swiss towns, Berne is well supplied with fountains, and more than others has convenient and pretty gravel walks in its environs, well kept, with benches and shady trees, and rests for the burdens of the people coming to market. But its peculiar glory is the view of the distant Alps. The whole glittering profusion of snowy peaks and glaciers, from the Wetterhorn to the Stockhorn, is best seen from the Enghe terrace, where the green clear Aar and the towers and spires of the town make a beautiful foreground to the picture. But they are beautiful every where. Again and again, on Saturday, September 11, I watched them from morning to evening. At eight o'clock I could just mark their aerial lines in the south-eastern sky, when they were too nearly in the direction of the sun to be distinctly seen: at twelve o'clock the snows began to glitter: at three and five they were become clear and bright beneath the deep blue sky, while the projecting edges of each mountain cast strong shadows on its bosom: and at six they were obscured. But on Sunday evening there was a magnificent sunset, which I enjoyed from the platform in front of the cathedral. The Aar was chaunting to its Creator its quiet evening song; while its banks of hanging woods, and the grassy slopes above, were dressed in evening splendor. Not a cloud obscured the gorgeous west; the south-east rested in golden light; and fields, woods, and hills, the nearer mountains and the far-off snow-peaks, reflected the uni-

versal radiance. Then, as the shadows began to rest upon the valley, each lower Alp grew deeply purple; while the snow-peaks became like flame. Every crag and ridge now threw a defined shadow on the fiery mass. The Finster Aarhorn, the Eiger, the Monch, the Jungfrau, and the Blumlis Alp, were all resplendent: the Finster Aarhorn, especially, blazed like a distant volcano. But the sun went down. Then it seemed as if these fiery giants were dying: and when their light was gone, they stood like a row of the sheeted dead in cold and livid ghastliness. So living beauty passes: but there is a beauty beyond the tomb which is immortal; for when we rise to be with Christ, our glorified bodies and souls will be eternal as he is. Blessed be God for such prospects afforded to us sinners who have merited his eternal curse.

CHAPTER VI.

THE OBERLAND.

If my reader has six weeks to spare in the summer, let him go to Interlachen. I will tell him why. First, the voyage at the beginning of the journey is but short. To a landsman it is sometimes a glorious sight, to see how the gallant vessel breasts and breaks the proud waves, when they come foaming and curling their monstrous heads over the very prow. To lie in the vale of the rolling mountains a moment, and then climb to the very crest in triumph, while the wind whistles in the shrouds,—then plunge again to the bottom fearlessly, while the helmsman rights the ship, which is tossed like a plaything by the storm,—makes the heart dance.

But then, perhaps, comes a stomach heave; and with it an inexpressible transformation. The cheek turns not lily white, but cadaverous: a cold sweat bedews the brow: woefully the eye measures the swell of the coming wave; and the poor victim wraps himself in his cloak, to hide out the sight of waves, and white basins, and living faces, and so to endure

the unescapable misery as best he may. Then it is that the all-pervading smell of a steam-boat aids the remorseless waves in their persecution. Whiff after whiff of steam and oil from the hot engines in the centre of the boat, seems to seek him out with especial malignity, wherever he may place himself. Already has the motion of the vessel exposed him to the poet's satire, as a

> "Luxurious slave,
> Whose soul will sicken o'er the heaving wave;"

but when hot fumes of oil and steam, tainting every breath he draws, make him feel like an Arab fastened to the ground to be bastinadoed by a Turkish Pasha, or like a schoolboy, called up to say a lesson he does not know to some furious pedagogue, life seems hardly worth preserving. Now all this suffering in crossing the channel is short. Nerve your steady soul to endure all that wave and steam can inflict for five hours, and by the end of that time, the enginery, sublimely triumphing against wind and tide, will land you on a little quay at Ostend. There again, the second day, linked to another engine, you may reach the debarcadere at Brussels in a few hours. The third day, the same unwearied agent, harnessed to a new train, speeds away, not only with nobles and rich merchants, but with the whole third class too, at a pace which makes the speed of the cream colours or jetty blacks which convey royalty like the creeping of a snail, and sets you down at Cologne. On the fourth day you may glide on against the stream of the

Rhine, beneath "the castled crag of Drachenfels;" pass Ehrenbreitstein, which the Prussians fondly believe to be impregnable; look up to the towers of Stolzenfels; and leaving the vine-clad and wooded banks on each side of the picturesque river, you may descend at Mayence, just before the river begins to annoy you with its long margin of reeds, and its tame alluvial shore. Another train now flies by Strasburg, along the flats of France; and the fifth day you may look down on the shining river, from the windows of the Three Kings, in Basle. Five days having brought you into Switzerland, one more day of travel, along a road as smooth as that round Hyde Park, will place you on the Platform at Berne, to feast your eyes with the rosy brightness of the Alps at sunset. There you may spend your Sabbath among Christian brethren; and lastly, a seventh day of travel through delicious scenes between Berne and Thun, and a steam-glide across one of the loveliest of lakes, will land you amongst the comfortable "pensions" of Interlachen.

When once established there, we are in the very centre of Alpine wonders. Excursions of various kinds await us in that enchanted land. Scenes of surpassing grandeur or softer beauty are accessible, with scarcely an effort which would tax the strength of the most timid convalescent. To the west we may float over the lake of Thun; explore the boundless verdure of its banks; and then examine well the Simmen Thal and the Kander Thal, each abounding with pastoral and woodland beauty. To the east we may make no

less delightful excursions upon the lake of Brienz, with banks steeper than those of Wast Water, and more luxuriant than those of Windermere, Loch Lomond, or Killarney. When familiar with these admirable shores, we may drive through the valley of the Aar, from Brienz to Meyringen. On these eastward excursions, we may enjoy in various lights the beautiful falls of the Giesbach and the Reichenbach; and examine many other cascades which pour their waters into the vale of the Aar. Then the magnificent valleys and mountains which lie southwards have to be explored. An easy drive will place us beneath the fall of the Staubach, in Lanterbrunnen, one of the deepest vales of Switzerland. Several other days may be well spent in the cool and elevated valley of Grindelwald, to which there is an easy approach by a good carriage-road from Lanterbrunnen or Interlachen; and where we shall be between the glaciers at the feet of the majestic rocks of the Wetterhorn and the Mettenberg. With horses we may further vary our excursions. The pass of the Brunig, the Great Sheideck, the Wengern Alp, all solicit us. We may reach in two days the Grimsel and the Furca Alp; we may climb the Faulhorn, whence all the Bernese Alps are seen, without an intervening mountain; and we may gaze upon the Savoy Alps from the wild pass of the Gemmi. Lastly, a good walker, with his alpenstock, may find more adventurous employment. He may explore the woods of the Harder, which rises steeply from the north bank of the Aar, and has enchanting views of the lakes and the whole

range of Alps: he may visit the fall of the Schmadribach, in the upper valley of Lanterbrunnen, and thence he may visit the Tschingel Glacier, and he may explore the glaciers of the Frau, the Blumlis, and the Doldenhorn; or he may ascend by the glaciers of Grindelwald, as far as his strength and his courage will take him, towards the eternal snow-fields which lie between the Finster Aarhorn, Shreckhorn, Wetterhorn, Eiger, and Jungfrau, the wildest of all the wild solitudes of the Alps.

Towards this attractive centre of so many Alpine delights, we directed our steps on Monday, September 13. We early bade adieu to the amiable and obliging landlord of the Crown, crossed the granite bridge which by one huge arch spans the deep channel of the Aar, and winding our way through orchards, gay with their ruddy burdens, and glowing in mid-day splendor, we entered the steam-boat on the lake of Thun, when there was scarcely a ripple on the transparent waters, and not a cloud in the deep blue sky.

Nothing could be more enjoyable than our passage over the lake. The blue water lay beneath our vessel tranquilly reflecting the cloudless heaven and the sun-lit earth; as we passed along the steep north shore, which spread out its groves, orchards, and meadows, with its higher region of pine-forests at the feet of inaccessible crags, to the southern sun. Rapidly we passed the beautiful villages of Hilterfingen, Oberhofen, and Merligen, almost hid in their deep bowers; while before us the Blumlis Alp, with its

group of pyramids rising from their vast beds of snow, glittered between the dark Niesen and the blue ridges of the Morgenberg. As we advanced, the still loftier white crest of the Doldenhorn came into sight, to the west of the Blumlis; and to the east the eternal snows of the Jungfrau, Monch, and Eiger towered over the bare bleak shoulders of the Abendberg. Numerous carriages were waiting for the steam-boat at Unterseen, in one of which we took the road to Interlachen; and as we penetrated further into the region of the Jungfrau, winding our way beneath the shade of the spreading walnut-trees, with rich banks of wood to our left, and to our right Alps piled on Alps, with a brilliant light, which gave distinctness to every outline and every projection of the landscape, we felt perhaps nearly as much enjoyment as scenery can bestow. In the evening, from a ruin perched on a most picturesque hill, which forms the west boundary of the lake of Brienz, we looked down on the still expanse, with its blue silent shores, whose high summits grew almost fire-coloured in the setting sun. But we had made a great mistake. From the road to Unterseen, or from the Harder, we might have seen the Jungfrau reflecting the western flame. Our view was beautiful, it might have been transcendent. Travellers sometimes lose much by want of consideration: that evening we ought to have placed nothing between us and the Jungfrau.

At six o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, September 14, we left Interlachen in an open carriage, with our guide Christian Kauffman on the box, and reached

Lanterbrunnen at a quarter to eight o'clock, whence, after breakfast, we ascended the Wengern. The day was doubtful, but all the lower region of the valley was distinct; and the wooden cottages over the lawns, and amidst the clumps of trees scattered over the diversified surface of the mountain, only wanted the sun. The weather was very different when, accompanied by my wife and niece, I climbed the same mountain on the 1st of September, 1837. Then we ascended in a thick drizzle, which, when we reached the region where the pines are dwarfed by the sharp mountain air, had grown into a snow-storm. Other travellers descended from the heights more powdered than ourselves: but after some farther ascent we rose above the sullen mists which still darkened the valley, and a glorious revelation opened on our view. Clear mountain peaks rose like black islands from the stormy sea of vapor. Then the vapors, retreating before fierce winds, disclosed all the mountains which form the western barriers of the vale, clothed in fresh snows, and clear half way down from their summits. Then again the dense vapors boiling up from the valley, like the steam of an infernal cauldron, closed blackly over us, and shrouded the whole scene. Thus we were toiling in darkness, when suddenly before us, and so high above our heads that it seemed not to belong to the earth, the Jungfrau looked upon us through a vista in the clouds. Rain and cold were forgotten in the joy of that first discovery, and this made way for others. We looked behind us; there was scarcely a blot on the blue sky; we looked for-

ward, and there, piled on huge dark masses of inaccessible rock, were the snowy heads of the Greater and Lesser Eiger, the Silverhorn, and the Jungfrau, beaten by the raging wind, which carried their drifting snows like dust from every projection; and so clear, that we could scarcely believe half an hour's ascent would not place us among those icy splendors.

To-day all was reversed. We saw the valley in its beauty, and caught glimpses of the snow-peaks; but every moment they became more obscured, till nothing remained but the vast base of the mountain, while its head was wrapped with clouds. We lost the glorious sight we looked for, yet we might have lost much more. I stood under the Stanbach, and watched how the water, which is projected over the precipice of 800 feet, was divided into separate jets, some of which were blown away by the wind and disappeared; but the main body, broken into mist, still fell, and gathering below, formed there a considerable stream, which flowed gladly on. That stream is like a well educated youth, who, rushing into corrupt pleasure, falls greatly, and loses many good habits and thoughts for ever: yet all are not lost; and at length recovering, he gathers strength, and flows on towards eternal joy. A good education is often blessed in the end. We passed by many picturesque cottages of alpine fir, with their broad roofs and worked galleries, appearing to form comfortable homes. In one which we entered there was a folio Bible, prayer-books, psalm-books, a description of Switzerland with maps, and other books; and the

young master of the house spoke a little French. We passed by many a chalet, formed like American log-houses, of trees laid horizontally upon each other, the whole resting upon four strong piles, which raised the floor about three feet from the ground. We passed also through a hoar wood of aged firs, from whose branches grey moss hung, like ten thousand goats' beards, the accumulated trophies of ten centuries of pastoral life on that alp; or like the votive rags which priestcraft has taught the poor Irish peasants to hang round their sacred wells.

At length we came in front of the Eternal Mountain, whose breast stood before us dark, wild, precipitous, bare, above all verdure, trodden by no living thing. But the loftier home of the avalanches and the tempests was shrouded in impenetrable gloom. Thence, however, the avalanche boomed like a distant gun through the dark canopy; and then was a long low sound of the descending snow. Then again another sounded from the cloud's deep bosom; and beneath the cloud we saw the snow-stream pouring into the valley. These were voices worthy of that majestic mountain. How massive and eternal it looks! As it stands, so apparently it stood, with the same blackness and that same snow-top, when God rested from his works on the seventh day, and beheld that all was good. That very height, as it seems, caught the descending torrents which avenged the outraged majesty of God in the days of Noah, by sweeping the godless world to destruction. It seemed so near, that you might almost throw a bridge across the gulf,

to link the lonely inn, in which we sat, to its precipices; but when the chamois perils its life to reach the herbage growing on the lower ledges, the telescope alone can reveal its existence to the inn's inhabitants.

We descended in rain and gloom; but before we came down from the clouds into the valley, the mists clearing away, unfolded to us the beautiful fields and picturesque cottages of Grindelwald, at the foot of the enormous precipices of the Eiger and the Mettenberg. The cottages have singular charms. Their broad roofs and galleries are picturesque: they stand in meadows so closely mown as to resemble lawns; and the wood for winter use is so neatly piled, the deal fences round them are so well kept, and they have such an air of order and cleanliness, as to indicate to every passing stranger that the inhabitants must have attained some measure of instruction, good principle, and prosperity. Though high and cold, it is an attractive valley. The snow lies four feet deep upon its fields in its long winter, and the glaciers and snow-peaks to the south hide out its winter sun; yet I had rather far live here, than I would in the sun-bright plains of Italy; for the people here are free, robust, Protestant, and have the gospel faithfully preached to them. Mr. Buiss, the pastor, is a faithful man; the people generally possess the New Testament, and know the Heidelberg Catechism; and there are six schools in the valley, at which all the children, without exception, learn to read. Of the 2900 inhabitants of the valley many are poor, and work hard; but there is much neighbourly sympathy, and little pauperism:

the division of lands has brought no distress, and the young men who cannot gain a livelihood within the valley have energy enough to seek it in foreign lands. Between the two inns which offer welcome to the traveller there is a new pretty house of alpine fir, where the Countess Swarzburg spends her summer months. It looks directly upon the lower glacier, and being on the southern slope of the mountain, must catch every sunny gleam. How much good such a visitor of this retired valley might do, if she were animated with the spirit of the Countess of Huntingdon. But, alas! she seldom attends the public worship; and brings into the valley the idea that the rich and great have little value for religion. How many of the rich use their influence to repress religion in the world, and how few consecrate the gifts of God to his glory! The pastor Buiss, who took coffee with us, appears to be a man of sense as well as fidelity. May the Lord prosper his ministry to the conversion and salvation of many in this valley.

Before we left Grindelwald I visited the Upper Glacier, about two miles distant from our inn. It was worth getting wet for. I ascended, by steps cut in the ice, to a place whence I could look down one of the blue chasms, into which the glacier at its termination is rent. In such a crevasse, and near this very spot, Christopher Bohren, the innkeeper at Grindenwald, fell. His arm was broken, and his wrist dislocated; but he had still the presence of mind to seek the means of escape. In that frozen prison he could not long survive; to climb the walls was im-

possible; but the rush of a torrent near him gave him a faint hope. Groping his way, therefore, to its channel, along which, within the long and obscure vaults, he crawled where the torrent led him, he at length emerged into daylight, and lived many years to tell the tale.[1] After this I skirted the extremity of the glacier till I came to a low aperture, into which I entered stooping, and thus reached a passage through the glacier of about 150 feet in length, blue and clear, with a circular hall in the middle. Lower down, at the foot of the glacier, I entered another low aperture, and found myself at the brink of the torrent, which was rushing on to liberty and light, from its subglacial vaults, but still turbid: like a new convert coming joyfully out from an icy world, still disfigured by old worldly habits, to be gradually laid aside, in the progress of the Christian life. When I last visited this glacier there was a considerable cavern, into which a torrent descended, and it was singular to see the water hurrying down at your feet into the unknown depth. On that occasion too, I was able in some measure to observe the thickness of the ice near the termination of the glacier. By steps cut in its surface we climbed upon it to some height, till we found a hole, something like the mouth of a well, down which we could see many feet, and which, if we might trust the report of our guide, had been ascertained by the pastor of the valley to be 212 feet in depth. As I returned to the village I read the fol-

[1] Beattie's Switzerland Illustrated, p. 99.

lowing inscription on a monumental stone, outside the church of Grindelwald.

AIME' MOURON,
Minister of the Gospel,
Endeared to the church by his talents and piety,
Born at Chardonne, in the
Canton de Vaud,
3 October, 1791,
Admiring in these mountains the magnificent works of God,
fell into a gulf of the Mer de Glace, 31 August, 1821.
"From henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."
Revelations xiv. 13.

He had visited the glacier with a guide, and while leaning forward to look down into the rent, his alpenstock apparently slipped, and he was precipitated into the abyss. Little more is known of him than that which the monumental tablet records. Twelve days the body remained undiscovered. But at length Charles Burgener, of Grindelwald, who three times descended to explore the crevasse, brought up the disfigured body in his arms. This fatal accident occurred in the lower glacier, to which the weather did not permit us to descend. I the less regretted this loss, because the ice-vault, whence the black Lutschinnen torrent emerges, was at this time less than when I visited it in the year 1837. Then it was a fine sight. The high arch of ice hung over the struggling torrent, and long crescent walls of ice projected on either side, like the colonnades in front of St. Peter's: so that when I stood on a rock in the channel there was nothing visible but these ice-cliffs compressing the torrent, and

the enormous mass of the Mettenberg above them. Our guide would not then permit us to enter the vault, because he said the roof might any moment fall; and the vast blocks of ice which obstructed the channel of the torrent sufficiently showed that his fears were not unreasonable. Upon the side of this glacier the pastor Buiss told me he had lately climbed to some height. Whether it is practicable far I know not, but in that direction lies the most magnificent snow scenery of the Alps. Between the two glaciers of Grindelwald stands the huge Mettenberg, parting these superb rivals; but above it they join, and thus lead on to an ice-field whose surface is about 115 square miles in extent, a region of eternal desolation, of unyielding frost, enclosed between the giant peaks of the Jungfrau, the Monch, the Eiger, the Wetterhorn, the Shreckhorn, and the Finster Aarhorn. The heights of these mountains are as follows: The Jungfrau 13,718 feet, the Monch 13,498, the Eiger 13,070, the Shreckhorn 13,386, and the Finster Aarhorn 14,106: the eternal shoulders of which have held up, through the centuries of the world's existence, these ever-growing masses of ice which fill up the elevated space between them. And still would their burden accumulate, climbing the peaks themselves, if the incumbent mass did not press on each inclined plane between these peaks, forcing the ice down into the valleys. The glaciers descend far beneath the line of eternal congelation; and that of Grindelwald, between the Eiger and the Mettenberg, is at its lower extremity not more than 3200 feet above the level of the

sea. In hot summer days indeed the whole upper surface of the ice-field melts; while perhaps the lower surface, in contact with the earth, is melting always; the thickness of the ice protecting it from the external frost. It would repay some labor, hardship, and danger to reach the centre of that primeval chaos of peaks shivered by the tempests, and of ice-crags and snow-plains where all life dies. That frozen solitude defies the blazing sun. It is visited nightly by the trooping stars; over it the thunder-cloud blackens and winds howl; but it is invaded by nothing earthly: except, indeed, that sometimes the wing of a strayed eagle may flap wearily across it, or the foot of the adventurous hunter may stand for a moment on its margin.

Wednesday, September 15, we descended from Grindelwald in rain. We had not once seen the summit of the Wetterhorn; the Faulhorn had been wholly concealed from us; and we were forced to renounce the passage of the Sheideck, as disagreeable and profitless. On my road down, I talked somewhat with our second guide or groom, Poss, a well-spoken young man. He said that he often read the scriptures, and had learned the Heidelberg Catechism, but added, "It is less learned in the valley now."

"With this thoughtfulness then," I replied, "are you obliged to go out as guide on Sunday?"

"Oh, certainly: none but the English make any difference between Sunday and other days: the French and Germans scarcely ever. I have offered to take nothing for the horses on a Sunday if they would let

them rest, and they would not. It would have been better for these valleys if no traveller had ever set his foot in them. If I had ten sons I would not bring up one of them to my trade. If I had twenty daughters, not one of them should be in a hotel."

"It is very true that there are persons of every kind who travel, and some of them are doubtless without religious principle; but ought you not on that account to be more in earnest about your own salvation?"

"Certainly, Sir."

"There are two great means by which to seek the salvation of our souls, prayer and the scriptures."

"Also the pastors instruct the people."

"Do the people know enough of the scriptures to distinguish between good pastors and bad?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Is the minister of Lanterbrunnen like the minister of Grindelwald?"

"Just the same."

"Is the minister of Interlachen like these two?"

"Just the same. All equally good. There was a vicious one at Lanterbrunnen, but the people complained to the Government, and he was removed."

"But a very amiable and instructed man may either not love the gospel or not know it. You say the pastors of Lanterbrunnen and Interlachen are now good. Do you mean that they preach the gospel fully?"

"Yes."

It was hence too evident that poor Poss, though he had learned the Heidelberg Catechism, and said he

read the New Testament often, did not understand the gospel; because, when I had asked some well-informed Swiss friends what pastor I could visit with satisfaction in these valleys, they had told me that in the two last mentioned, one of the pastors was a worldly man, and the other a rationalist. And though Poss assured me that if the people complain to the Government of their pastor, the Government must remove him, yet they are more likely to complain of a pious minister than of a worldly one. Of this I had some evidence on the same descent from Grindelwald, for shortly after the above-mentioned conversation, Poss came to my side, and in a low mysterious voice said, "Did not the pastor have a little too much last night?"

"No, why do you ask?"

"Because some of the people at Grindelwald knew that he spent the evening with you at the inn; and they said, that when he came out he could scarcely walk."

"Nothing can be more false. He did not drink one drop of wine: we had nothing but coffee. The pastor is a very good man, and this report arises solely from the world's malice."

"Oh, then, they were certainly mistaken."

"Yes, and never believe hastily what you hear against a good man: and when you return to Grindelwald, tell those who made this report that it is wholly false."

If the Bernese Government is like a "drunken postilion," they are ill fitted to dismiss the pastors; and the people who created the drunken Government

are ill fitted to choose them. This mixture of the church and the world must do infinite mischief in the canton: and the sooner the Christians within it form themselves into pure and well-disciplined churches, separated from the radical State, the better for themselves and for their country.

I next took occasion to give a few words of advice to Christian Kauffman, who happened to be walking by my side.

"You have a good name; Christian means a disciple of Christ: I hope you are so."

"I hope so too."

"Then you seek the salvation of your soul. Now how do your teachers in these valleys say that you may secure it?"

"If we are good, avoid bad habits, go to church, and do harm to no one."

"These are good habits; but if these alone will obtain salvation, why did God send his Son into the world?"

"It was to die for us."

"But why should he die? Think of the glory of the Son of God, and then say why, if these habits can save us, did that glorious person die?"

"I am not sufficiently fluent in French to explain."

"Well then, my friend, let me remind you, that our Lord has said, '*God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that* WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH *in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*' And the Apostle Paul has added, '*Ye are all the children of God* BY FAITH *in Christ*

Jesus.' 'BELIEVE *on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'* Do not these texts declare that sinners are saved by faith, and not by works? I wish, like you, to be an honest, sober, and devout man, and to do no wrong to any one; but my only hope is to be saved by grace, through faith in Jesus Christ; and that is the way, believe me, in which you must be saved, as well as me."

The rain still continued, and the rocks were only discernible through the drizzle; but the black Lutschinnen, from Grindelwald, rolled joyously on to meet the white Lutschinnen hastening from the Jungfrau, Breithorn, and Blumlis Alp, and gave some animation to the gloomy scene. It is wonderful what vigor new circumstances may give to the inert. At the picturesque bridge, where the Grindelwald road joins the Lanterbrunnen road, we left our saddles. Our two greys were now yoked to a light carriage, while our brown and white nags stood before them. Poss and Kauffman mounted the box: and though we could hardly get the animals before to go beyond a tumble-down market trot, Poss, and the memory, doubtless, of former achievements of the same kind, put such spirit into them, that we gallopped famously along the smooth downward road to Interlachen, four in hand. Except for the honor of it, we might indeed as well have had only two; since the two leaders were completely loose, and were only urged on by the spike of the pole, which Poss, with great dexterity, kept close to their tails, dodging them from side to side of the narrow road, with the rock on one hand, and the

torrent on the other, so that they could not escape the thundering vehicle, which was rushing down on them like an earth-slip. This forced enthusiasm, as they gallopped, with their side-saddles on, before us, spiked by the pole, reminded me of a skinny musician playing gay tunes in the street, with an empty stomach, and a drop of misery at his blue nose; or a disgusted comedian acting a merry part, because he cannot help it.

The next morning was radiant; and we determined to prosecute our journey by the Vale of Meyringen to the Reichenbach Hotel, near the fall of that name. Towards nine o'clock the clouds rapidly gathered on the heights, came down to the second range of mountains, settled over the whole valley, and when the steam-boat moved from its moorings on the lake of Brienz, a drizzle was begun. But mist and storm cannot destroy the beauty of the mountains: they hide the highest peaks, and they tarnish the bright colouring, but they make the mountain lines look so wild and distant, and the waters so vast, that new charms supply what is lost by the want of sun-beams. Through the mist we could see that both the banks of the lake are steep, wooded, and picturesque. Beautiful walks over rocks which project into the lake, through the forests which robe the mountain sides, or beneath the shade of the large walnut-trees, must be endless. At length we could discern the Giesbach tumbling into the lake, near its south-eastern extremity. Although not nearly so full as in May or June, the stream, swollen by the late rains, was still

considerable. From one lawn you look up successive heights of wood, and see five sheets of silver foam, each above the other, rushing down to your feet, of which one is about 60, and another about 100 feet in height. Higher up is a rude bridge, from which, if you look up, the torrent appears rushing to overwhelm you, and then downwards you see it foaming away over the precipice, you know not whither. But the most remarkable scene is higher still. A steep zig-zag path, with beautiful views of the lake and opposite mountains, such as you obtain of Lough Ness, in ascending to the Fall of Foyers, conducts to a spot where the rock is hollowed into a crescent-shaped cavern, the roof of which forms a rude arch. At the entrance of the cavern you look down the bed of the struggling torrent, and the descending steeps of wood, where the alder, beech, and mountain ash mingle with the fir, to some rich glades in the wood, and then to the calm green lake, and to the bold mountains which rise steeply on the opposite shore: but on proceeding along this crescent ledge, behind the fall which is thundering over its roof, the watery curtain by degrees obscures, as you advance, the whole view; and you see nothing but the descending sheet. The rock and the roaring flood are your only companions. A boat at the foot of the fall took us across the lake to Brienz, which is a large village of wood cottages, among sheltering groves, at the base of steep mountains, and looking pleasantly towards the southern sun. The constant rain diminished, but could not destroy, the beauty of the valley of Meyringen, which is

adorned with bold rocks, abundant wood, and numerous cascades; but, as in the valley of the Rhine and in Lanterbrunnen, the cliffs generally hide the summits of the mountains, of which they only form the base; and the desert flat on each side of the Aar is a deformity in the landscape.

When we arrived at the Reichenbach, the rain did not prevent us from ascending the stony path which leads to the fall; and on our return, the rain having ceased, we could perceive that the scenery is of the highest order. The lofty mountains, through which run the roads to the Susten Pass and to the Grimsel, wearing their fresh snows, rose beautifully over the rich forests, the green grassy slopes, and the steep rocks which form the neighborhood of the fall. On our way up we visited a chamois, which is more like a deer than a goat, and of the agility of which we could judge, although it was a prisoner, by the ease with which it leaped upon the high tables, placed one above the other in its chamber. The chief fall greatly resembles the fall of Foyers, in Inverness-shire, in its column of water, its theatre of rocks, and the fringe of wood which crowns them: but Dr. Beattie states that the great fall alone is 400 feet in height, which would be more than twice the height of Foyers. I have often observed that the immense proportions of Swiss scenery deceive the traveller into the belief that each object is less than it really is. I must add likewise, that I saw Foyers when swollen by the rains, and that the Reichenbach is much smaller in September than in May and June, at the general melting of the snows.

Those who wish to see the torrents of Switzerland must visit them early in the summer, because, in August, every secondary mountain is dry, and in September the sun has not power enough rapidly to melt the higher snows which remain. Foyers surpasses the Reichenbach in its enchanting lake views; and the Reichenbach is as much superior in its wood, rocks, and mountains. After all deductions, it remained a sight well worth engraving on the memory. At the open window of the house which is built on the verge of the raging cauldron, and in front of the torrent's delirious leap, I sat to imbibe the spirit of the scene. Why does it so charm us? That roar is music: these blackened cliffs are more attractive than a palace of marble: that gulf, where the tormented water curls, and rages, and sends up the spray of its great agony, pleases more than the flowers of fairyland. Why it is, I know not. But to see that foaming mass, which would crush a giant's strength beneath it, as an elephant would trample on a snail, which no human force could arrest in its desperate bound, which, like the decrees of God, seems omnipotent to sweep away all things that would curb it, fills us with strange delight and dread.

At the table d'hôte, after our descent from the fall, there were various travellers met, from the different roads which converge on Meyringen. Some general conversation on the scenery and the circumstances of Switzerland at length introduced the name of Calvin: when a Scotch gentleman, intelligent and communicative, accused that reformer of atrocious bigotry and

of execrable cruelty, because he had caused the execution of Servetus. I agreed in the opinion that it would be atrociously bigoted and cruel to punish a man now for Socinianism, or for any other irreligious notion; my view being, that truth should be defended by argument alone, and that men are responsible to God alone for their religious opinions; but that much injustice was done to Calvin, when he was blamed as the chief author of that execution, and still more, when it was represented to be the result of his peculiar ferocity. At this, his pretty little wife, firing up, declared energetically that Calvin's murder of Servetus was worse than all the cruelties exercised by Roman Catholics, adding, that it was the more inexcusable, because Servetus had not broached his tenets in Geneva, was not resident there, and had not endangered the peace of the city. In this opinion she is not singular. I remember reading in a speech of Lord Brougham's a very similar sentiment: and both the Scotch lady and the English lord may have borrowed their indignation from Gibbon, who thus expresses himself on the subject: "I am more deeply scandalised at the single execution of Servetus, than at the hecatombs which have blazed in the auto-da-fés of Spain and Portugal." I am the more disposed to think my Scotch messmates had done so, because they used exactly Gibbon's arguments, that Servetus had not propagated his notions in Geneva, nor in any manner endangered the peace of the state. Let us try to weigh the merit of this indignation.

When Servetus came to Geneva, he was arrested

at the instigation of Calvin, and committed to prison. He was then tried for his denial of the doctrine of the Trinity, and for other opinions, and condemned by the Syndics and the Senate to be burned. There is proof that Calvin wished him to be executed, and he has recorded the following reasons for that wish. "I avow that I thought it my duty, as far as in me lay, to restrain a man who is more than obstinate and untameable, in order that the contagion might spread no farther. We see how insolently impiety every where stalks abroad; whence new errors spring up; and how great is the remissness (ignavia) of those to whom God has confided the power of the sword, in vindicating the honor of his name. While the papists are so alert and fierce in supporting their superstitions, that they riot in innocent blood, Christian magistrates might be ashamed to show themselves destitute of all spirit in defending the sure truth of God's word. I confess, indeed, that nothing could be more inconsistent than for us to imitate their intemperate fury; but some bounds are to be observed in our moderation, that the impious may not be allowed to vomit forth their blasphemies with impunity, where the power of restraining them exists."[1] "Not only is the magistrate at liberty to punish corruptors of the heavenly doctrine, but he is divinely commanded to do so; and he cannot suffer pestilent errors to pass unpunished, without violating the obligations of his office."[2]

[1] Scott's Church History, vol. iii. p. 431.
[2] Ibid. vol. iii. p. 434.

This opinion is false and mischievous, deriving no sanction either from the doctrine of the New Testament, or from the precedents of the Old. It has occasioned the martyrdom of the saints, and would still fill the world with murders. The expression of all religious opinion should be the result of conviction, not force; truth, according to the will of Christ, is to be maintained by Christian argument, not by legal penalties; and legislators, often very little skilled in theology, should confine their labors to objects on which they are more competent to judge. The magistrate has no right to punish religious opinion.

But there are various considerations which may extinguish our indignation against Calvin for uttering it.

1. In the first place, Servetus had been previously arrested by the Roman Catholic magistrates of Vienne, in the south of France; and though he escaped from prison, yet he was there condemned to death, and was burnt in effigy, with five bales of his books: so that the Roman Catholic magistrates of Vienne would have acted exactly as the Protestant magistrates of Geneva acted; and the opinion of Calvin appears to have been the opinion of the Catholics of his day.

2. The most able and the most excellent of the reformers, among whom may be mentioned Bucer, Bullinger, Farel, Viret, Peter Martyr, and Bezà, agreed with Calvin in thinking that Servetus ought to die: and the pious and amiable Melancthon "wondered that any persons could be found to disapprove the severity used."[1]

[1] Scott's Church History, vol. iii. pp. 420, 435.

3. In fact, few persons did disapprove it; "Not one dissentient voice having been raised against the proceeding, in any of the four Swiss churches which were consulted by the Senate of Geneva."

4. Other Protestants were acting in a similar manner elsewhere. In England particularly, Archbishop Cranmer, though a humane and even timid man, urged King Edward VI. to sentence Joan Bocher to the flames; and burned at Smithfield other dissenters likewise.

But if Protestants were disgraced by these legal murders, Roman Catholics had revelled in brutalities far more atrocious. Barbarities innumerable were inflicted on the Waldenses for their adherence to the truth. Women were rolled down the cliffs; little children were run through the body, and carried alive on the soldiers' spears; and pious persons were ripped open, mutilated, and burnt in numbers. When Francis I. sentenced seven Protestants to be burnt at Paris, he made a circuit of the city, to feast his eyes with the torments of his victims. Three pious persons were burnt at Lyons the week before Servetus. At Brussels, a sacred wafer was stolen from a church by a Jew, and about 70 Jews were burnt for the crime: and numbers perished in England at the stake, under the Catholic Mary. It was the Catholic Church which had invented the doctrine; which had acted on it for centuries; and which had thus blinded the judgment of the wisest. That Church was therefore more responsible for the death of Servetus than Calvin, who, if he had condemned that

unhappy man to the stake, would have been only guilty of not seeing further than his contemporaries—of not being before his age. But, in truth, Calvin was in that matter before his age; since, while Catholics and Protestants alike justified the burning of Servetus, Calvin had sought to prevent it. Witness his own words: "Spero capitale saltem fore judicium; poenæ vero atrocitatem remitti cupio." "Genus mortis conati sumus mutare, sed frustra."[1] Those, therefore, who express, with Gibbon, that they are more deeply scandalised at the execution of Servetus than at all the atrocious cruelties perpetrated by Roman Catholics, render themselves obnoxious to the following just remarks of Mr. Scott. "It may be easy for shallow sceptics, who have never thought religious truth worth investigation, to express contempt and feel hatred for men who have regarded the perversion of its essential principles as poisoning the souls of men, and to stand aghast with horror at some solitary instance in which a person of this cast has imitated atrocities, which are viewed with comparative indifference when perpetrated on a wholesale scale by others: but those who really believe the scriptures must still feel, that even the worst errors which such men have detected in the zealous asserters of divine truth, have been but 'as motes in their eyes,' compared with 'the beam' which utterly obstructs the spiritual vision of these their accusers and calumniators."[2] Nor are such persons blinded only by prejudice; for, indulging in sharp

[1] Scott's Church History, vol. iii. p. 430.

[2] Ibid. vol. iii. p. 436—438.

invectives against a wise and devoted man, because he was not wiser than the wisest of his day, they manifest themselves a fierceness of spirit, which, had they lived in that age of intolerance, would probably have made them foremost in the rank of sanguinary persecutors, far surpassing in severity the man whom they condemn.

But all that is called bigotry and intolerance is not so. My friend of the table d'hôte then fell upon the free churchmen. They were desperate bigots, and especially Candlish, who had said, that in the largest highland parishes, where there was no free church congregation, a free churchman should rather go no where to church, than go to hear a minister of the Establishment. My defence of my Scotch brethren was of course easier than that of the reformer: "How did their accuser know that Candlish had said so? If this was said in a moment of excitement, when great sacrifices had just been made, when one part of the Establishment was unevangelical, and when the other part had just deserted their avowed principles respecting church government, it was not to be taken as Dr. Candlish's fixed opinion. I had known that Dr. Candlish had nobly renounced position and income for conscience sake; I had shared with him in delicate discussions, in which I admired his moderation and self-possession; and till we had made great sacrifices for the truth ourselves, we should be slow to accuse some of the best men in our day, who had made them."

"But at least," said another friend at the table

d'hôte, "they effected the disruption of the church for a point of discipline, and not for any fundamental doctrine of Christianity."

"Still," I replied, "we must maintain Christ's commands, whether relating to doctrine or discipline: and one of the points for which they contended was the veto of the congregation upon the appointment of the pastor, a point which they believed to be essential to doctrine, as well as discipline. For, let the paper creed of an Establishment remain untouched, yet, if bad men are appointed to be pastors, the living doctrine becomes false, while the written doctrine remains true: and the appointments in Scotland being generally in the hands of strangers to their church, many of whom were irreligious men, they believe that they might have had false doctrine in half the pulpits of Scotland, if the congregations had renounced their old right of call, or consented to let it become again a nullity."

CHAPTER VII.

LAKE OF LUCERNE.

THE morning of Friday, Sept. 18, was bright as we crossed the valley of the Aar, and ascended the Brünig on our road to Lucerne. As you proceed along the mule-path on the northern side of the valley, the snow mountains on the south and south-east successively rise into view in combination with the bold lime-stone rocks and fir woods around you, the beauty of which cannot be known except in such circumstances. Nothing can be more monotonous than the fir-forests of Germany or Belgium; and in passing through them you are tempted to think that firs cannot be beautiful: but let any one ascend the Brünig pass on a sunny morning, and he will renounce that opinion. Sometimes they are grouped in dense masses which exclude the sun; sometimes the sun pierces their scattered boughs. Here they are perched upon pretty slopes, or on fragments of rock where it is astonishing they can find moisture; there they stand among rocks which no root could penetrate. Some are majestic and hoary patriarchs of the forest, flinging their wide boughs

high above your head, and others are like tender striplings at their sides, scarcely reaching your knees. Sometimes the opposite mountains are seen through a vista in the wood, sometimes a snow-top rises above it. The whole scene has much gentle beauty. The descent to Lungern is not less interesting. Dark beech woods are protected by lofty rocks at one point; at another you catch a view of the Lake of Lungern; at another the bare top of the Brünigberg; and then, passing by some distant cascades, plunge down upon the picturesque wooden village, with its deep roofs and carved galleries.

From Lungern to Lucerne the scenery is still more attractive. Along the whole road, the interminable orchards of apple, pear, and walnut-trees, laden with the richest fruit, their boughs almost breaking with their load, form a pleasing fore-ground to the distant mountains, which rise above each other, range after range, to the Wetterhorn, Garzenhorn, and Schwarzhorn. On such a day as that which we were enjoying, the lakes of Lungern and Sarnen are perfectly beautiful: and the loaded orchards beneath these superb mountains suggest necessarily the goodness of Him who has so gladdened the eye of his creatures. Yet when I saw how the people of Lungern have spoiled the scene by draining off one half of their lake, and how they have substituted an ugly flat for the bright surface of clear water, destroying much of the enchantment of what must have been one of the very sweetest scenes in all Switzerland, and that they have done it wisely, because they have thereby gained

food for many families, I felt that God has shown his goodness by our humble but productive fields of England, by our plentiful harvests, and our healthy climate, even more than he has by these wonders of Alpine beauty. The view from the Kaisertuhl, a ridge which separates the lake of Lungern from the valley of Sarnen, must have been, when the lake was double its present size, and ran up nearly to the foot of the Brünig, backed by the Oberland mountains, beautiful beyond all praise. It is still most beautiful; but now the lake, which has been lowered 120 feet, terminates in a flat of cultivated land, and its new basin is still bare and unsightly. The work was thus effected: the engineer, Sulzberger, drove a tunnel, inclining slightly upwards, 1390 feet, through the rocky Kaisertuhl; and as the workmen could not of course work into the lake itself, when the tunnel was brought within six feet of the water, a chamber was wrought in the rock, in which 950 pounds of gunpowder were deposited; and then rammed tight with sand, many feet thick, to prevent the mine exploding backwards. January 9, 1836, when the lake was lowest, because many torrents are diminished or dried in winter by the frost, the mine was fired; burst the rocky basin of the lake; and in sixteen days the lake had sunk 120 feet, and left 500 acres of good land to the inhabitants of the valley.

It were happy for this simple people if they trusted to the goodness of God, to religion, to knowledge, and to industry alone for their welfare: but we had, a little further on our road, too plain proofs that they

still wear the chain of superstition. Beneath the great altar of the church of the village of Saxeln or Sachslen lie the bones of Nicholas Von der Flue, a hermit while he lived, canonised when he died, and now venerated under the name of Bruder Klaus. He was born at Sachslen, 21st March, 1417, and died March 22d, 1487. When about fifty years old he deserted his wife and family that he might vegetate in a hermitage, where, according to the popular belief, he lived for twenty years without other food than the wafer of the Eucharist, which he received once each month. Popes Clement IX. and X. beatified him; and pilgrimages are still made in honor of his memory. In 1725, John Henry Tschudi, having spoken irreverently of his twenty years fast, in a work which he published, the work was burned by order of the Government of Unterwalden, and a price was set upon his head. It is always dangerous, as Machiavelli said, with reference to poor Savonarola, to be a prophet without the aid of the Government; so it seems, from Tschudi's case, dangerous to question the credentials of a saint, when the Government aid the Pope in beatifying him. Many miracles, therefore, which no one ventured to deny at the hazard of hanging or burning for their temerity, are recorded of Bruder Klaus, of which the following may be taken as specimens.

"Anna Catherine Egger, who was paralytic and lame, was publicly brought to the grave of the saint, and there, in a few moments, received the full use of her stiffened limbs."

"At Silten in Wallis lived the daughter of Michael Weibel, who had been three whole months quite blind. No sooner had she promised a pilgrimage to the grave of the Holy Nicholas than she received her sight. In the perfect use of her eye-sight she accompanied her father to Saxeln, there to return thanks to the saint and fulfil her vow."

"John Weler, a man of Brienz, in Canton Berne, had so wounded his eye, as to cause blindness. Medicine proving useless, he came to Saxeln, and whilst praying at the grave of the saint, his eye was made whole again."

"Mary Elizabeth Lagger was dumb from her birth to her seventh year. Her parents then undertook a pilgrimage to the grave of the Holy Nicholas; and the same day their child began to speak."

"Nicholas of Einwill, a 'landman' at Sarnen, became quite blind by a sad accident. The sixth day they conducted him to the grave of the Holy Nicholas, where, with many tears, he offered his prayer. Accomplishing nothing there, they were obliged to lead him back to his home again blind: but in the following night a voice called to him to look up; he did so, and found that he really saw. His sight continued, and he enjoyed it during the rest of his life."

"Egidius Murer had a little son, who accidentally got a piece of pointed wood so deeply forced into his neck, that his mother, at her second attempt, could scarcely draw it out. A severe swelling arose from this wound. They carried him to the grave of Saint Nicholas, where the swelling disappeared, and the

wound, which was horrible to behold, was immediately healed."

"The first day after his burial Nicholas appeared to his pious wife Dorothea, and to other pious acquaintances. He stood on the so named Flüleiu, where the handsome chapel is now erected, and gave out from his person such wonderful glory that people's eyes could hardly bear it: he held a white banner in his hand, which he waved victoriously and joyfully."

By such lies have the priests of Unterwalden been maintaining the impious practice of saint worship and image worship, among a simple people, in aid of the Harlot Church of the Apocalypse, and of the pretended Vicar of Christ; the end of whose tyranny is thus predicted by St. Paul: *Then shall that wicked (one) be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming: even him whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power, and signs, and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth that they might be saved. And for their cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie.*[1] This strong delusion still reigns among these lovely mountains; evangelic preaching is prohibited, and miraculous medals of the Queen of Heaven, or prayer to Bruder Klaus, have superseded trust in the Redeemer.

[1] Rev. xvii. 5, 6, 9, 15, 18. 2 Thess. ii. 8—11.

For a few minutes we halted before the church of Saxeln, and entered to see the trophies of Bruder. The eight columns, each of one piece of marble from the quarries of the Melchthal, are not the chief treasure of the church. For there lie Bruder's bones beneath the high altar, and there is his holy cell. Pictures and offerings without number celebrate his achievements in favor of his suppliants. Believe the storied walls, and you might expect to bear a charmed life, which neither fire nor flood, neither frost nor precipice, nor epidemic malady, nor hostile rage could harm, if you only supplicate his favor. But we did not see all. Costly robes, it is said, covering the skeleton, leave bare only the bony hands and skull; "into the holes where eyes were wont to inhabit, there have crept, as t'were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems;" and at stated times the skinless idol, with its stone eyes, comes forth to "grin horrible a ghastly smile" upon the enthusiastic pilgrims for the benefit of the cool, calculating priests.[1] How soon will Catholics learn that *there is one God and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus?*[2]

We reached before sunset the brink of the lake of the four cantons, at Alpnach. As several boats had already put off for Lucerne with parties who were in advance of us, one boatman alone was left: but the place of three others was supplied by three women, (the youngest being only fifteen,) who with vigorous arms drove our light boat over the three leagues of

[1] Murray's Hand Book. Ebel. Manuel du Voyageur. Biographie Universelle. [2] 1 Tim. ii. 5.

water which separated us from that town. Through my ignorance of German I could ask them no questions, and give them no instruction. The ignorance of the language of a country blocks up many of the avenues to knowledge, and diminishes greatly the pleasure and advantage to be derived from travel. These poor boatwomen were to cross the lake again that evening; and could not reach their home, though their heads had no covering except their braided hair, till eleven that evening. But they were healthy and cheerful; and their lot seemed to me incomparably happier than that of the pale sempstress and the ever-slaving dress-maker, condemned to work at her needle day and night on the same chair till her eyes grow blind, her brain reels, her limbs swell, her sleep becomes troubled as that of the murderer, and often an early grave closes over her unpitied sufferings. It is very mournful to reflect how many in our country die in the dismal struggle to live, overtasked and worn out by incessant care; and how many more ruin their health, their intellect, and their character, by an idle and luxurious misuse of the means of enjoyment.

Our row over the lake gave us all the pleasure which the still waters and glowing sky, with its host of flame-colored clouds, floating over Mont Pilate, and reflected by the reddened rocks of the Righi, could bestow; and we landed in comfort, just when the obscurity of night made the streaming light from the windows of the Schweitzer Hof, reflected on the still waters, look gay and hospitable.

Saturday, the day being fine, I left my party at

Lucerne, as they were not prepared for a toilsome excursion, and, in company with three gentlemen, took a boat to Weggis, which is the best point from which to ascend the Righi. The rippling lake made sweet music with the bow of our boat; and the wood-crowned rocks, projecting into the water on each shore of the bay of Küssnacht, smiled on us as we passed. In an hour and a half we reached the village, embowered in wood, at the foot of the Righi. For a certain distance the ascent lies through orchards of the pear, apple, and walnut, scattered over grassy hills and vales at the base of the mountain. Through the branches sometimes small portions of the lake were seen, lying brightly in the deep basin of the mountains; sometimes over the woods its long reaches were gleaming; while the sun showed clearly each ridge, peak, and ravine in the opposite heights. At each stage of the ascent, more distant and loftier mountains rose over the nearer chains; till the whole Oberland group, the Wetterhorn, Eiger, and Monch, the more distant Jungfrau, the Schreckhorn and Finster Aarhorn, with countless other peaks of rocks and snow, bristled along the south horizon; and above the heads of the Unterwalden Alps, we looked into the great snow-field of the Oberland, glittering in the sunshine. But that great Alpine citadel is too distant to be well seen from Righi: there are nearer and loftier points from which its magnificent glaciers may be better appreciated. All who would form a just idea of it should inspect its northern declivities from the Faulhorn; and should look along its southern ex-

tent from the Aeggishorn. I suspect too, from their position, that some points of the Sidelhorn and the Nägeli's Grätli, which are both near the Grimsel, must afford splendid views of its eastern glaciers lying between the Wetterhorn and the Finster Aarhorn, with the central Schreckhorn rising out of the frozen sea.

The air was fresh and exhilarating, and the view became wider and more glorious as we ascended: but clouds were gathering from the north-west when we sat down to dinner at the Righi Culm. While thus engaged I rose occasionally to enjoy from the window the scene which I was so soon to quit, perhaps for ever. Suddenly, to the eastward of the inn, I saw what seemed an extraordinary smoke; and I rushed from the house to examine the phenomenon. A low cloud had been borne by the wind from the north-east against the north flank of the Righi, and ascending rapidly to its summit had just curled above our heads, where it hung for three minutes, as a well-defined arch spanning a portion of the Alpine chain. Within the black frame of that cloudy arch, as if seen from the mouth of a cavern, the Oberland and other Alps, reflecting the western sun, formed a picture more beautiful and more strange than pen or pencil could depict. Then the curtain fell; at once hiding out the Alps, lake, and every nearer object, blackening the earth and heaven, and leaving us in a gloom so deep, that when we descended the ridge of the mountain we could not see the path at our feet beyond a few paces. Behind, before, above us, we could distinguish nothing; and on either side, along the narrow

chine, we looked down into a boundless depth of rapidly careering cloud.

There was heavy rain, with squalls of wind from the north, when we reached the margin of the lake, where we found a German doctor and a peasant waiting an opportunity to depart. As the steamer would not arrive for nearly two hours, and we should have to toss about in the middle of the lake in darkness on the stormy water waiting its arrival, we resolved to embark in a little boat, and keeping close to the shore, make directly for Lucerne. The doctor and peasant begged permission to accompany us; and we placed ourselves under the awning of the boat, while the wind blew, and the rain was raging. "It blows hard," said the German; "keep near the shore." "Ja, ja," responded the rowers. The boat went merrily under the lee, till we came near the bay of Küssnacht, where the shore was flat and distant. "Now we shall catch the wind," said I to my German companion, "if we have it at all." As we rounded the promontory, a squall burst on the awning, and made the flat-bottomed boat reel. "Ah, ah!" said the German, steadying himself with his stick, as the gunnel came too near the edge of the water; "Oh, oh! keep close to the shore." "Ja, ja," responded the boatmen, as they strained their muscles to urge the boat through the fierce flood. At length the ring, which served as a rullock for the middle oar, burst, and we were left to strive against the wind and water with two oars, when three had scarcely made any way against them. All our party looked

serious, for we had plentifully "larded the lean earth" under the fierce sun as we ascended the mountain; and still more as we rapidly descended in a heavy rain, and were now wet and cold. But the peasant and the doctor were doleful. Scarcely was the ring repaired, and the third oar replaced, when the boatman at the bow, straining to master the furious gusts, tumbled on the slippery boards, and the boat reeled with his fall. "Oh, oh, oh!" again ejaculated the doctor, "Eh, eh, eh!" while the peasant now began to talk loud and fast. "What does he say?" I asked.

"He is lamenting that he came on board, and wishing heartily that he had kept on land; he has even more fear than I have myself."

"Well, but if we are Christians, God is our Father, and he watches over us. How good it is to believe in Christ, to love God, and thus to know we are the children of God, and that he takes care of us!"

"Oh, yes; when we are doing what we are obliged by duty to do, then we may trust; but when we are only travelling to amuse ourselves—"

"You are right, that it is always well to be doing our duty, or we cannot expect the divine protection; but when we are travelling to improve our minds, to increase our knowledge, and to admire God in his works, I think we are in the way of duty. Still I own that God allows his children to meet danger and premature death, and therefore we ought to be always ready, that we may know our death will only lead us to a happy eternity."

We were now crossing the Küssnacht arm of the

lake, along which the wind blew strongly: our awning was heavy with the wet, our flat-bottomed boat rolled from side to side, our rowers were evidently tired, we were wet and cold, and the rain was beating in; so we agreed to land at the nearest village. Tell himself, when he spurned the boat of Guessler, as he leaped on the rocky promontory of Lake Uri, was, I suppose, scarcely more elated than the descendant of the heroes of Grütli, who had graced our boat, was, when he got ashore. The doctor, too, had scarcely touched dry land, when his spirits revived: and as he was the only one of us who could parley with the people of the village inn, we begged him to hire for us a carriage, and then ourselves sought the fire of the kitchen. Here we knew not how to speak a word to the dingy nymphs of the Plutean region; but three things were apparent: there was a blazing fire, there was a deep, broad copper pan, and there was a large bowl of milk on the table. By signs we soon accomplished the alliance of these three; and when the milk began to simmer on the fire, we ladled out the warm fluid, which, after such a chill following profuse perspiration, was very acceptable. We were now in good spirits, and had well paid our landlady, perhaps, indeed, too much, when we heard the doctor's voice grow loud in angry debate: and shortly after this preliminary thunder, he appeared, declaring, "It was infamous; they wished to take advantage of us: first, they could give us no carriage, because they wanted to keep us there for the night; then they had charged seven francs for it; and now the charge was

become seven Swiss francs. If you agree with me, gentlemen, we will punish them by walking." The debate had roused his mettle; the hot milk had restored ours; and though the starless night was black, and the rain was merciless, yet, without a guide, without knowing one step of our way, we bustled after him as he dashed from the doorway of the offending host, in the direction of Lucerne. We were happily much nearer than we thought, and the road proved to be direct and plain; so cheerily we strode away through storm and darkness, and soon entered the illuminated hall of the Schweitzer Hof in triumph.

On Sunday, at half-past eight, I visited the cathedral, which was nearly full, while crowds were still arriving. I could not stay to the conclusion; but never did I attend a more stupid service, as far as I could judge. First, I heard some discordant rattling of the priests, intended to be a chaunt, in the obscurity behind the great altar: then came forward a priest before the altar, and after having curtsied, took out a gilded box, which he held up; whereupon a servant boy tingled the ritual bell, and all the vast crowd bowed down their heads, as Hindoos would do at the presence of Juggernaut. This done, the priest withdrew his box, the attendant extinguished the candles on the altar, and for a moment all was silent. Then followed a bell from a distant altar in the east end of the cathedral, at which again all the crowd bowed down; and boys were seen rushing off with the candles from this second altar to the vestry. After this dumb show, forth stood a coarse, soulless-

looking old priest, with a fleshy, hanging under lip, which seemed as if it had quarrelled with its fellow, never more to meet, who rose into the pulpit; and there, without prayer, without once looking at the people, continued to read for a quarter of an hour, from a quarto black book, and from separate bits of paper, while the great bell of the cathedral drowned his voice with its roar.

At eleven o'clock we went to the chapel appropriated for the use of the English, the only place of Protestant worship, if I was rightly informed, which is allowed in the town. I preached from the words of Paul to the gaoler at Philippi, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," Acts xvi. 31; and rejoiced to set before a few of my countrymen the blessedness of owning our guilt without reserve, and of accepting in simple faith the free and great salvation promised by the Father, merited by Christ, and applied by the Holy Spirit. In the evening, a young clergyman read a sermon on the raising of the widow's son. After service, I told him how much I regretted that there was no hint, even incidentally, of the way in which a sinner may be saved; while those who are travelling for pleasure on the continent, may so urgently require such information. He said in excuse that it was one of a course which he had preached to his congregation at home.

Monday morning, I was introduced by Mr. de Grouchy, the English minister of Lucerne, to Colonel Salis, commander of the Sonderbund troops, a soldierly-looking man, with the scar of a sabre-cut across the

forehead, about six feet two inches in height, and proportionably strong. He was suddenly called away by business, and I saw him no more. At twelve we crossed the lake to Weggis; but as the clouds obscured the sky, and it began to rain, we embarked in the steamer for Brunnen, admiring, notwithstanding the rain, the endless diversity of view, as each of its bays and mountains successively came into sight. The Golden Eagle, at Brunnen, is a comfortable house, and the people very civil. From a picturesque high bank behind the town we looked north-west to Schwyz, at the base of the bare, bold, lofty peaks of the Mythen; and turning to the south, looked down the lake of Uri, to the Grütli, on its western shore, where the basis of the Swiss confederation was laid; and on the east, to the rock on which Tell leapt from the boat of Guessler, the day that he doomed that tyrant to destruction.

Let us recal the simple facts. When Albert of Austria sent his baillis, or lieutenant-governors, Guessler and Landenberg, to govern the country in his name, Landenberg, in his castle near Sarnen, and Guessler, at Küssnacht, behaved with such reckless violence, that the mountain peasants could scarcely endure it. Arnold de Melchthal, of Unterwalden, when Landenberg sent his servant to take from him the oxen with which he was ploughing, and the servant, as he seized them, declared that the peasants might drag the plough themselves, struck the arrogant menial so violently as to break two of his fingers, and then fled across the mountains to Attinghausen, in Uri. Here lived his

friend Walter Fürst, a brave man too, who was wearied with Austrian despotism. Hither also came, from Seinen in Schwyz, by the way of Brunnen, and across the lake of Uri, Werner Stauffacher, who could no longer bear to see his country ruined by the lawless cruelty of Austrian governors. At Attinghausen, therefore, these three men resolved to liberate their country, or die. To discuss their subject in safety, they sought a wild and solitary meadow, on the west bank of the lake of Uri. There they often met, having behind them the precipices of the Seelisberg, in front the lake, and around them the shrubby trees which concealed their hiding-place; and here, on the night of Nov. 17, 1307, the moon being their only witness, they planned the liberation of their country. Each brought with him ten trusty men, before whom Stauffacher, Arnold, and Fürst solemnly swore to live and die for the maintenance of their country's rights, and were followed by the thirty. Before, however, they could execute their design, an important event occurred. Herman Guessler, having placed a hat upon a pole in Uri, ordered all to bow before it as they passed, in token of their respect for the authority of Austria. William Tell, one of the men of Grütli, refused. His punishment was a command to shoot at an apple on the head of his son. At the time appointed he cleft the apple with his arrow; but when Guessler asked him why he had brought a second arrow, he said, "If the first had missed the apple, the second should not have missed your heart." For this boldness he was loaded with chains, and placed in a

boat which was to convey him as prisoner to the castle of Küssnacht. Dreading that the people would rescue him, Guessler put off from the shore, though the wind blew hard: but encountered such a hurricane, that amidst precipices where there was no landing, the crew despaired of saving the boat. Tell, being an expert boatman, was, in their extremity, summoned to the helm. This incident saved his life; for steering close to a projecting rock at the foot of the abrupt and naked Axemberg, he made a spring as the boat passed: the prisoner was safe; the tyrant was still at the mercy of the waves. But whither should he flee? When Arnold had escaped, Landenberg had revenged himself by putting out his father's eyes; what then would not Guessler do to the wife and children of a man who had so braved and baffled him? He would not leave them to his fury; he would deliver his country and them. With this resolution, he passed rapidly along the rocky shore of Lake Uri, left the Righi soon behind him, and before the governor, long beaten by the tempest, could reach the path which conducted from the landing-place to his castle of Küssnacht, the bold peasant, concealed in a hollow way, was waiting for him with his arrow at the bowstring. As soon as the governor came to the fatal spot, the arrow reached its mark, and he instantly expired. Then came the first of January. On that day, when Landenberg was leaving his castle at Sarnen to attend mass, twenty men of Unterwalden met him, bringing chickens, goats, and lambs as presents. Cheerfully he bade them enter with their

burdens. All had arms concealed: and at the concerted signal of a blast from their horn, thirty others from a neighbouring wood rushed in, and Landenberg, taken in his own castle, was made to swear that he would quit the country for ever. At the same time, the castle of Rossberg, in Upper Unterwalden, was surprised; the castle of Schwanau, on the Lake of Lowerz, was demolished by Stauffacher; and Walter Fürst, with the aid of William Tell, took by force the fortress of Guessler, in Uri. Fires of joy were lighted through all the regions of the Alps: and the liberty which that day took root there, has grown amidst these rocks and glaciers to this hour.

After dinner we heard the bell of the village chapel, and hastened to the vespers. The service was worthy of Catholicism. Though the priest was ill, this presented no impediment, as another functionary officiated in his room. About ten little girls, headed by three old women, were arranged close to the door of the chapel; and within the iron railing round the altar, at the other extremity of the building, was a man in a fustian jacket, with his boys. The north side was occupied by the man, who was aided by three boys, of whom one was without his coat; and two other boys knelt on the south side. The two parties within and without the railing kept up such a rattling recitative as could scarcely be matched. First the fustian man and his boys gabbled fast and loud, then the girls gabbled as loud and fast in return; on which up rose the boy in his shirt sleeves, and aided the dis-

cord by tolling the chapel bell; and at this signal a boy on the south side of the altar started from his knees to pull another bell; while the fustian man and all the boys and girls precipitated their rival roaring, till the bells, the boys and girls, the old women, and the man of fustian, made up such a thundering melodrame, as became the land of storms and cataracts, of avalanches and earth-slips. The performance being ended, out rushed the man of fustian, with all the children, pell-mell, without a moment's interval, like school-boys rushing out to play; and I saw him take his place among the boatmen on the little wooden pier, like a sheep which, when released from the shearer, walks to its companions, and shakes itself with a sort of cold and uncomfortable satisfaction that the annoyance is over.

Before quitting Brunnen, I had some conversation with our waiter, a fine tall fellow, intelligent and active, a warm partisan of the Sonderbund, and captain of a company of volunteers. He insisted on the right of the petty cantons to entrust the education of their children to the Jesuits, and to resist the principle of representation in the Diet according to numbers: and added, that should the greater cantons venture to attack them in their mountains, they were ready to receive them; not only men, but even women also, being resolved to defend their rights at the hazard of their lives. At the close of our discussion I continned thus:

"Well, if it is right to love and defend your

country, is it not a higher duty, and still more important, to love and serve God?"

"O yes, Sir."

"God has sent his Son to save us from hell, should we not then trust in Christ, and love him as our Saviour?"

"Certainly; we believe that also."

"Yes; but if we believe it as a doctrine that he died for us, should we not take care actually to trust in him and love him ourselves?"

"It is what we also try to do."

"Will you then accept this German Testament; and if you wish to please God, and serve him, read his word daily, with prayer."

He thanked me, and accepted the Testament with every indication of a disposition to profit by it.

On Tuesday morning we returned by the lake to Weggis, whence we ascended the Righi. Again, on the ascent, I enjoyed the most beautiful peeps of the lake deep set in the mountains, and gleaming over the rich expanse of walnut and Spanish chesnut groves, which descended from our path to its margin. Nearly half way up, we halted at the chapel of the Holy Cross. At such a spot, probably, Wordsworth, seized with poetic fervor, thus moralized:

"Doomed as we are, our native dust
To wet with many a bitter shower,
It ill befits us to disdain
The altar, to deride the fane,
Where patient sufferers bend, in trust
To win a happier hour.

> "I love where spreads the village lawn,
> Upon some knee-worn cell to gaze:
> Hail to the firm unmoving cross
> Aloft, where pines their branches toss!
> And to the chapel far withdrawn
> That lurks by lonely ways!"

Here were many proofs that sufferers, whether patient or impatient, had bent, in trust to win a happier hour. On one peg hung a wooden leg, "ex voto, 1823;" near it was an arm, a hand, a little leg: on another part of the wall were suspended silver legs and arms, and by their side others of wax; all of them being interspersed with execrable pictures. On seeing these, the poet might exclaim,

> "Hail to the chapel, far withdrawn,
> That lurks by lonely ways:"

but for my part, I think such romantic sympathy, with superstition, treason to Christ, to truth, and to men's souls. These images, this saint-worship, this trust in the Queen of Heaven, is ruining them. Christ is the only hope of sinners, and to keep up their craft, priests are turning them away from him, to trust in images and pictures, in relics and legends, in miraculous apparitions and miraculous medals, in creatures on earth and creatures in heaven, in the church, in the priest. Lying wonders are invented to confirm the delusion; and sentimental sonnets throw a silvery veil over it. If you have a grain of true charity, instead of "hailing the cell or the chapel," loaded with the insignia of priestcraft, preach Christ

to a perishing world, fill the earth with Bibles, multiply evangelical schools, send devoted missionaries every where, enlighten the debased, remove social abuses, destroy oppression, reform the churches, and promote civil and religious liberty. That is the charity of earnest men; bind that to your heart.

"What are all these," said I to our guide, as I looked at the votive arms and legs upon the walls?"

"Miracles," he answered.

"Miracles?—wrought by whom?"

"By the wood of the holy cross in that box."

"How do they know that it is the wood of the cross?"

"Our holy father sent it from Rome: and it has cured many persons, who present these offerings."

"Do many persons come here to worship?"

"Once or twice in the year. On the 14th of September last very many came."

"What does the priest then do with the wood?"

"He exhibits it, and blesses the people with it."

"Do the people really believe that it can do them good?"

"Certainly."

"How much better is it to trust to Christ himself than to the wood! I cannot trust to the wood, or to any thing like it; but I trust in Christ himself for my salvation. He died for us, that we might not perish; and we ought to trust in him, and in nothing else."

"Sir, you are right. The people,—that is the plebs,—believe in these miracles; but, as you say,

we should trust in Christ himself, and not in his cross." [1]

Instead of being offended with me for my frankness, this man was more attentive on the ascent; and before he parted with us on the summit, came into

[1] The following anecdote, in the Times of December 10, shows how the people of Lucerne have been taught by some of their priests:

"I have already informed you, in a former letter, that the priests in Lucerne had been actively engaged in denouncing from the pulpit the Federal cause, and assuring their ignorant and misguided hearers they had nothing to fear, as the Holy Virgin had declared that she would defend the city and paralyse the exertions of its besiegers. This is strictly true; and the announcement was accepted to the letter by the people, to a much larger extent than you would believe possible in an enlightened age like the present. Yet the priests themselves, who were foremost in deceiving the people, were the first to acknowledge their mistake themselves when the time of proof arrived. The worthy *curé* of the little village of Eliken, midway between Roth and Lucerne, on the Sunday previous to the siege, told his congregation not to be alarmed, even if they should see the enemy advancing to their village, for that on their arriving there, Heaven would pour down its wrath upon them and destroy them. Singular to relate, however, when three days afterwards the Federal troops were actually on their march through Eliken, to take possession of Lucerne, the worthy *curé* came out to meet them, bearing, not denunciations of divine vengeance, but a propitiatory oblation in the shape of fifty bottles of champagne, which was cheerfully accepted. I heard of one man who, in the fervor of his credulity, declared, in the presence of the gentleman who informed me, that he so fully believed in the announcement of the Virgin's promised interposition, that if she should fail of her promise he would never believe in any thing again."

the salon of the inn, where I was sitting, on purpose to bid me farewell, and cordially shaking my hand, said, "Adieu, Monsieur." I was grieved that I had no copy of the word of God with me for distribution. Travellers should never be without Testaments to give away to rich and poor.

The mists continued deep and dull till night. But as our companions in the inn's only sitting-room were a good-natured German, an Austrian who spoke French and English, an Irish gentleman who had travelled in the East, and two intelligent young men from the United States, who were all in good humour, and ready to converse, our evening passed pleasantly. I found, in the course of conversation, that the young Americans were not unacquainted with the truths of religion: and took occasion, when they alone remained in our corner of the room, to give them some friendly counsel. As they were separated from their Christian friends, and witnessing general ungodliness in every place, I urged them to take especial care not to lose their religious habits and tastes. For this purpose they should secure time every day for secret meditation on the word of God with prayer, and under all circumstances, conscientiously consecrate the whole Sabbath to God. They received my advice most amiably: and when we met in the morning, both they and our Irish friend listened seriously while I read, according to our custom, a chapter in the New Testament to the members of my family, and made a few remarks upon it. We were roused early: indeed, my anxiety to witness a sun-rise on

that wide chaos of Alps, made me question the sky from my open window several times before dawn. It was still clouded; but all the nearer country was before us; and the Alps were beginning to uncover themselves. Our experience, therefore, exactly reversed that of the party mentioned in the following lines:

"Seven weary up-hill leagues we sped,
The setting sun to see;
Sullen and grim he went to bed,
Sullen and grim went we.

"Nine sleepless hours of night we passed,
The rising sun to see;
Sullen and grim he rose again,
Sullen and grim rose we."

There is so much fun in these stanzas, that I think the author was in a good temper when he wrote them: but as there were some others in the register both ill-tempered and inferior in talent, I was not unwilling to condemn the folly of irritation against the appointments of God; and ventured to write as follows:

Sullen and grim the day went down,
But light and gay were we;
For those who God in all things own,
From gloom are ever free.

And when the brightening morn arose,
'Twas a fair sight to see:
He who through gloomiest duty goes,
Will soon rewarded be.

We were indeed well rewarded for the trouble of our ascent. Between the dark summits of the Stan-

zerhorn and the Buochserhorn, which stand proudly in advance of the Alpine army, the loftier forms of the Oberland monarchs were visible; and to the right we could see our old friends the Blümlis Alp and the Doldenhorn. But this was only one point in the landscape; for south-west of us we looked over the wild mountain lines which overspread the whole canton of Unterwalden, range behind range, in sublime confusion; and then south-east, over the mountainous chaos of Uri, where peak rises after peak and ridge above ridge, in agglomerated masses, on which the snows never melted since the deluge. These would have been enough to absorb our attention; but the whole panorama claimed it. There to the west stands the solitary Pilatus, with its beautiful outline and bare projecting crags; and there to the north-west lies Küssnacht, where the arrow of Tell, true to his aim, ended the crimes of the tyrant Guessler. Eastward we may see in the horizon the huge mass of the Sentis, at the foot of which Zuingli, when a boy, developed his force of mind and body, when climbing the Alpine pastures with his father's flocks; and nearer, due east, above the sharp points of the two Mythen, the towering Glarnisch, near which that reformer first preached the gospel to the people of Glarus; while northwards we look down on Cappel, where the hand of a mountaineer took his life. Other deeds too, of earlier days, are here recalled: for there, to the south-east, rises the Rothstock, close to Attinghausen; and your eye can trace the course by which Arnold of Melchthal fled from Landenberg at

Sarnen to his friend Walter Fürst; and by which Stauffacher descended to the same point from the foot of the Mythen, along lake Uri, between those precipices of the Seelisberg and the Axenberg. Beneath, near the lake of Lowerz, is seen the town of Stauffacher, and on the little island in the lake the castle of Schwanau. A little farther you can look along the Muotta Thal, upon which, in 1799, Suwarrow and 24,000 Russians poured down from the clouds which clothed the Kinzig Culin; and hemmed in by French armies on every side, cut his way across the Pragel to Glarus; and lastly you look immediately upon the fearful course of the great earth-slip from Mont Rossberg, in 1806, which filled the "ripe green valley with destruction's splinters."

Some of my readers may not have met with the facts of this last mentioned catastrophe. After some monitory rents and groans, September 2, 1806, at five o'clock, a mass of mountain, 1000 feet in breadth, and 100 in depth, began to move from the summit. This ploughed up the surface as it went, and widening in its fall, extended to a breadth of three miles, carrying all before it. The falling mass acquired such velocity, that it accomplished a descent of four miles in a few minutes. An old man, standing at his door on the mountain side, was told by a youth, breathless with haste, that the mountain was beginning to slide. "There is time," he answered, "to light my pipe," and entered; but ere he could emerge from his house, he was buried beneath its ruins. A peasant with his child and her nurse were extricated from the ruins of

a house which was carried 1500 feet down the mountain. Of eight travellers who were about to ascend the Righi, four were a short distance in advance of the other four. These latter, who were still within the village of Goldau, were observed by their friends to adjust their telescope for the inspection of the strange movement on the Rossberg, which was four miles distant from them; when they were suddenly overtaken by a shower of stones, and in a few minutes were overwhelmed with the whole village. The villages of Bussingen and Rothen shared the same fate. The chapel of Olten was transported half a league from its original position, while the valley of Goldau was ploughed up and raised into ridges like the waves of the sea; and debris of rocks and mud have formed hills of several hundred feet in height. Lastly, an enormous torrent of mud filled up the north-west end of the lake of Lowerz, while detached rocks, traversing the valley with incredible velocity, ascended the Righi to the height of several hundred feet; mowing down the trees in their way as reeds. On the whole, 111 houses were swept away, and more than 450 human beings perished.[1]

Our descent afforded no particular incident, except that, having dismissed our horses at the summit, we took a chair (chaise a porteur) instead for the ladies. It requires some courage to descend these rocky staircases on horseback; and on one occasion I saw the horse of one of my party actually sit down on

[1] See account of Dr. Zay, of Arth, in Murray's Hand Book.

the steep declivity, and then slip himself right again; whereas in the chair the lady sits with her face to the ascent of the mountain, and her back downwards, quite at ease: and the bearers descend with dexterity and speed.

Soon after reaching Weggis we embarked for Fluellen, and found on deck Lord Minto and his family, who were on their way to Rome: whither, as the newspapers reported, he was sent to establish relations between the Papal Government and the Government of Great Britain. As the Pope is the sovereign of one important central state in Italy, exercising considerable influence on the rest, it would be difficult to explain why England should not have an ambassador at his court. It may be of use both to England and to Italy; and is no more contrary to religious principle than that we should have diplomatic relations with the Emperor of China, with the Nawab of Oude, or with the Turkish Sultan. But to have any friendly relations with him as head of the church of Rome, to negociate any concordat with him, to stipulate for a certain control over his clergy, in return for certain favors to them, as, for instance, a public salary, is what I hope the religious feeling of England will never permit any Government to attempt. Lake Uri deserves the fame which so many writers have bestowed upon it. The Grütli is such a solitude between the precipices and the lake as might enable a few patriots to breathe there freely, even while unbridled tyranny was still afflicting their country. Tell's chapel stands on such a projection as the bold

mountaineer would love to leap on just as his boat rode past it on the heaving wave. The mountains are steep and high, the water deep and pure, and here and there ravines profound and dark, especially those of the Seelisberg on the side of Unterwalden, promise unusual interest to the strong climber who may have the good fortune to explore them. As we returned the sun went down ere we had passed the picturesque spot where the Ober Nase which projects from the Righi, and the Unter Nase which advances towards it from the Bürgenburg, seem to touch each other; and we were not sorry again to land in front of the illuminated Schweitzer Hof.

Few views can be more beautiful than that from the terrace on the margin of the lake before the hotel, or from its windows. Mont Pilate, with its picturesque cliffs, is to the right; to the left is the Righi; and between these you see the expanse of the lake, and the varied mountains which surround it. Again, between the Stanzerhorn and the Buochserhorn, several ranges are seen, one rising behind the other; and looking up the lengthened lake, you may see steep cliffs projecting into it, in long succession, each with its own coloring as well as form; and the long vista terminating in the peaks which rise on the further side of Lake Uri. But while nature is so fair, there are circumstances at Lucerne which materially lessen a Christian's enjoyment of the scene. To the right of the hotel, across the Reuss, rises the capacious church of the Jesuits; to the left, still nearer, is the

cathedral; both are consecrated to a sour superstition; and along the promenade, between these churches, it is surprising to see how many priests present themselves to the public view. Old priests and young priests, Jesuits in their broad hats, looking like educated men, and friars of coarser stupidity. But one priest I especially viewed with dislike. He was a fine-looking man, followed by a servant in livery. Two sleek and rotund priests, whose obesity was radiant with smiles, and on whose cheeks the perspiration seemed to exude the gravy of the last jollification, lackeyed him one on each side; between whom he stalked in full-blown clerical pretension, the very beau ideal of ecclesiastical pomposity. Huge calves and delicate ankles, resplendent in lilac silk, supported his enormous trunk, with its array of ornaments: more corpulent than his well-fed clerical lackeys, he was likewise so tall, that they were obliged to simper upwards when they turned towards the sunshine of his prelatic condescension. He looked exactly what he was, the Nuncio of the Pope, Monseigneur Maciati, Archbishop of Colosse, &c. &c. &c. &c.; and to him, in concert with these restless and aspiring Jesuits, must be ascribed the intolerance of the canton. No man in that canton dares to express an opinion against the Church of Rome, on pain of fine and imprisonment; no man dares to give an evangelical tract to his neighbour; all discussion of religious truth is prohibited; to be a Protestant is to be stripped of all political rights, and even a Catholic must lose them if his wife

be a Protestant. Thanks to the Nuncio, the Jesuits, and the priests, this is the law of the whole confederation of the Sonderbund.[1]

[1] I have just read in the correspondence of the Times, dated Lucerne, Nov. 27, that at the popular meeting held to constitute a Provincial Government, the town having been taken by the Federal troops, it was carried that the Jesuits should be ordered to quit the canton within forty-eight hours. The Valais has also now decreed that religious liberty shall be the law of the canton: and Monseigneur Maciati, Archbishop of Colosse, Patron of the Sonderbund, Ally of the Jesuits, &c. &c. &c. &c., has retired.

CHAPTER VIII.

ZURICH AND THE GRISONS.

On Thursday we left Lucerne for Zurich, intending to sleep on Mont Albis, that we might, if the weather was fair, enjoy at sunset and sunrise the view of the long chain of Alps visible from that place. Our day was bright, and an excellent road led us along a pretty country, between the Reuss on the left, and the Righi on our right. As every where else, the orchards were loaded with fruit; and the only melancholy feature in our drive was the sight of some small redoubts, at which about a dozen men were working, near a bridge over the Reuss at Gislikon: symptoms of an approaching civil war.[1] This prospect was espe-

[1] Since this was written, an engagement between the Federal troops and the Lucernois took place at this spot, of which the following is the account in the Times of December 4th, from the correspondent of that journal:

"The first defences lay along a distance of a mile and a half from the bridge of Gisikon [Gislikon] to Gislikerbrugg, at the junction of the cantons of Zug and Argau. The road runs between the river Reuss and a line of hills of considerable altitude, skirted with woods. The main body of the invaders

cially displeasing to our young coachman from Berne: unmolested, he was on the high road to fortune; for,

were on the opposite side of the river. A detachment, however, had crossed, and occupied ground in the territory of Zug, in the rear of the hills, at the point of attack. Covered by their artillery from the opposite shore, the invaders successively charged and dislodged the Lucernois from their principal positions, which were inadequately supplied with guns, both as to number and calibre, until they fell upon the rear of the earthworks which had been thrown up at the bridge of Gisikon, [Gislikon] where the fate of the day may be said to have been decided. Indeed, there were but two principal positions before this spot, at both of which, judging from the present aspect of the ground, and from all accounts, the contest was one of great severity, the whole time of action, from point to point, having been five or six hours. It should be stated that, whilst pursuing the regular troops from point to point along the road, the invaders were severely handled by bodies of the Landsturm, who were armed only with musketry, but sometimes inspired terror by their ferocious cries as they rushed down the hills. A few rounds of grape shot eventually dispersed these irregular forces, who then fled to their homes.

"I have reason to believe that the troops generally behaved with great moderation, considering the exciting incidents of the day. Further than demanding food, they did not molest the houses of inhabitants along the road, nor destroy their property, except in two instances, where houses were burned to the ground. In the hills, I am informed, six other houses, defended by the Landsturm, were fired; and generally I may state, that both in the case of Lucerne and of Friburg, the soldiery destroyed no property except in those houses which had been abandoned by their owners; and in these cases, probably, were impelled by a double reason—first, disappointment at finding no refreshments, and, se-

as he said with glee, "Quand on a de bons chevaux et une bonne voiture on peut servir tout le monde.

condly, that the parties who had so fled were individuals who, by their previous conduct, had laid themselves open to acts of retaliation from those who by the fortune of war had now the upper hand. I trouble you with these details, which I trust you will not refuse to insert, as I am aware that the character of the Swiss people, and of the present army in particular, has been very much maligned by a portion of the European press, and I consider it of importance to all civilized nations that they should not labor under false impressions as to their neighbours, to say nothing of any more disinterested motives for doing justice to all.

"And certainly the poor Lucernois have had any thing but justice done them by their false rulers and protectors, who have now basely deserted them in the 'day of trouble,' and taken from them what little they had in their 'hour of need.' I think there can now be no question that the decamped authorities had no serious intention of standing a siege in Lucerne against the Federal troops, and that when they declared from the pulpits of all the churches (which they did day after day) that 'it was utterly impossible the city could be taken, as the holy Virgin had announced that she would defend it, as she had already twice defended it,' they were guilty of a mockery against religion, and of a bitter sarcasm upon the credulity of their hearers, inasmuch as they had already made up their minds to leave the city to the care of the Virgin, without even a secretary or a guard of honor, when the moment of danger should arrive. It is a notorious fact, that before the advanced guard of the Federal army had arrived within view of the city gates, these dishonest guardians of the people's temporal and spiritual interests had shipped themselves off in three steam-boats for Uri, taking with them all the little store of corn in the city, together with, not only the Federal chest, which they perhaps might

N'est-ce pas?"—"When one has good horses and a good carriage, one may serve all the world." But this war was menacing. First, he would himself certainly be called out to serve; and he had no desire to be shot, nor any kind of appetite for gunpowder. Then his horses might be seized for the public service, and become as lean as they were now well fleshed; and to take them from him would be like taking his life. He could not cease from their praise. "Are they not good horses?" he said, as I sat by his side on the box: then, after a moment's pause, "Is it not a good carriage?" which eventually led to his old conclusion, "with a good carriage and horses, one may serve all the world."

This truth being established, he proceeded to inquire whether I could not recommend him to some English families on their way to Italy: "he should so like to spend this winter in Italy, and I need not doubt that he would give satisfaction, for, "Quand on a," &c. So we jogged on to Baar, but at a pace so dismally slow, that I began to suspect it would be impossible to reach Mont Albis before sunset. "It is impossible," said our Bernese, when I asked him about it; "had you set off at nine instead of one, we could have managed; but we are too late." It is true we had allowed five hours to the journey; but there were

pretend to as being the treasure of an enemy, but the State chest of the canton also, containing the monies which had been intrusted to their keeping by the people of Lucerne. Where they are since gone is not known; some say to Piedmont."

twenty-five miles to accomplish, and we now found that at least seven would be requisite. Still the consideration that seven hours were required for twenty-five miles, did not in the least abate his admiration of his horses: and from time to time, till we reached Baar, he assured me that they were the best horses in Switzerland.

Along the north-west shores of the Lake of Zug, the views of Mont Pilate, the Righi, and the high mountains of Schwyz and Unterwalden are very beautiful. While dinner was getting ready at Baar, we walked into the church, which is served by no less than five priests, two of whom we saw walking in the village. These five blind leaders of the blind allow the people to hang up the usual degrading collection of votive yellow wax legs, &c.; and there were other affronts done to our blessed Lord, under their authority. There the Lord of glory is represented as in infancy by a black doll, in a dingy and dirty dress; his crucifixion is represented by a coarse image, with a peculiarly disgusting face; and a third time he is represented in heaven as a young man, near God Almighty, who is an old man, and both are crowning Mary as Queen of Heaven; while high above all, some Pope or Bishop looks down condescendingly and complacently on the blasphemous insult to God. It was quite evident, when we again moved from the inn, that we had lost the sunset on Mont Albis. I felt much disappointed; but it was our own fault: and a good dinner had so much elated our young driver, that it would have been a pity to communicate to

him my discontentment. Merrily, by the aid of oats and whip, his horses proceeded through the village, while, having used the thong for them, he reserved the butt end for me, and giving me a gentle punch in the side as a testimony of his friendship, he asked in triumph, "Ain't they good horses, eh? when I left home two months ago, they were quite lean; but they're fat now, eh?" and with that I received another punch. "I give to them almost all I get, to keep them fat; and the carriage is excellent—it was built in England, and bought fifteen years ago," (guinze anns, as he always pronounced the word;) "my father bought it then, and nothing has been ever done to it since." "Guinze anns?" said I, "why, that is a long time, if it has been working ever since." Happily, there were neither stones, nor ruts, nor steep descents in the road, or this piece of news, that the old carriage had been "guinze anns" without any repairs, might have terrified the ladies. "Guinze anns," he replied, "and it is as good as new this day. I take all the care that I can of the horses and carriage, for, "quand on a de bons chevaux et une bonne voiture on peut servir tout le monde, n'est-ce pas:" and with that I had another emphatic punch from the butt end. Hoping that we might still reach the beginning of the ascent of the Albis before sunset, I encouraged him by the assurance, that if his horses continued all the way their present pace, I should think them good horses. This animated his zeal: "That is an Irish horse," said he, pointing to the near horse, "and this is a German." Hereupon he

began to use his thong upon the hide of the German rather more than I liked. Still, however, completely occupied by the main chance, he continued, "They are the best horses in Switzerland. I never have to touch them with the whip—you see how they go. Can't you recommend me to some English family, as their coachman for the winter?"

Daylight was verging on twilight when we passed through Cappel, where Zuingle was wounded on the field of battle, and then run through by a common soldier, because he would not call upon the Virgin and saints. There was still a lingering light in the horizon, and some red clouds were still over head, when I came in sight of the distant Alps, and there was a faint glow on them still; but the rose-hues were fled. We had lost a glorious spectacle by setting out too late. To our driver the loss seemed very trivial: he would get oats for his horses at the Wirthshaus, on the top of the hill, at eight o'clock as well as at six; and to think of looking at rose-hues was, in his view, folly. However, he endeavoured to console me. "You see those mists?" they were resting dense and low upon the ponds and streams of the neighbourhood, "they will cover every thing to-morrow morning till eight o'clock, but at eight you will see all that there is to be seen:" "mais a huit heures vous verrez tout ce qu'il y a a voir:" not considering that this tardy complaisance on the part of the mists would, in reality, be the destruction of our hopes. That for which we were toiling to the Albis Wirthshaus, which stands at about 2,400 feet above the level of the sea, was to see

the sun-rise at six o'clock; and if the mist should obstinately envelope us until eight, we should lose the peculiar charm of the view. However, to the Bernese it was inconceivable that to look over a wide space at eight is not just as good as to look over it at six: and therefore from that time he good naturedly mingled the refreshment of his own mind with encouragement to me. Thinking of Italy, exemption from military service, English patronage, and French francs, he from time to time reminded me, with a new punch, "Quand on a de bons chevaux," &c.; and then, as though he would not enjoy a selfish happiness, but would make me share with him in the delights of hope, he would add, "A huit heures vous verrez tout ce qu'il y a a voir."

On Mont Albis there was a glorious sun-rise. From the Sentis, the loftiest mountain of Appenzell, to the Jura all was distinctly projected on the horizon at day-break, without a cloud. As the sun approached the horizon, the Sentis and the Glarnisch, to the east, with all the mountains between them, grew obscure beneath the splendor of the sky, and there was darkness on all the lower ranges of Alps. Before this the Jungfrau, Monch, and Eiger, the Wetterhorn, Shreckhorn, and Finster Aarhorn, with the eternal snows which lie in unknown depths between their stormy heights, lay pale and still like a corpse in its shroud: but as the sun came near the horizon all these began to glow like fire, bright, clear, and tranquil; the Rothstock, the Glarnisch, and other inferior heights being still pale, while the Righi and the Pilate,

rising to the left and right of the Oberland, made its glowing beauty more remarkable by their darkness. Then, when the sun rose, the whole snowy range, from the Glarnisch to the Faulhorn, grew bright; the rose-hues gave place in the Oberland to a glittering silver light; and the enormous glaciers and snow-wastes, between the Eiger and the Wetterhorn, and between the Wetterhorn and the Finster Aarhorn, now glittered in the cloudless sun. At the same time the light descended upon every inferior height; and rocks, castles, church spires, and lakes, reflected the gladdening beams. If the eternal piles of snow in the Oberland are not here so close as at the Righi, they look much loftier; because on the Righi the Unterwalden mountains are so near as to rival the Oberland: and if at Berne each separate horn rises more distinct from its rivals, and therefore more beautiful, still here you see more into the heart of these Alps, and look over the wild ice-fields which lie between them. Each view has its own peculiar charm; each is impressive beyond description. Here, as from the Righi, you may see, confused and heaped together, all the rude, bleak, icy mountains of Schwyz, Uri, and Unterwalden, meet nurses for those bold spirits who vindicated, in the fourteenth century, their rights against Austrian oppressors, and received the enthusiastic homage of a liberated people. Here, too, we can distinguish the Hoch Sentis, the loftiest summit of Appenzell, at the foot of which lies the Wildhaus, where Zuingle was born; we can see the Glarnisch, which hangs over Glarus, where he first preached

the gospel; to the north-east of those steep mitres, under which Schwyz catches the southern sun, lies Einsiedeln, where he began his struggle with Romish superstition; and here, at our feet, is Cappel, where he fell. Alas! mountain hardihood and the love of liberty are no guarantees against superstition and sin. There were fires of joy lighted on every Alp when Guessler fell beneath the unerring aim of Tell; and every Alp blazed forth the equal gladness of these mountaineers, when, two centuries later, a soldier of Unterwalden ran Zuingle through the body as a dog and as a heretic. To this day, likewise, do superstition and irreligion lessen the charm of these beautiful regions. Orchards are every where laden with fruit, grass is yielding its second crop of hay, grapes are luxuriant in the extreme; and embowered in their groves, the comfortable wood houses of the peasants look like the abodes of plenty, order, and peace. Except in the low valleys there is every where in Switzerland the aspect of comfort: but irreligion and superstition are setting Swiss against Swiss. Witness these stormy debates of the Diet; witness these new redoubts at Gislikon; witness Cappel itself, where the present pastor is a rationalist, who hates the gospel. He has lately expelled a colporteur from his parish; and my friend who informed me of these particulars added, that he has heard him blaspheme when the great doctrines of the gospel have been mentioned in his presence.

Although the view from the Signal is most exten-

sive, the Oberland Alps, which form the chief feature of the view, are seen to more advantage below, rising between the Righi and the Pilate. One such view is close to the inn, on the descent of the mountain towards Lucerne: I obtained another in a field about half a mile from the house, where, in looking at the glorious works of God, I enjoyed in solitude the seventeenth chapter of St. John; and felt strongly how much it is the Christian's calling, as it was Christ's, to manifest the name of God on earth, to glorify him, and to finish the work which he has given each of his creatures to perform.

The descent from Mont Albis, of two leagues and a half, presents a succession of beautiful views of the lake of Zurich, and of the mountains of Schwyz, St. Gall, and Appenzell, till you reach the comfortable and sometimes splendid country houses of the richer Zurichers, scattered along the west bank of the lake. My seat on the box enabled me, during this journey, to exhort our young coachman, as he was away from his father's house, and must see all sorts of persons, often too being obliged to travel on Sunday, to read his Bible, to keep out of vicious company, and constantly to seek the grace of God by prayer: and when we reached Zurich I gave him a Testament, which I begged him to carry with him on his journeys.

At Zurich I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. Meyers, the minister of the English congregation, in whose pulpit I enjoyed the privilege of preaching the gospel; and by whose kindness I

was introduced to several Christian friends. In our comfortable quarters in the hotel Baur we enjoyed our sabbath rest, and the pleasant duties of the day made it pass rapidly.

Before we could turn homewards we felt bound to visit the baths of Pfeffers, which were within a day's journey. Monday, therefore, the 26th, we embarked on the lake. The snowy range, including the Sentis, the Dodi, and the Glarnisch, which in cloudless weather forms so beautiful a back ground to the view across the lake from Zurich, were not visible; but stray sunbeams were not wanting to light up the gentle banks of the lake, which appeared to us rich and gay as we crossed from side to side, to touch at the principal villages which stud both shores. We touched at Horgen, whence the road leads to the Righi, through Zug and Arth; we touched at Richtenschwyl, whence pilgrims and travellers usually disembark for Einsiedeln; we looked with interest on the island of Aufnau, where Ulric Von Hutten died at the age of thirty-six; we measured with the eye the bridge of Rapperschwyl, said to be the longest in the world; and then we landed at Schmerikon, a village on the eastern extremity of the lake, where we were to take the diligence to Wesen. At Wesen we embarked on the lake of Wallenstadt; and looked on the opening of the valley of the Linth. That way lay the singularly beautiful little lake which lies deep set in the Klon Thal, between the precipices of the Glarnisch on the south, and those of the Weggis on the north. It is thus described

by Latrobe—"Deep in the recesses of this valley, the traveller comes upon the margin of a lake about two miles long, and perhaps two thirds in breadth, embedded deep at the foot of the Glarnisch, whose vast gray precipices descend at this point almost perpendicularly to the water. Upon the unruffled and polished surface of this lake, I witnessed the magical effect produced by reflection to a degree far beyond my power of description. Every rock, every shrub, crevice, rill, and speck of snow, from the base of the mountain to the sparkling icy pinnacles which were glowing in the morning sun at the height of several thousand feet from its surface, were reproduced in the tranquil and sunless mirror, so bright, so vivid, and so clear, that on first coming in view of this scene, the eye was for a moment bewildered, and scarcely able to separate the real colors and forms from those that were imaginary."[1]

But thick vapors now hid the valley from our sight. Clouds also hung low upon the cliffs of the lake: and we passed under the Sieben Kurfürsten without catching a glimpse of their sharp peaks. Thence we reached Sargans, which stands on a bank between the Rhine and the Seez. This bank is about 200 paces in breadth, and about 20 feet above the water of the Rhine; and is the only barrier which hinders that river deserting the lake of Constance, and seeking the walls of Basle by the way of Wallenstadt and Zurich. There are

[1] Alpenstock, p. 348.

the following reasons for thinking that this event may one day or other occur:

"The Landquart, a turbulent and capricious mountain-river, flowing through the Pratigan in the Grisons, and whose junction with the Rhine occurs about six miles above the town of Sargans, has for a number of years been the means of causing the bed of the Rhine below its junction to change its level in an astonishing degree, by the immense quantities of gravel, earth, and sand which it yearly dislodges, and brings down into the main stream. As the fall of the Rhine at the point of junction is considerable, and the bed narrow, this alluvial matter is carried down by the force of the current to the open country before Sargans, where the fall, and consequent velocity of the stream, is inconsiderable, and the surrounding land flat and marshy. Here, precisely opposite the valley of the Seez, which bends to the north-west, and which is only separated from the valley of the Rhine by a narrow ridge of earthy deposit, the greatest alteration in the bed of the river is observed to have taken place from the accumulation of this rubbish, and the consequent rise of the level of the stream. The geologist, M. de Buch, has measured the relative heights of the bed of the Rhine in floods, and that of the slope of the adjacent valley at this point, and finds only twenty-four feet difference. He therefore surmises that whenever the river shall, either by the gradual rise of its bed, or in an unusual flood, gain this height, or effect the smallest aperture, the greatest

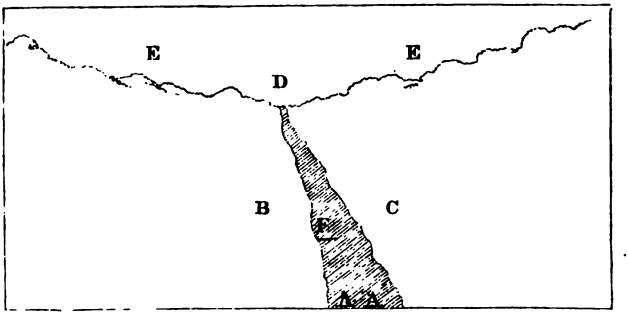
part of its waters must precipitate themselves into this new channel, never to return to their ancient bed. For the fall through the valley of Seez into the lake of Wallenstadt is so much greater than that in the present valley of the Rhine, that the new channel must naturally become the ordinary one." [1]

Night closed over us before we drove up to the inn at Ragaz.

At ten next morning, after our usual family prayer, we set out beneath a brilliant sun to see the baths, which are situated about two miles and a half up the ravine of the Tamina. The entrance of the ravine is singularly beautiful. At your feet is the foaming stream working its obstructed way amongst worn rocks, in its channel northwards towards the Rhine. On its right is a huge precipice, crowned far up over-head with a fringe of beech trees. From its left margin springs a steep, woody mountain, in deep shade, for several hundred feet; when, escaping from the shadow of the opposite cliff, its beech-woods are seen to dance and shine in the breeze and sun. Up the ravine, southwards, these steep banks seem to close over the stream; and northwards, its whole entrance is blocked up by the bare and lofty crags of the Falknis Alp; while one narrow slip of bright blue sky roofs in the romantic enclosure. Higher up the walls of the ravine are less lofty: but above them, at different bends of the stream, you see pine-forests climbing

[1] Alpenstock, p. 342.

where the beech could not follow them; and here and there, where the icy winds forbid even the pines to maintain a stinted growth, the brown bare pastures of the Kalanda to the south-east, and of the Graue Horner to the north-west, look down on the deep vale. The road up this ravine is cut out of the left bank of the torrent, close to its margin, and follows its windings round each projecting buttress of the mountains, which, from the opposite sides, push it from its course. We entered the dismal building which contains the baths, and passing through an obscure hall, and along yet more gloomy passages, came out upon a bridge of planks which crosses the torrent, and found ourselves at the entrance of a cavern from which it was issuing. It was born far away in the Sardona Glacier, at the head of the Kalfenser Thal; thence it flowed gaily on through verdant pastures and thick woods, protected by limestone rocks, till working a deep fissure in the valley, at length it plunged into this subterranean cavern. Here it has worked its own way, wearing down the cliffs, against which it frets in its narrrow channel. Both its walls incline to the east, but at different angles. The east cliff stoops a little eastward, but the west inclines so much more, that crossing the torrent, it rests its brow upon the brow of the other, in the form of the following figure, which is a vertical section of the cavern, through which the torrent has forced its way.



A A. The Torrent.
B. The East Cliff.
C. The West Cliff.
D. The Junction of the Cliffs.
E E. The surface of the Ground.
F. The Shelf of Planks.

About one hundred feet above your head the cliffs unite, but so imperfectly, that light streams through the fissures. Along the east cliff a shelf of planks is raised some distance above the torrent, and is secured by iron rods fixed in the rock. This is carried for several hundred yards into the cavern, where a partial light from the point of junction of the two cliffs is thrown upon the irregular curves into which the rocks have been worn by the water; and on the torrent itself, which you can just discern struggling beneath you in its den. The mysterious singularity of the place is increased by the steam of hot-springs issuing from a rent in the east cliff, to which the path leads. Altogether the high apex of this triangular prison, the bare rocks leaving just room enough for the

struggling torrent which roars at their base, and the path suspended over it, all indistinctly lighted by the stray sun-beams which creep through holes and crevices at the point of junction, are vastly impressive. We seemed to be groping about in the mouth of some great Leviathan struggling up from the abyss, whose teeth grinned horribly above our heads, and whose deep throat was growling far down beneath our feet. As I looked on that huge west cliff hanging over us, which, loaded by its own weight, and by its burden of rock and forest, seems to rest entirely on the strength of its eastern fellow, while the torrent at their base is ceaselessly undermining both, making the cavern to resound with its roar, the sight seemed to me to afford an image of the events now passing in Switzerland. There the national churches of Geneva, Vaud, Berne, and Zurich, corrupt, and incapable of supporting themselves, rest for their existence on the States which they encumber and burden, while Christian zeal, with growing force struggling to separate them, makes the cantons reverberate the roar of the strife. But just as that torrent, emerging from the cavern, brightens and bounds with joy along its way, where the parted heights let in the sunshine upon its waves, so when the Christian zeal of the cantons shall have effected the separation of the Church from the State, it will go forth to effect a joyous revival of religion throughout Switzerland, contention and controversy being changed into a song of praise.

The truth of the French proverb, "L'appetit vient en mangeant," was questioned by the Gascon, who de-

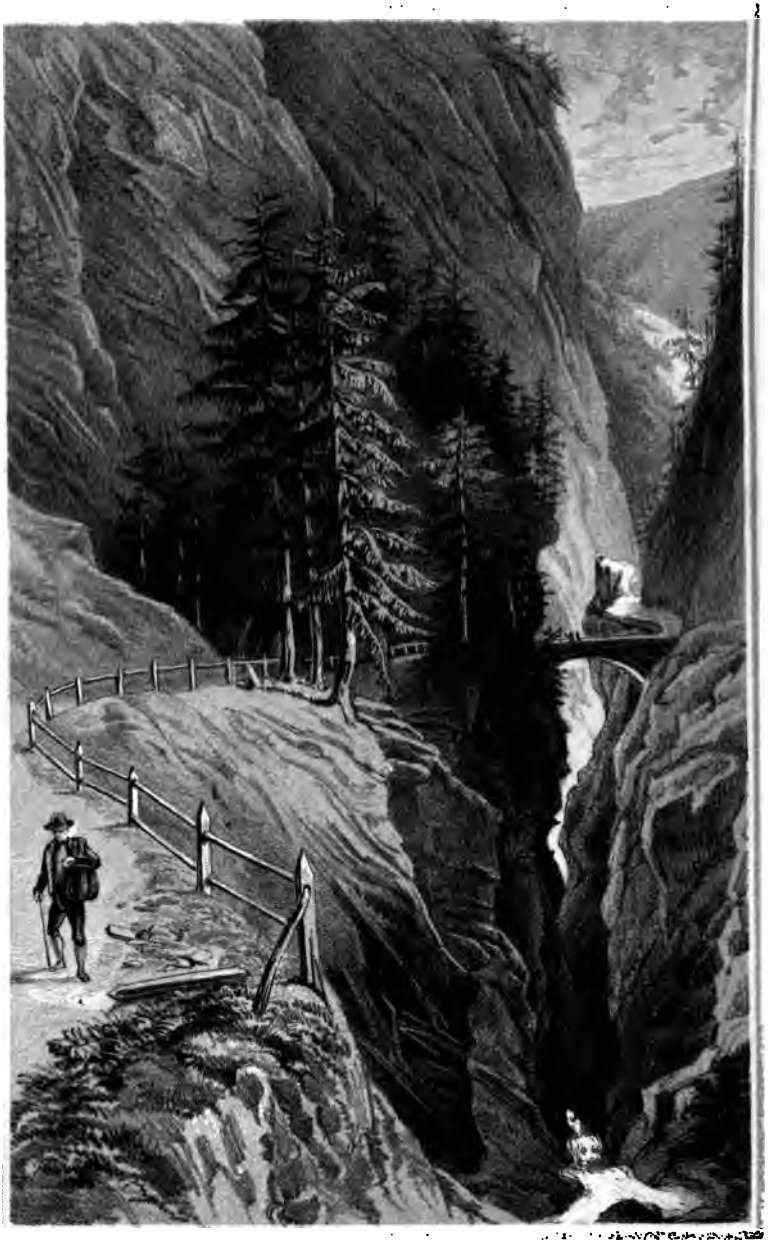
clared to his friend that he was himself a proof of the contrary, since he had been eating three hours, and the appetite was not come yet. But in our case it was certainly fulfilled; for when we heard, on our return to the inn, that an English party had that morning set off for the Via Mala, intending to return the following day, and that it was still practicable that we should visit it, and return by the following evening, we thought it would be unpardonable to be so near, and not to see one of the most sublime scenes which the Alps afford. In a quarter of an hour we were therefore on our road towards Thusis, the last village on this side of that romantic pass. Nothing remarkable occurred on our journey; and early in the evening we were safely deposited by our voiturier in the inn which we were seeking.

Mr. Murray, in his Hand-Book, announces that the inn is very dirty. But Thusis was last year burned down, and the fire has done wonders. Fleas and less nimble vermin were disturbed in their ancient dominion, as the electors of rotten boroughs by the Reform Bill. No Irish landlord has more completely eradicated his cottier tenants than the fire has extirpated these sworn foes of the English traveller; and in the new inn we slept in peace. It may excite reflection to see a village rise, as Thusis has done, from its ashes. There is an admirable reparative force in nature. If the surface of a mountain rolls over a smiling valley, so that all traces of cultivation are lost beneath chaotic hills of rock and mud, or if a torrent of lava flows over luxuriant vineyards, in-

stantly nature begins to re-clothe these wastes with verdure. If an ant-hill is disturbed, or the comb of a swarm of bees is broken, the busy insects at once begin to repair the ruin. If a village is buried by an avalanche, or is reduced to ashes by the flames, as Sallenche or as Thusis, (not to speak of Moscow or Hamburgh,) immediately a thousand hands are employed to recreate them; and so should Christians manifest inexhaustible energy in the cause of Christ. Never wearied or disheartened by any adverse circumstances, they should still labor to repair every loss, still extort good from evil, and resolve to turn defeat into triumph by their patient perseverance. This spirit has seldom been more needed by the Church of Christ than now.

Early in the morning, Wednesday, September 29, we ascended the ravine. At its entrance, which is about a mile from the inn, on the right bank of the river, stands the old castle of Realt. It is built on the edge of a precipice 400 feet in height, on a promontory which terminates the chain of the Oberhalbstein mountains, which lie between the Albula river and the Rhine. Inaccessible on three sides, it was connected with the mountains behind it by a neck of land; and here its proud lords for ages looked down on the discontent of their vassals with as little concern as on the foam and fury of the swollen river; exulted in their impregnable position, and bade defiance to every foe: while perhaps it was not without superstitious horror that they looked from the castle windows into the unexplored depths of the

Trou Perdu, that mysterious region, untrodden by the foot of shepherd, hunter, or brigand, where no sound was heard but the howl of the wind or the rattle of the thunder. As we ascended, the cliffs grew higher, and the river murmured far down in its rocky bed, gleaming from time to time between the stems of pine-woods. After some distance, the road emerged into an opening in the defile, where the sun was shining on a solitary public house by the side of the road, and where the meadows looked bright and gay. But soon the ravine closed again, and again the road was excavated from the rock or earth of the steep bank on the left or west side of the ravine. This became at length so precipitous as to arrest the engineer in his bold work; for he found himself on the narrow and artificial ledge of a precipice several hundred feet above the river, without the possibility of descending, climbing, or advancing. Nothing remained but to cross the chasm by throwing an arch over it. Thus he passed to the right bank of the ravine, where still the construction of the road was far from easy, since it nearly overhangs the river, and is overhung by loftier precipices itself. On that bank we advanced to a spot, where a second time the engineer was baffled by the precipice. He was now working a narrow ledge on the face of a perpendicular wall of rock, rising at least 1,400 feet above the torrent, and here actually curving over his head. Again he must span the ravine to reach the left bank; and though the cliffs cleft by the torrent rise at this place 400 feet above its bed, they were so slightly parted,



that a single arch, about 30 feet in length, could unite them. To form the scaffolding by which the workmen might execute this work, pines were firmly lashed together with ropes, and swung across the gulf; and on this frail bridge, rocked possibly by the gusts of the tempest, with the black abyss beneath them, they constructed that arch, which still stands a monument of human skill and courage. This point is the most magnificent of the whole ascent: all around, above, beneath, is dark, wild, and savage. The river is far down in the depth below; the brows of encircling precipices are far up in the skies overhead. To that river no foot has ever descended; to those shaggy brows no hunter has ever climbed. Further up the ravine, you may see the rocky walls close over the torrent, which there rolls and rages in darkness, like the Tamina at Pfeffers. But who has searched these caverns? I felt insatiate of the scene, and while admitting the truth of the Horatian maxim, "Nil admirari sapientis est," felt no disposition to freeze up my wonder and delight into stoicism. But to drive through this via optima, which should no longer be called the Via Mala, is not to see it. He who would know it aright, ought to traverse it in storm as well as in sunshine. He ought to see the black vapors boiling up from its depths; he ought to listen when its crags answer the artillery of the thunder-cloud; he ought to shudder on the margin of its precipices, and explore its darkest depths; he ought to muse among its blasted pines, or lie down on one of its slopes, when the summer sun in the meri-

dian extorts from its rugged features a reluctant smile. He ought to stand there all alone, till the wild music of its torrent and its forests might fall upon his listening ear, and till its sublime solitude might enter his very soul. How much is there still to learn about it? How looks the strange avenue from below, when the mid-day sun for one quarter of an hour throws its flame upon the restless waters? Is there no rent in these cliffs, by which a natural staircase leads to the very margin of the river? Are there no means by which you can enter these long and lofty caverns, compared with which the vault of Pfeffers is a toy? A bold and prudent traveller, who, with good guides, should explore these torture-chambers, where the imprisoned and tormented river writhes, and curls, and groans in subterranean darkness, might weave a stirring narrative, worthy to be placed side by side with the story of an ascent to Mont Blanc, or of a walk over the ice-plains of the Oberland. At present no living thing goes down to that darkness, except, perhaps, some colony of bats, who live nestled in the hollows of the precipice. Nor are these quite safe: for in 1834, after heavy rains, the postmaster of Thusis visited the middle bridge, when the torrent, which is usually seen 400 feet beneath the centre of the bridge, had swollen in its rage, and, breaking over its prison walls, was furiously foaming within a few feet of the arch—a magnificent spectacle to the postmaster, but awkward to the bats. Some day, perchance, if the memory of that flood forbid it not, a scaffolding of planks, like that at Pfeffers, carried

along the cliffs, will throw open, even to the timid, the whole extent of that wondeful avenue, along which the tormented river now howls and groans. What traveller would not willingly pay his fee to secure such a walk? About two miles more of gradual ascent brought us to a third bridge over the river, close to Zillis, where the pass opens on the tamer scenery of the valley of Schams. Here we descended to the level of the pure stream, whose waters do not at that point, like other Alpine streams, betray its glacial origin by being turbid. The Hinter Rhein rises in the Rheinwald Glacier, at the foot of the Piz val Rhein, or Vogelberg, a mountain marked in Keller's large map, as 10,280 feet in height. Here it is fed by many streamlets, in a region of savage grandeur, and then, passing in its course the lofty village of Splugem, enters the valley of Schams; and then, being recruited by the waters of the Aversa torrent, which descends from the Val Ferrera, it begins its descent into the Via Mala, at the bridge a little below Zillis. Hitherto it has flowed joyously on in sunshine; but at this point the lofty Piz Beverin, and the mountains of the Ober Halbstein, stand like resolute brigands in the way of the light-hearted traveller, determined to bar all farther progress. But it would go on. Gallantly it struggled with these hostile masses: it has worn them down; it has cleft them asunder, and worked its channel deeper and deeper into the solid cliff. Here it has wrought a chasm which, though it seems bottomless, is yet so narrow, that an active hunter might leap across it: there it

has excavated for itself a subterranean passage, whence it is still struggling to escape. Look there; beneath that middle bridge it is imprisoned on every side by precipices of 1500 feet. Can it ever emerge? Follow it, and see. A little farther down the glen it has rolled into a channel less obscure, where the sunshine is again on its waters; and there you may see the foam of its agony subsiding into clear green depths, where for a moment it seems to rest, that it may gather strength for the conflict, and then again bounds on to accomplish its destiny. Again it is buried beneath the closing rocks, which seem to forbid all passage; but after a few more struggles, you may see it once more flashing far down, as you look between the stems of the gigantic pines which cling to the rocks near the issue of the glen, and advancing rapidly to its final triumphs. How many a noble spirit, in like manner, has in youth struggled with unimaginable difficulties, in friendless obscurity; but, resolute in duty, and gathering courage from every conflict, has fought his way to distinction, and eventually blessed mankind with his calm wisdom and extensive beneficence!

A vast space in the valley of the Rhine, called here the valley of Domleschg, is a waste, covered with rubbish brought down from the mountains by the furious Nolla, a torrent of the Piz Beverin, and by other swollen torrents which precipitate themselves into the Rhine. But there are other ruins too. On many a frowning precipice stand mouldering remains of castles once belonging to the tyrants of

the valley. Instead of maintaining these abodes of lawless power, the canton of the Grisons is now studded with peaceful cottages. There are, indeed, many separate jurisdictions; and the Diet of the canton, which meets at Coire, may be an unlettered senate; but, even in its most imperfect forms, liberty has inestimable value. Superstition has not yet relinquished its hold upon the people; and there are still, it is said, quarrels between different places in the canton; but no peasant, like Jean Chalder of the Schamser Thal, now fears that a neighbouring tyrant will spit in the soup of which his family are making their dinner:[1] no plunderers now rob the cultivators of the soil of the fruits of their industry; and though they are not rich, they would doubtless reject every bribe which would lure them back to bondage.

On our road from Thusis to Coire we passed, in the village of Katzis, a building which our coachman called a Heiligen Haus; and as the chapel door was

[1] "A peasant of the Schamser Thal, named Jean Chalder, exasperated at the sight of two horses which the chatelain of Fardun had turned out to graze in his field of green corn, gave vent to his anger by killing the animals. He suffered punishment for this act by being long detained prisoner in a dark dungeon. One day after his release, the chatelain of Fardun, in passing his cottage, entered as the family were at dinner; and when invited to partake of their humble meal, evinced his contempt by spitting in the dish. Chalder, roused by this filthy insult, seized the oppressor by the throat; and thrusting his head into the smoking dish, compelled him to partake of it, saying, 'Eat the soup thou hast thus seasoned.'"—Murray, p. 240.

open, we entered. Behind a grating which separated the west gallery from the body of the building some nuns were intoning their lugubrious latin. Their faces, partially visible through the skreen, were directed towards the east end of the building, where several figures were placed to sublime their devotions. First, on each side of the altar stood two gilded images, most perfectly expressing stolidity and utter vacancy of mind: then, in a niche on the south wall, stood the figure of the Romish Queen of Heaven, represented as so athletic, that, instead of holding her baby to her bosom, she extends her arm horizontally with the palm of the hand, also horizontal, and then, on a dirty pocket handkerchief, spread over her hand like a table-cloth, holds up both her baby and all the dirty finery with which he is loaded. Apparently the Romish Queen does not always indulge in such expense, for near the centre of the chapel is another figure, in which she is represented by such a doll as might frighten a grenadier, holding in her left arm her baby, who is perfectly naked, except that a huge red ribbon is fastened round its neck, about twice as long and twice as broad as his whole body. But the most glorious object before which these nuns chanted their latin is the image of a military saint, who holds in his hand a grim visage, such as pictures represent the head of Goliath in the hand of young David. But this Grison knight has made a great mistake; for instead of severing the head of his enemy he has somehow decapitated himself, and yet, though he stands thus headless, his trunk is surmounted by a

triple crimson plume, which would have moved the envy of Richard Cœur de Lion, or any other feathered crusader, by its brilliant loftiness. What seemed however to be a plume of crimson ostrich feathers, proves, on inspection, to be a fountain of blood, so rich and strong that the jets of Versailles or St. Peter's at Rome could scarcely be finer. The strength of the blood-jet can only be accounted for by the zeal of the saint; who, at the moment of cutting off his own head, was boiling like the Geysers of Iceland, so that the blood sprang up with proportionable force; and thus, by the genius of the artist, it boils, and will boil so long as Grison nuns are to be edified by Catholic methods in that convent. What the priests could mean by pourtraying that goose of a saint I know not, unless they intended to intimate to their disciples, that whoever becomes a Romish devotee must begin by parting with his understanding.

At Reichenau the Hinter Rhine, which we had traced from the Via Mala, is joined by the Vorder Rhine, which hastens from the Glaciers of St. Gothard to meet it; and thence the united stream flows on a noble river towards Germany and France. There, in 1793, a young man, who came to the place on foot, with his bundle on his back, brought a letter of recommendation to Mr. Jost, the master of the school, which was then kept in the Chateau. Being consequently engaged as an assistant, he gave lessons for eight months in French, mathematics, and history. This young man has since then become the master of

the Tuileries, and one of the first sovereigns in Europe.[1]

At Coire, the seat of the Grison government, a poor town, with 5000 inhabitants, we found on the table of our inn an Italian Swiss newspaper, entitled, "Il Republicano," published for the Canton of Tessin at Lugano; a journal which doubtless the Austrian Government likes as well as a man likes the cry of fire in his neighbour's house. The free press of Lugano is an object of great jealousy to Prince Metternich, and if the Italian patriots use it for political objects, Protestants ought not to forget that it may be used for the promotion of the gospel. This place affords a singular proof of the jealousy with which the Roman Catholics regard the Protestants. The upper town is separated from the lower by walls and by double gates; within which 500 Roman Catholics have gathered round their bishop and his ecclesiastical seminary, in lofty separation from the 4500 Protestants who occupy the rest of the town.

We arrived at Ragaz after dark, our voiturier having justified the accuracy of the waiter, who, when asked the distance of Thusis from Coire, answered, it required four hours for a pedestrian and three for a carriage. If, when you hire a Swiss carriage with a "good coachman" and "excellent horses," you reckon upon doing one fourth more than you could do on foot in a given time, you will probably not feel irritated by your subsequent experience.

[1] Murray, p. 236.

At the foot of the great staircase of the inn our waiter met us with looks of recognition so benign, as to recall the old conclusion of a tourist,

> "He who hath travell'd this world's road,
> Where friendship is so hard to win,
> Will grieve to think he ever found
> The warmest welcome at an inn."

But close at his side stood the English valet, courier, or chargé d'affaires, of two English gentlemen whom we had previouly met. As a mist boiling up the valley of Lanterbrunnen, to put out the sun when the traveller is ascending the Wengern Alp, so stood the fierce valet, there to quench the sunshine of the waiter's face. His ominous presence was no doubtful sign of a thunder-storm; for ere we had climbed a single stair, he thundered out, "These people are the most polite in the world. I ordered the same rooms for Lord .... which we occupied the day before yesterday, and because another family arrived half an hour before us, they have given them his rooms, and he is obliged to be on the third floor: pretty people these!" Of all this, which was pronounced in English, the waiter did not understand a syllable; but as he could expound the look and tone of the chargé d'affaires, his face seemed to reply, "I understand a fury in the words, though not the words," and as the Righi, late smiling in sunshine, grows at once blacker than the mists which cover it, instantly the waiter grew darker than his accuser,

"And such a frown
Each cast at other, as when two black clouds,
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian; then stand front to front,
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frowned the mighty combatants."

But, as I said, the waiter, whose sense of injury was the most keen, and who might lose both reputation and francs by this attack, was now the blacker of the two, and, looking unutterable things, he put his face close to the face of his antagonist, and volleyed forth, "Nous parlerons apres ——!" adding one of those words of vulgar contempt and passion which respectable dictionaries do not insert. Next morning I met the chargé d'affaires, still boiling: not only was Lord .... forced into the third story, but, the house being very full, he had been obliged, as he said, to play the waiter and chambermaid too; running up for ever to the odious neighbourhood of the garrets, with as little rest as a felon on the tread-mill. What wonder is it that the muscles and temper of the man of business both failed under the infliction.

Thursday morning we returned to Zurich across the two lakes, exactly retracing our steps, except that at Wesen we left the road, and descended to Schmerikon by the broad and rapid current of the Linth, along the channel which Escher cut for it in 1822. Both lakes were bright and gay, while the villages and picturesque cottages, surrounded with green meadows and scattered fruit-trees on the north shore of

Lake Wallenstadt, at the height of 1500 feet above the lake, from which they are severed by impracticable precipices of naked rock, formed a very singular landscape; the gentle slopes, luxuriant with vineyards, and crowned with woods, at whose feet the Lake of Zurich was rippling in the sunshine, were scarcely less pleasing. Although I sought generally the mountain summits in vain, yet sometimes the naked rocks, or patches of sun-bright snow, seen through the rents in the rolling clouds, more than repaid us for the loss of the whole outline. Cloud-scenery has much variety and life. Once I saw the sharp peaks of the Sieben Kurfürsten (seven electors) enthroned above the clouds which rested on the precipes to the north-east of Lake Wallenstadt; then I caught a glimpse of the Mürtschenstock, which towers over its southern shore, with cliffs almost inaccessible, to the height of 7270 feet. Generally the black clouds wrapped this latter mountain in so thick a smoke, that a thousand tempests seemed there gathered to shroud it for ever from the sight of men; but when our boat had rounded its base, and from the north-west I looked upon it, when the sun, now approaching the west, shone on the cloudy masses, they opened; and, hanging round it in folds of sun-bright glory, disclosed the giant peak enshrined in light. A good man might take courage from the emblem. If a Christian climbs high in knowledge or in piety, he may expect the thunder-cloud to gather round his head; he must look for obloquy and hate; but wait a little, and you see him emerging brightly from the

tempest; and persecution turns into a diadem of glory. So Wickliffe, Whitfield, Wilberforce, and even the Son of God himself became glorious by the malicious opposition which at first shrouded and obscured them.

At Richtensweil, Lord .... and his friend Mr. .... landed to pass by Schwyz to Brunnen, whence they intended to cross St. Gothard, and descend upon the Lago Maggiore. Like ourselves they were taking a summer's ramble; and having several times fallen in with them on our route, we had been on more than one occasion much indebted to them for their courtesy. Lord .... is young and amiable: may the fear and love of God preserve him from all the evils of fashionable life. Rank and fortune are perilous gifts; and it is easier to walk on the slippery edge of the crevasse of a glacier than to live in the world of fashion without a fatal fall. How many I have seen ruined by it. One especially I remember, who was of my standing at Cambridge. His countenance, when he first came up, was innocently gay; the rose of health was on his cheek, and his eye sparkled with intelligence and joy. But instead of seeking happiness in God, he chose the pleasures of sin. Rapidly did his young face undergo a strange transformation. You might almost see the lines of care forming day by day on its emaciated surface. Henceforth his fixed expression was that of deep dejection: but from time to time it seemed to change into a scornful sneer of those more innocent than himself. It was evident to the observer that he had eaten of the tree of knowledge and was a boy no

more: a precocious evil in his aspect, a combination of passion, pride, and despair showed that some fire from hell had turned his heart into a volcano.

There was another, too, who was my play-fellow at Westminster, and nearly of the same age. He was then a cheerful, good-natured boy: but he had a large fortune, and wealth is in the eyes of many a substitute for character, knowledge, and sense. He grew wild and profligate: but because he kept hounds, was the best rider in his neighbourhood, possessed the best horses, and kept a good table, he found plenty of persons to flatter him in his vileness; and was courted still. Then he married an amiable wife, whose heart he broke; outran his large fortune, exhausted the patience of his creditors, and was imprisoned in the Queen's Bench: there he drank yet harder; and one evening, while I was presiding over a small temperance meeting, news came that he had just died in prison of delirium tremens.

Lord Byron took the same road to misery, and has thus described it:

"We wither from our youth, we gasp away—
Sick—sick—unfound the boon—unslaked the thirst;
Though to the last, in verge of our decay,
Some phantom lures, such as we sought at first,
But all too late,—so are we doubly curs'd.
Love, fame, ambition, avarice,—'tis the same,
Each idle, and all ill, and none the worst;
For all are meteors with a different name,
And death the sable smoke where vanishes the flame."

Yes, the noble poet has well painted one who, like

himself, abusing the gifts of God, chooses to be vicious; and, refusing to seek for the mercy of God through Jesus Christ, defies his curse. Let the groan of his desolation and despair sound in the ear of those who have youth, rank, and fortune to use or to abuse; and let them learn from the blight upon his character, and the gloom upon his soul, to seek their happiness in the favor of God, rather than in the insane contempt of his authority.

CHAPTER IX.

ZURICH AND BASLE.

At the table d'hôte, after our return to Zurich, I sat next to a gentleman who was not unwilling to converse. Our talk, in its various windings, came at length to the small power of observation with which some men travel; when I mentioned some curious instances which had fallen under my own observation. My museum of curiosities, however, contained no richer specimen than the following. On the deck of the steamer, which was ascending the lake to Schmerikon a few days previously, my table d'hôte friend was accosted by an English traveller, who, after some preliminary trivialities, such as awkward men use when they wish to approach a momentous subject, at length abruptly discharged upon his companion the perplexity which burdened his soul, by asking, without further preface, "Pray, Sir, is this the Lake of Zurich?" At Zurich he had entered the boat; and he had traversed half the length of the lake, touching at the various villages on both its shores, but he was apparently uncertain whether he was not on Loch Lomond, Der-

went Water, or Killarney. The boat was just then approaching Horgen, the place of disembarkation for the Righi; and the passengers intending to take that road were bustling with their luggage to the gangway. Meanwhile the traveller continued quietly in his place, obviously intending to accompany the boat to Schmerikon, or to the end of the trip, wherever it might be. My friend's curiosity being excited by his unusual amount of information, after having assured him that he was on the Lake of Zurich, wished to know in return whither he was going. "To the Righi," he replied. "To the Righi? Then you have not a moment to lose; we are just at the place where they disembark for it." The traveller, being thus roused to instant action, had scarcely time to thank his companion for saving him from going forty miles out of his way; but was just able to utter, as he looked upon the village of Horgen, with its gently sloping meadows and orchards, "Oh, is this the Righi?" and then disappeared. When his friends gather round the Christmas fire to hear his summer exploits, with what admiration they will learn

> "How far the dunce that has been sent to roam
> Excels the dunce that has been kept at home."

But sometimes this want of geographical observation is compensated by a vigorous regard to culinary matters. On board a certain steam-boat, a traveller, while we were dining at the table d'hote, paced the deck with apparent indifference to the entertainment; but nothing was farther from his thoughts, his saga-

cious eye was marking some dishes which experience or an intuitive knowledge of good cooking led him to regard as promising. His choice being made, he waited patiently till the bustle of twenty voices vociferating garçon, and five or six waiters, with the rapidity of lightning, flying from point to point, had subsided into the loquacious contentment which marks that a large company have dispatched a good dinner. And now his turn was come. The day being fine, and the scenery beautiful, every one was on deck, and the Englishman was almost as solitary in the cabin as Virgil's bird upon the sea-shore, which

"Sola in siccâ secum spatiatur arenâ."

But the Englishman did not mean to waste his time by strutting like the bird: the air had made his appetite keen, a purple rotundity of visage marked that he was not indifferent to good cheer, and he was there for nothing else than to feed. There was remarkable deliberation and order in the proceedings; which were thus opened:

"Waiter, garçon, bring me some dinner: comprenez?"

"Very well, Sir."

"Cutlets, pommes de terre au maitre d'hotel, and sliced carrots."

In a short time the cloth was laid, and the napkin was on his knee, three dishes smoked under his nose, and his plate before him invited him to action. But before the waiter could retire, he exclaimed, "Bring three plates." The waiter stared. "Trois assiettes,

I say." The waiter was confounded: what could he mean? Upon which the Englishman, seeing that neither his English nor his French was understood, rushed to the steward's room, seized three plates, returned to his table, followed by the waiter, whose imagination was completely baffled by this rapid movement, and, placing the three plates upon the three dishes, exclaimed, "Comme ç'a; voila."

There was still another preliminary to be settled.

"What wine, Sir," said the waiter, putting the list into his hands. His eye glanced over it with contempt. The most costly Burgundy, Champagne mousseux, the Johannisberg, and the Hockheim solicited his palate in vain, and he replied, "Have you got a bottle of porter?"

"What, Sir?"

"Have—you—got—a—bottle—of—porter, I say? Comprenez?"

Alas! the waiter did not comprehend one word that he said; but happily, it being a time of profound repose in the vessel, a second waiter was at hand, to whom the question was repeated.

"No, Sir, no."

"Then why have you put it in the list?"

"We have ale, Sir."

"I asked for porter."

"We have none, Sir."

"Why do you deceive people by putting it in the carte? Bring a bottle of ale, then. Comprenez?"

After this the Englishman, lifting up the cover of each dish for a moment, took from it some of its

smoking contents, and then closed it again as carefully as a miser would re-lock his hoard. Just then the waiter re-appeared with the bottle; and was in the act of inserting the corkscrew, when the Englishman, starting up, exclaimed with energetic indignation, "If you draw it, I will not pay you one farthing. Comprenez?" If his words were unintelligible the waiter could understand the deepening claret of his cheek, and the keen sparkle of his eye, and was arrested in a moment; when the other, snatching the bottle, and, placing it still corked by his side, muttered something about "spoiling the thing altogether." But now his energy and decision had triumphed; and I left him in his spacious cabin, with plenty of time before him, with his hot dishes within reach, and his ale ready to foam at his command, beginning to replenish the interior void with a profound contentment, which the fine scenery through which we were rapidly gliding could not for a moment disturb.

The manufactures of Zurich prosper. Its silk and cotton goods are largely exported to Germany and Italy: it has a very extensive manufactory of machinery; and not only the city, but the shores of the lake have the aspect of wealth and prosperity. As most of its silk goods are manufactured by hand-looms in the houses of the operatives, and the cotton-mills are driven by water, its clear sky and white houses strongly contrast with the steaming mills and smoking atmosphere of Manchester and Leeds. But its moral atmosphere is far less bright. The cotton and woollen districts are in some respects the glory

of England. Their Sunday-schools of 500 or 600 children, their armies of Sunday-school teachers, their sale of Bibles by myriads, through the efforts of the laboring classes themselves, their extraordinary provision of churches and chapels, affording sittings, according to Mr. Baines' calculation, for 45 per cent. of the whole population, are moral phenomena which may afford us the highest hopes of the future progress of the manufacturing part of our population: but poor Zurich has fallen far since the days when, with its pastor, Ulric Zuingli, it took the lead in the Reformation of Switzerland. I could hear of scarcely one evangelical pastor within the city; and there is said to be very little spiritual religion throughout the canton.

Friday, September 2, before leaving home, we visited the public library, where professor Horner was kind enough to meet us. We saw there some silver cups, presented to the city by several of the English exiles in the reign of Queen Mary. We examined an original portrait of Zuingli, by a painter who has not done justice to his head or countenance; as the picture does not express what, doubtless, his living countenance did, the masculine sense, the resolution and gentleness to his enemies, by which he was distinguished. A Greek Bible is also preserved, in which he wrote the names of his children, and which is believed to be that which he used in the pulpit; there being at that time no German translation extant. The respect of Zuingli for the Bible was not less than that of Luther and Calvin. As Luther gave

that German translation to his country, which is still in use, and Calvin has left to us one of the best commentaries ever written, so Zuingli made it the basis of his whole ministry. His evangelical doctrine, like that of Calvin at Geneva, is now much discredited; still there is a cold orthodoxy in the church, which repels the Hegellian doctrines of Germany. A proof of this was afforded recently. Zurich had undergone a revolution analogous to those of the other Protestant cantons in the year 1830. Before that epoch the government of the canton was aristocratic and civic. Although the canton contains 250,000 inhabitants, two-thirds of the members of the Great Council were returned by the city, which contains only 16,000 inhabitants, This inequality led to a revolution in favor of the peasantry, and a democratic party succeeded the conservatives in office. The new Government, led apparently by motives similar to those which placed Zeller at Berne, invited the infidel Strauss to the chair of theology. The conservatives seized the occasion; and, in 1839, pastor Hirzel, at the head of a multitude of peasants who were incensed against the Government for this appointment, displaced them. But this counter movement being chiefly prompted by political feeling, and conducted by those who had little piety, was superficial and short-lived; so that, in 1843, the radical party came again into power, and under their leader, Monsr. Fuhrer, a man of ability, continue to administer the Government. The Establishment continues in an unwholesome dependence on the State. The pastors

being salaried by the Government, may therefore be removed at pleasure. The Church is governed by a Consistory, nominated by the Government, and in dependence upon them. At each vacancy of a pastor, the Consistory nominates three candidates, of whom the electors of the canton choose one. Every male adult of the commune has a voice in the nomination of the pastor, as he has a vote for their representative in the Great Council. Thus the Government, the Consistory, and the electors of the commune, all which may be irreligious bodies, nominate the pastors, which are therefore likely to be also irreligious. The people bear the Christian name, but with no profession of faith, no knowledge of the gospel, they are as much distinguished from the Church of Christ, as the heathen multitudes were from the Apostolic churches: and to commit to them the choice of a pastor, is as if Paul had desired a promiscuous assembly of citizens at Corinth or at Rome to choose pastors for the churches in those cities. The Governments in Switzerland being in the hands of irreligious men, and the people being generally irreligious, ought not to choose pastors for the Christians. Christians, then, ought to separate from both. Ministers, by renouncing the State salaries, should render themselves independent both of Government and of the populace; and Christian congregations should sustain them. Till then no great or lasting improvement can be expected in Switzerland. Christians may pray for the outpouring of the Spirit upon their churches, but the Scripture has said, "*If I regard iniquity in my*

heart, the Lord will not hear me." "*Whatsoever we ask we receive of him, because we keep his commandments.*"[1] If it be the will of God that Christians should separate from the world, then, so long as they allow the world to be intermingled with the Church, and to govern it, they can expect no blessing on their prayers. When we are doing our duty, we may expect a blessing through prayer, not when we are wilfully sinning. The separation, therefore, of these churches from the State and from the populace, seems to me a plain and palpable duty, to be accomplished directly, and at all costs.

Since the vote of the Great Council, by a majority of 151 to 29 votes, to enforce the decision of the Diet for the dissolution of the Sonderbund, the Government has issued a proclamation to the clergy, by which they were prohibited from preaching on any political subject. Now the vote of the Great Council may have been wise, and the ministers may, perhaps, have been disposed to preach very bad politics, from which it would have been better to abstain; but what right had the Government to interfere with their pulpits? Why, when the censorship of the press is abolished in all free countries, ought there to be worse than a censorship of the pulpit? Of course ministers may be punished for sedition as any other citizens, and magistrates may take cognizance of seditious sermons as of seditious speeches; but Government has no more right to dictate to ministers what they are not to preach, than to dictate to the members

[1] Psalm lxvi. 18. 1 John iii. 22.

of the Great Council what they are not to speak. Ministers are bound to preach whatever they believe to be required by the word of God, and ought, therefore, to be absolutely free. If Government may forbid to preach on politics, it may forbid them to preach on popular vices, on disputed doctrines, or on the fundamentals of the gospel. The ministers of Christ ought to refuse submission to such dictation; and rather lose their salaries and their position in the Establishment, than allow themselves to be so enslaved. Such was the temper of their predecessor, Zuingli, who, when the Great Council forbad the ministers to preach against the monks, and the Burgomaster enjoined on both the Papal and reforming parties to preach nothing which might destroy the public concord, answered, "I cannot accept that injunction; I must preach the gospel fully, and without any condition. If the monks preach lies, I will contradict them." [1]

But the ministers in Switzerland are not only enslaved by the Government, but apparently by the population also. A church of Christ ought to have the power of separating from an unfaithful pastor; but when an ungodly multitude of political electors, without any of the qualifications which should determine membership in a Christian church, can, at its pleasure, remove a minister from the church of that place, he is placed under servitude to the populace. I was told in Grindelwald, that if the people complain to the Government against a pastor, the Government

[1] Merle. Histoire de la Reformation, vol. ii. p. 494.

must remove him. I can more easily believe this to be true from the history of Mr. Hess, at Zurich. When this gentleman preached at St. Peter's Church, it was crowded to excess, but his faithful preaching provoked enmity; and when, upon the death of an ungodly person, he spoke of the misery of dying without the knowledge of Christ, the friends of the deceased complained to the Government; by whom he was displaced, and has now, for twenty-one years, been suspended in the exercise of his ministry. Without fortune, and deprived of all professional income, he dwells contentedly in a little chamber of a poor house, a garret, to which you ascend by what is more like a garden-ladder than an ordinary staircase. To this excellent man I was introduced by the pious English minister, Mr. Meyer; and on entering his lowly lodging, "I am glad," I said, "to hear that God has supported you in the trials which you have been called to bear."

"O yes; you remember Christ's words, '*There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting.*' They have been abundantly fulfilled to me."

"And cannot you now exercise your ministry?"

"No. It is now twenty-one years since I was suspended, and I wait the Lord's time, always hoping to preach again. Jesus said to his mother, 'My hour is not yet come;' so he says to me."

"Have you never preached since that time?"

"Yes; about six years ago I supplied the place of a pastor in Argovie. Many crowded to hear; some, with tears, asked what they must do to be saved; but numbers were angry, and desired the pastor to cease to employ me; and he was obliged to comply."

"But why not preach through your own canton in rooms, or wherever you can?"

"O, you do not know what sort of liberty we have here; the Lord has given me courage, so that if a pistol were put to my head it would be the same to me; but the people would make a tumult, and I should be stopped at once. The time is not yet come."

"At least it seems to me that faithful ministers should try."

"I hope the time will come."

There was every appearance of poverty in his small chamber, but he was cheerful and gay. On his door within was written "I come quickly," and without, "I will see you again." By the first, he expressed his faith in the second coming of the Lord; by the second, his confidence in his love and care now. Such men are benefactors to their fellow Christians. By choosing to suffer for Christ, they shame our soft self-indulgence, and strengthen our principles, and by suffering cheerfully they animate our faith, and they are peculiarly wanted now. Mr. Roussel and Mr. Audebez have been useful in France, just because they were willing to suffer obloquy and imprisonment, if necessary, in the fulfilment of their

ministry; and a few such men, determined to preach Christ throughout Switzerland at all costs, would probably do much good in that country.

It is of some importance to Zurich that the English pastor should be a pious and sensible man. Some English mechanics and their families are employed in the factories: for their own sakes, and for the sake of their fellow-workmen, it is important that they should be under religious influence. Many, also, of the Zurichers study English; and if the minister preaches earnestly with good sense, many of them will be likely to attend to hear English speaking. At present there is no evening service on the Sabbath in Zurich, but a "Bible lecture" is about to be established at five o'clock, by three of the most earnest pastors in the town. It would probably prove useful to many, if the few pious persons in the place should meet periodically for the study of the scriptures and of prayer: there being Christians enough to form such a meeting. But probably the best thing which they could do at present, for themselves and for Zurich, would be to establish an evangelical chapel, independent of the State, as the Taitbont Chapel at Paris, the Oratoire at Geneva, and the Evangelical Chapel at Lyons; which would enable them to summon some able and excellent pastor to Zurich; and would gather round him an evangelical church, free from the dictation of the State; separate from the world, and united to one another.

On the afternoon of Friday, October 1st, we left Zurich for Basle, and, as far as Baden, availed our-

selves of the railroad. The first-class carriages on that line are decidedly handsomer and more convenient than our own. The interior of each carriage is about six feet in height; two tables are fixed on its floor; it is surrounded with easy sofas, and two good looking-glasses hang on its sides. Leaving Baden, which is prettily situated on the Limmat, we crossed successively the Reuss and the Aar, hastening from their respective lakes to salute the princely Rhine. They looked well beneath the western sun; and so did the castle of Habsburg, which in the clear twilight looked down from its woody eminence upon the windings of the Aar. It is said that the Emperor of Austria has bought this ancestral seat, where the foundations of the fortunes of his family were laid. He may perhaps think with regret of those times when his ancestors were less powerful but more virtuous. What is the value of that imperial power, which, enshrined within the walls of Vienna, extends its iron rule over the discontented nobles of Hungary to the south-east, and over the more irritated and more oppressed millions of Venetian Lombardy to the south-west? It does not save its possessor from imbecility or vice: but it tempts him to chain down and torture in the Spielberg the noblest minds of Italy, such as Pellico and Maroncelli; to proscribe their patriotism, to crush their genius, to extinguish their liberty; to establish that espionage which destroys all confidence between man and man; and thus to degrade a people, who, in the days of their freedom, gave birth to greater men than any

other nation, and took the lead in the civilization of Europe.

At Stein our rooms looked out upon the Rhine, flowing by in its ample bed, with a broad bright current, and with a gentle song. How changed from what it was, when, from the middle bridge of the Via Mala, we saw it many fathoms down, struggling with the black rocks which imprisoned it! Since that, it has flowed nearly 200 miles; it has formed the lakes of Constance and Untersee; the Albula and the Landquart have drained for it the Grison Highlands: the Ill has brought it contributions from the Tyrol; the Thur has hurried to it with all the floods of St. Gall, Appenzell, and Thurgovie. The Limmat has gathered for it, by means of the Linth and the Sihl, the waters of Glarus and of Schwyz; the Reuss has drained for it the cantons of Lucerne, Unterwalden, and Uri; while the Aar, only second to itself, has drawn to it all the streams which descend from the northern declivities of the whole Bernese range, received for it the Saane from Friburg, and by the Sihl drained the lakes of Neuchatel, Bienne, and Morat, with all the eastern declivities of the Jura. All the northern cantons of the Confederation, all the mountains from the lake of Geneva to the Tyrol, have furnished their contingent; for it the winter snows descend upon all the glaciers, and for it the summer sun wakes up ten thousand rivulets into life and motion along their icy surface. Thus it has gathered the force and volume with which, emerging from Switzerland, it is to flow 400 miles more, amidst vineyards

and orchards, by the walls of ancient cities, and beneath the towers of castles which are mouldering like the fierce chieftains who once revelled within their halls.

On our road to Stein we had met the carriages of the King of the Belgians, on his way to Zurich; and we now occupied the room where his majesty had dined. It is said that he is tired of the cares of government, not strong in health, and has a fixed melancholy. I should not wonder at any potentate wishing, like Charles V., to descend from the cold and stormy altitudes of government, to enjoy with less restraint the pleasures of literature and of friendship; but he has more reason than most monarchs to do so. A Protestant at the head of a Catholic nation seems to me in a false position. King Leopold has thought himself obliged to attend mass, has walked in a Catholic procession, and has assisted at a Catholic ceremony, where a splendid idol, representing the Queen of Heaven, was crowned by the officiating priest. If conscience is not killed by such practices, it must feel very sick. The obligation to countenance prostration before idols, is a high price to pay for a crown. The crucifixes by the way-side after leaving Stein, on the road to Basle, show the traveller that he is still in Argovie. These Catholic insults to the Redeemer always move my indignation. Sometimes the thing to which the Catholics bow down is made with the face of a simpleton, sometimes it is as black as a brigand; often the figure is misshapen, occasionally it wants an arm or a leg, sometimes it seems

to have the yellow jaundice, and not unfrequently it is as dirty as though it had not been washed for half a century. And to this they bow down, as though it represented the glorious, almighty, omnipresent, and eternal Son of God, the Monarch of nations, the Maker of worlds. May he forgive them. It is much to be lamented, that the coldness and worldliness of Protestant churches accounts too well for the obstinate adherence of the Catholics to their errors. This is unhappily the case in Argovie. It is a flourishing canton; their cotton factories and their silk-looms are busy; education is generally diffused, and every district of 120 children must have at least one primary and one superior school, maintained partly by the communes and partly by the State: but I heard from a Christian friend, who had good means of knowing the canton, that out of the whole body of its Protestant clergy, there are only three evangelical. I am not surprised that the Catholics keep their ground.

At Basle, which we entered on the morning of Saturday, October 2, we of course visited the cathedral. Presbyterian pulpits and benches do not improve the architecture; but they filled me with joy; because they announce that the exposition of the gospel has there succeeded to the pompous ceremonial of priestcraft. I heartily wish our own cathedral worship were more in accordance with the simplicity of the gospel. It was interesting, too, to stand in the very room where the Romish Council of Basle sat: to imagine the coarse, puffed, splenetic, and imperious visages of the Romish prelates and abbots; some ra-

diant with wine and venison, some sour with bigotry and dyspepsia; almost all, whether jovial or morose, the sworn enemies to education and liberty: and then to thank God for the evangelical light and religious liberty of our own times.

In the public library there are some interesting portraits. There is one of Zuingli, in which the countenance strongly resembles that at Zurich, though the attitudes are different, and the one presents the right side of the face to the spectator, and the other the left. The brow is defective, and I did not think the countenance attractive. Three reformers, Œcolampadius, Grynæus, and Meyer, are there portrayed. The two latter are good-looking men, with sense and mildness depicted in their countenances. Œcolampadius is so buried in his black beard and whiskers, that the countenance is scarcely visible. There are two valuable portraits by Lucas Cronach, one of Melancthon, with lofty brow, and meek, pensive seriousness of expression, but without much force: the second is of Luther while yet young; the features of the latter picture are coarse, the countenance is full of life, strength, seriousness, and resolution. The portraits of Erasmus, who lived in this city, abound: all resemble each other, and all indicate a man who would never sacrifice his interest to his conscience, and would take care to advocate truth so far only as was convenient; a man self-complacent but sneaking; who would never lose a patron or a fee for want of flattery, and never back a friend when it became dangerous.

From the library I passed to the missionary college, where fifty young men are preparing for the evangelization of the heathen. In the museum of the house, to which I was introduced, I saw on the one wall the portraits of many of the missionaries who had been educated in the college, and on the other a collection of the idols worshipped in the lands to which they had been sent. Stupidity and ferocity, emblematic of the religions which had given them birth, marked the countenances of the idols; intelligence and good temper radiated from the countenances of the servants of Jesus Christ. Many of these have died in faith; some still live to preach Christ, among whom I may mention Gobat at Jerusalem, and Weitbrecht at Burdwan. Contrasted with these pioneers of religion and civilization, there happened to be present at the time of my visit, several learned German philologists, members of the Philological Society, about 200 of whom were now met in Basle. One of these was unhappily a leading Neologian, and several others men of no religious feeling. I much regretted this when I looked at their intelligent faces, and heard of their laborious studies. The Neologian looked especially worn and unhappy; and all of them, perhaps, when contrasting the consecration of their faculties to words, with the self-denying labors of these missionaries, might utter the regret of Salmasius, "Eheu vitam perdidi operose nihil agendo." No knowledge is to be despised; but it is to be regretted how few learned men are anxious to make their attainments subservient to the cause of the gospel; and how many, like Erasmus, notwithstand-

ing splendid faculties and vast erudition, would leave the world just as wicked and just as miserable as they found it.

The proprietor of the hotel of the Three Kings has formed, within the hotel, a very pretty chapel, adorned with the carved wood-work which once graced the chapel of the abbot of St. Gall. Other proprietors of hotels, at Zurich, Thun, Vevey, and other places, have either done the same, or have aided the establishment of an English chapel in their neighbourhood. This fact is a proof of the numbers of English who visit Switzerland. At the time of our tour the season was nearly over, and yet we saw them every where. They crowd the table d'hôte of each hotel, they fill the steam-boats, they occupy the mules and horses which you meet on each mountain-pass, and they project their heads from the windows of every diligence. They cross and re-cross each other's path in all directions: and the innkeepers are so well aware of the importance of their custom, that they hang up notices on their walls to attract them, of which the following accurate transcript is a specimen. "In the interest of visitors who will honor my hotel with their presence, i don't fail to inform them that they have not to give any drinking money to the people employed in my house; and that also the charge to bring their baggages to the diligence or the steamers is inclused in the account they have to pay: and there fore no boddy can request somewhat to a traveller, by what pretext it would be." Many travellers also of other nations love these mountain

scenes. On the Righi we met with Americans, Germans, French, an attaché to the Austrian Embassy and the French Ambassador to the Cantons. We saw many foreigners at each table d'hôte. At the Schweitzer Hof, Lucerne, the Queen of Holland occupied the principal suite of rooms; and we met the King of the Belgians on his way to the Hotel Baur at Zurich.

But Switzerland affects the nations of Europe far more directly than by attracting travellers to its lakes and mountains. The influence of the institutions of this free people in the heart of Europe must, like the Rhine, the Rhone, the Tessin, and the Inn, which descend from their glaciers, flow far and wide into all the circumjacent kingdoms. Whether it will be henceforth for good or evil remains to be seen. The democratic party, having been every where victorious, may eventually consolidate Switzerland into one Helvetic republic; by which the different nations of the Confederation, German, French, Italian, and Etruscan, would become one people. At present the Cantons, too slightly bound together by the Federal Compact, and with different languages, creeds, laws, and interests, are separate nations. The religion of one canton is proscribed in another; the current coin of one is rejected in the next: they have distinct treaties, they have opposite sympathies. One group of cantons seeks to ally itself with the freest nations; another cherishes the friendship of Austria and the Pope. Every potentate may thus insult them with impunity, because he has to deal with each canton separately. But if they were united they would form a nation,

comprising 2,177,000 citizens; and with mountain fastnesses, stronger than Ehrenbreitstein or the line of fortresses along the northern frontier of France, could defend themselves against almost any foe. The task of uniting them, though difficult, does not seem to be impracticable. As the French provinces, with all their old provincial partialities, have been fused into one great people, much to their common advantage, so, in the hands of able, virtuous, and moderate men, the cantons may also be peaceably and legally united. And should their legal union take place without violence or injustice, then, with the same laws, institutions, schools, and interests, and with one prevailing language, they may be brought to feel as one people, and cantonal partialities be superseded by zeal for their common country.

These results depend mainly upon the prevailing spirit of the governing majority. Should the liberals, disregarding the feelings and the rights of the petty cantons, force on a legislative union, and should a plebeian and communist Central Government hoist the flags of the last Vaudois revolution, "Down with the Methodists," "Down with the Aristocrats," "Down with the honest," "Down with God," should they in this spirit trample on the conservatives, proscribe men of property, and persecute evangelical religion, they would disgrace the name of liberty; they would pauperize and dishonor Switzerland; and they would rejoice the heart of every despot in Europe. Should they further, with political fanaticism, ally themselves with all the revolutionary and antichris-

tian fermentation throughout Europe, the five great powers would probably combine to crush them as a moral pestilence; while the insulted and oppressed Catholics, Methodists, and Conservatives could not be expected zealously to aid their beleaguered oppressors. Already the language of some of the great powers is menacing. Prince Metternich, in conclave with the refugee Jesuits at Vienna, is longing to re-establish the Jesuit Governments of the Forest Cantons; the German Diet, in conjunction with Austria and Prussia, have decided that the powers which were parties to the treaty of Vienna have the right to deprive a Swiss republic of the neutrality guaranteed to the Helvetic Confederation; and the French Court has not concealed its enmity towards the Swiss liberals. A pretext for invasion may soon be found. If the Diet should violate the Federal Compact, and any one oppressed canton should solicit foreign aid, or should the conservative party, wearied with the endurance of wrong and insult, express the slightest desire to be relieved from the vexations of plebeian tyranny, then Prince Metternich and Mr. Guizot might speedily dictate to Switzerland, under the sanction of French and Austrian artillery, the conditions of its political existence. Most carefully, therefore, ought the Diet to secure the cordial union of all sound-hearted Swiss before they venture to defy the armed giants who have surveyed their recent successes with so much impatient jealousy. The conditions of their safety are plain. Let them bury the memory of past animosities: let them cautiously keep within the existing law: as

required by the Federal Pact, let them secure the unanimous assent of the cantons before they introduce any organic changes, not seeking to force the petty cantons into the policy of a united Republic, but laboring to convince them that it is better for all than a Confederation. Let them treat with merited respect the educated and intelligent minority which they have overthrown; let them protect the rights of property, recognising that the interests of the poor are inseparably blended with the interests of the rich; let them establish throughout their country complete religious liberty for Catholics and Protestants; let them vigorously defend the religious part of the community in the exercise of their religion from mob violence; and instead of ruling for the gratification of a party, let them seek the welfare of all. So Switzerland, united, enlightened, virtuous, and with much religion pervading all its classes, may secure the friendship of all free nations, enjoy a peaceful prosperity, and exercise a beneficial influence upon every government in Europe.

Towards this end, as it seems to me, religious men in all the cantons should direct their efforts: not aiming to re-establish the old aristocratic Governments, which is impossible, not endeavouring to overthrow the existing Governments, which must make them jealous and hostile, but proving their title to the esteem and gratitude of their compatriots by forgetting past wrongs, and by heartily aiding their present rulers, as far as their acts are upright and prudent.

Thus, aided by the best of their compatriots, Messrs. Ochsenbein, Fuhrer, Druey, and Fazy, with their friends, may materially augment both the happiness and the strength of their country. By the present compact an army of 32,758 men is at their disposal: but, if they govern well, five times that number of courageous and patriotic soldiers would at any time muster on any of their frontiers, to repel the proudest invader. If they prove themselves to be narrow-minded and short-sighted partisans, who, yielding to vulgar temptations, avail themselves of a majority to insult and harass their political opponents, they will vex their country, shorten their tenure of power, and make their memory odious; but if, as enlightened statesmen, and as generous patriots, they bury the memory of past animosities, keep within existing Federal law, defend the rights of property, maintain religious liberty, respect religion, and, by seeking the good of all classes, secure a general unanimity within the limits of the cantons, they may probably be able to establish a strong and well-governed state, enlarge its resources, elevate its laboring classes, promote by the example of their happiness constitutional liberty without revolution in the kingdoms of Europe, win for themselves a European fame, and transmit their names with honor to posterity.

On the bridge of Basle we bade adieu to Switzerland; steamed along the Baden railway between the Vosges mountains and the hills of the Black Forest, mused over fallen greatness at Heidelberg, enjoyed a

[illegible] of their companions by for-
ming past wrongs, and by heartily aiding their
present rulers, so far as their acts are upright
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On the bridge of Basle we bade adieu to Switzerland; steamed along the Baden railway between the Vosges mountains and the hills of the Black Forest, over fallen greatness at Heidelberg, enjoyed a

brilliant day on the Rhine between Mayence and Cologne, heard my excellent friend Mr. Panchaud preach at Brussels, examined at Antwerp the great productions of Rubens, and on Wednesday, October 13th, through the gracious providence of God, looked again with pleasure on the white cliffs of England.

March 3d. The astonishing revolution which has just taken place in France, secures Switzerland against Austrian invasion, and makes France its ally. But these events ought to inspire both the Diet and the Cantonal Governments with two new motives to respect the rights of conscience; one addressed to their fears, and one to their better feelings. As a French republic has swallowed up Switzerland once, they may need the union of all the Swiss to preserve themselves from being a second time engulphed; and as the French allow complete religious liberty to all persons within their territory, Swiss patriots should not exhibit to the world a disgraceful contrast to that enlightened generosity.

APPENDIX.

NARRATIVE OF A VISIT TO SOME OF THE STATIONS OF THE EVANGELICAL SOCIETY IN FRANCE.

REPRINTED FROM THE CHRISTIAN TREASURY.

On Tuesday, the 15th of September, 1846, in company with three friends, I left Paris for Blois. On the road I had an opportunity of remarking that Frenchmen are not always inaccessible on the subject of religion. A French gentleman in the same railway carriage with ourselves, gave us courteously the information which we asked respecting his country, and received in return, with equal readiness, the remarks which were made to him on the subject of personal religion; acknowledged the duty of reading the word of God; and accepted, with thanks, a copy of the New Testament. Another gentleman, superintendent of one of the railway stations, and an old sailor, jovial, sceptical, and light-hearted, who professed never to read any book whatever, still, after some religious conversation, accepted a New Testament with tears in his eyes; and at parting expressed his regret that we were obliged so soon to separate. Till within a few years there was no French Protestant in Blois. It has now its excellent

minister, M. Cadier, supported by the Evangelical Society. A few converts only meet in the humble room which is set apart for Protestant worship. But in a beautiful site, which looks down upon the picturesque town, with its lofty castle on the right, and its equally proud cathedral on an eminence to the left, a Protestant temple is rising. In that cathedral superstition has chained the minds of its devotees: in that castle, pride and power have held their revels over the prisoners, whose groans from the dungeons below might mingle with the laugh, and the dance, and the song, in the halls above. There solemn treaties, parliamentary debates, and splendid tournaments, had alternated with deeds of darkness: there, in 1588, Henry, Duke of Guise, fell dead at the door of Henry III., pierced by the daggers of forty-five assassins, who acted under the orders of the king; and there Henry IV. celebrated his nuptials with Margaret of Anjou. Atrocities and gaieties have alike vanished; but in its place a Protestant church is forming, and a Protestant temple rising, which may give to Blois and its 13,000 inhabitants more honor and advantage than ever it derived from its castle and its cathedral.

A merry party on Wednesday morning, to whom the motion of the railroad was a novelty, laughed and chatted, as the vineyards seemed to flit past us, and the dragon of an engine hurried us along the banks of the glittering Loire, with a speed which might make the pigeon and the swallow envy our rival flight. Yet this gay-hearted family welcomed some religious tracts which were put into their hands; and when they had satisfied their curiosity by thrusting out their heads to see the new bridge in the neighbourhood of Tours, and expressed their admiration of its magnitude and beauty, they

listened with more than willingness when it was explained to them that the only safe bridge across the abyss of death is that simple faith in Christ, which alone can conduct us safely to the opposite shore of heaven.

A few years since Tours was without any Protestant worship in the French language; but the Evangelical Society having established a missionary there, it has now a considerable church, an established pastor, and a neat temple.

Saumur has had a similar experience. I saw it, as well as Tours, glowing above its glassy river, surrounded by its fruitful vineyards, beneath a cloudless sun. It was once more flourishing than at present. Within the walls of its castle, crowning a central rock in the city, Duplessis Mornay lived as governor. Protestants, protected by him, brought to it the industrious arts, and it flourished in manufactures, commerce, and learning. The revocation of the edict of Nantes destroyed all; and Saumur has never risen from that fall. Forty years ago one solitary Protestant lived there, originally a Catholic, who, in the delirium of the revolution, read his Bible in secret. He was blessed in his search after truth, and became a Protestant. A member of his family still lives to recall the piety of her grandfather; but she is no longer solitary. M. Duvivier, the Protestant pastor, with his colporteur and schoolmaster, conducted us to his neat Protestant temple, introduced us to two of his deacons, grave and simple-minded men, and gave us the opportunity of uniting with about 70 members of his flock in their Wednesday evening worship.

Our course now lay southward to the department of the Charente, where we found no less ample proofs of the blessing of God resting upon evangelical activity. Mansle,

a village with 1,800 inhabitants, has few attractions. The clear Charente there rolls over its rushy bed among green meadows, and the undulating neighborhood was rich with an abundant vintage; but there is nothing picturesque in the scenery. The houses are irregular, poor, and dirty; the inhabitants, like other inhabitants of rural communes in the centre of France, intelligent, half-educated, and irreligious. Here M. Roussel, in 1845, preached for the first time in a barn, to a congregation wholly Catholic. The mayor opposed him, the parish priest aided in the opposition; but the barn was crowded, till doors and windows were crammed with the faces of men. Then M. Roussel determined to build, and the barn gave place to a modest temple, which rose on the same spot. This roused the Church and the State. The Bishop of Angouleme mustered his clergy to parade the streets of Mansle, and then fulminated his episcopal indignation against M. Roussel in the parish church. Then followed Abbé Descordes, who, in successive sermons, endeavored to excite the crowds attracted by the fame of his eloquence, against the movement and the Protestants. The mayor commenced a legal process against M. Roussel. The mayor of Ruffec wrote a bitter pamphlet against him. Meanwhile the temple continued to rise. The workmen perversely heeded neither mayors nor clergy, and on Saturday, September 19, about 400 assembled for worship for the first time within the walls. Sunday, 20th, there was a gathering of the friends of the gospel. Above 800 persons crowded the temple; about 200 outside sought admission in vain; and three times that day was the gospel preached to the people, once by M. Roussel, and twice by two Protestant ministers of the neighborhood.

St. Jean d'Angeley, in the Lower Charente, situated on

the right bank of the Boutonne, with 6,000 inhabitants, and placed in the midst of luxuriant vineyards, was some time since a scene of equal religious excitement. Hundreds flocked to hear the word of God when it was first preached there; and it has now its temple and its pastor. At the Reformation nearly all the inhabitants became Protestants; but, as in many other places, they have fallen into superstition or indifference; and at this day, it owes its pastor and its little congregation of Protestants, with whom we worshipped on Monday, 21st September, to the praiseworthy zeal of the French Evangelical Society. Around St. Jean there are five stations of the Society, at which five evangelists are encouraged by considerable congregations, who have placed themselves under Protestant instruction. At one of these (Brouillac) about thirty villagers met for worship on Tuesday morning, the 22nd, having left their harvest labors for this purpose, in the busiest season of their year;—amiable and simple persons, who having recently embraced the doctrines of the gospel, are now raising for themselves a place of worship. In that neighborhood, seventeen communes have asked for Protestant ministers in vain, the pastor of St. Jean d'Angeley, M. P. Boubila, and his five coadjutors, who labor in the villages, being utterly unable to comply with their invitations.

We will pass by Angouleme, where the zeal of M. Roussel has constructed a spacious temple, to speak of the Upper Vienne, to which we next proceeded. The sun was up in heaven, gleaming on the torrent course of the Vienne. When we approached Limoges from the west, our road lay amidst green meadows, wound among many-shaped hills, now descending almost to the banks of the river, now rising to some eminence, whence we could descry far

required by the Federal Pact, let them secure the unanimous assent of the cantons before they introduce any organic changes, not seeking to force the petty cantons into the policy of a united Republic, but laboring to convince them that it is better for all than a Confederation. Let them treat with merited respect the educated and intelligent minority which they have overthrown; let them protect the rights of property, recognising that the interests of the poor are inseparably blended with the interests of the rich; let them establish throughout their country complete religious liberty for Catholics and Protestants; let them vigorously defend the religious part of the community in the exercise of their religion from mob violence; and instead of ruling for the gratification of a party, let them seek the welfare of all. So Switzerland, united, enlightened, virtuous, and with much religion pervading all its classes, may secure the friendship of all free nations, enjoy a peaceful prosperity, and exercise a beneficial influence upon every government in Europe.

Towards this end, as it seems to me, religious men in all the cantons should direct their efforts: not aiming to re-establish the old aristocratic Governments, which is impossible, not endeavouring to overthrow the existing Governments, which must make them jealous and hostile, but proving their title to the esteem and gratitude of their compatriots by forgetting past wrongs, and by heartily aiding their present rulers, as far as their acts are upright and prudent.

Thus, aided by the best of their compatriots, Messrs. Ochsenbein, Fuhrer, Druey, and Fazy, with their friends, may materially augment both the happiness and the strength of their country. By the present compact an army of 32,758 men is at their disposal: but, if they govern well, five times that number of courageous and patriotic soldiers would at any time muster on any of their frontiers, to repel the proudest invader. If they prove themselves to be narrow-minded and short-sighted partisans, who, yielding to vulgar temptations, avail themselves of a majority to insult and harass their political opponents, they will vex their country, shorten their tenure of power, and make their memory odious; but if, as enlightened statesmen, and as generous patriots, they bury the memory of past animosities, keep within existing Federal law, defend the rights of property, maintain religious liberty, respect religion, and, by seeking the good of all classes, secure a general unanimity within the limits of the cantons, they may probably be able to establish a strong and well-governed state, enlarge its resources, elevate its laboring classes, promote by the example of their happiness constitutional liberty without revolution in the kingdoms of Europe, win for themselves a European fame, and transmit their names with honor to posterity.

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through the poverty of the Evangelical Society, long neglected; and a skilful and zealous priest has restored to the Church of Rome much of its lost influence in the commune.

But in the deep secluded valley of the Couze, within sound of its natural music, a convenient temple has been built, part of the building forming a comfortable presbytery or manse. And here, on Sabbath evening, 27th September, we worshipped with an attentive congregation of converts to Protestantism, who were lately immersed in the superstition which still unhappily broods over the Limousin.

At Balledent, two of our party slept at the house of the friendly mayor of the commune, and two remained at the manse. Nothing could be more hospitable than the reception which our Swiss friends gave us; and the lofty hills, to the very summit of which the luxuriant woods had climbed, wanted nothing but the granite crag and the snow-peak to make us believe that the Swiss pastor was in his own land.

From Balledent we sought the village of Rancon, the scene of the labors of M. Boubila. In that commune there are, besides the central village just named, twelve others, which receive regular visits from the indefatigable pastor. Of the two thousand inhabitants of the commune, about two-thirds have placed themselves under his pastoral care; and the work is prospering in his hands. With his pious schoolmaster, every evening he holds a meeting with a few inquirers at one of these villages, returning late in the night along execrable roads, and often through stormy darkness, to his humble dwelling.

But I must now leave this interesting department, and transporting my readers from its wide-spread groves of

Spanish chesnut, its granite hills, and its sparkling streams, to the richer valley of the Yonne, must show them that the dispositions of Champagne are not different from those of the Saintonge, Angoumois, and Limousin.

Having bidden a reluctant farewell to our brother Roussel, who had been our companion and guide in the Limousin, we now hastened to meet at Auxerre the pastor Audebez, whose evangelical labors God had greatly blessed in the department of the Yonne. We had miscalculated the facilities of travel over cross roads, and after a journey of two days and nights, reached Auxerre about an hour after M. Audebez had left it; and as we were obliged to pursue him without delay, that we might be present at the service fixed for that evening at Villeneuve la Roi, we were obliged, much to our regret, to turn our backs upon Auxerre, the chief city of the department, without having seen any of the Protestants, or even visited their temple. Notwithstanding the fierce opposition of the prefect and other authorities, God has so much blessed the perseverance of M. Audebez and his brethren at this place, that there is a temple, two pastors, two Protestant schools, and a regular congregation of about 800 persons, where, two or three years ago, there was scarcely a Protestant to be found. At seven o'clock we reached Villeneuve, where the service was about to begin. About 60 persons, all lately Roman Catholics, attended. As M. Audebez preached, we did not hear the pastor, M. Moneron: but I was glad to hear from M. Audebez, that he is a very devoted man, who seeks the blessing of God on all he does. We were now in the midst of the work of evangelization in the department of the Yonne, and may consider briefly in what the department differs from the Upper Vienne. In the latter department the people

are poor, far from the capital, placed near no great roads, visited by few strangers, superstitious and simple. The Champenois of the Yonne are very different. Their department is rich. Of 729,223 hectars of surface, 500,000 are arable and pasture, 150,123 are forest, 37,212 are vineyards, 30,000 alone are still waste. Here wheat, oats, wine, cider, are produced in abundance. Cattle and sheep are reared, and the population prospers. From Auxerre the river is navigated by large boats, till it flows into the Seine at Montreau, and from that place there are steam-boats to Paris. The Royal and Departmental roads are excellent, and the road from Paris to Dijon runs through a large portion of the department. Hence the people are flourishing and advanced in civilization. Here it might have been expected that the scepticism said to be so common in France would have opposed more formidable barriers to the spread of the truth than superstition elsewhere. In addition, the priests, in the towns at least, have retained much influence with the richer classes. At Sens, especially, they have great power. Although the Government salaries to priests and prelates is small, yet the ecclesiastical dues recruit the means of the former. The latter are enriched by the annual sale of holy oil which each parish must buy, and large donations and bequests are made to the Church by devout Roman Catholics. In the department there are eight curés of the first class, 41 of the second, and 412 of the third; and almost all these priests are zealous to prevent the spread of Protestantism. But, on the other hand, there were, a few years since, 570 primary schools, containing 29,603 scholars, of whom 18,750 were boys, and 10,853 were girls; and now, probably, there are many more of these nurseries of thought, which are ominous to those

whose spiritual dominion depends on the ignorance of their followers.

When M. Audebez first preached in this department, not only in the great towns, but even in the villages, crowds gathered to listen; and earnest invitations were sent to him, from many places which it was impossible that he should visit. Friday, October 2, in company with M. Bertholet and M. Audebez, we drove through an ugly arable country cleared of its crops, and relieved by neither wood, verdure, nor hills, to St. Maurice aux riches hommes, on the northern frontier of the department. This commune comprises two villages, St. Maurice containing about 400 inhabitants, and Muny with above 500. The former village adheres to its priest. It was at Muny that we alighted. Their circumstances resemble those of thousands of the villages of France: there is no squire, no great proprietor, in the place or neighborhood; the priest is despised; the only man of any distinction is the mayor, who is himself a peasant. There is not a rich person in the village, and scarcely a pauper. All, as little proprietors, stocking-makers, carpenters, laborers, &c. secure a comfortable livelihood; read newspapers at their village café; and assemble in their ball-room to dance.' There was scarcely any religion in the place, and one intelligent young man told us that he had read eagerly the popular infidel authors, to be able to silence the priest in argument. While M. Audebez was preaching at Sens, three successive letters from this village invited him to visit them. At length he went—the ball-room, now consecrated to worship, was crowded. In the midst of the service, the mayor with his drum, and four men armed with muskets, marched into the centre of the meeting, to break it up. M. Audebez protested against

his conduct as illegal, and said he would disturb them at his peril. At length this officer was induced to retire, and since that time the gospel has been preached to them at intervals without molestation. In that same ball-room we met on Friday evening, 2d October, about a hundred of these villagers, who assembled to hear M. Audebez preach. Old men and middle-aged men, with grave, intelligent aspect, were seated near young men and young women, who seemed to find it difficult to restrain their merriment for a single hour; and children, with sweet rosy countenances, had come with their fathers and mothers, who seemed not less amiable. To some the black beard of a week's growth and profuse whiskers gave a savage air; and curious it was to see men, women, and children crowded together, without the smallest order, standing, sitting, leaning against the wall, while three or four tallow candles threw a flickering light over the blue blouses, blue nightcaps and white which men wear at their work, upon men's hats and women's white caps, and every variety of dress. The hymn we sang at the beginning of the service was probably the first evangelical hymn which many of them had ever heard. They listened with great attention to an excellent sermon on Romans viii. 1, preached by M. Audebez; and nearly the whole village is prepared to welcome a Protestant minister to reside among them. And yet all this attention is not to be ascribed to religious earnestness; of which I need give no other proof than this, that M. Loubchere, one of the demissionary pastors of the Canton de Vaud, who remained there at our departure, could hold no service the Sunday following, because the villagers, among whom were probably many of the congregation who assembled to hear M. de Audebez preach, were employing their

ball-room that day for their village dance. Why then do these villagers crowd to hear the gospel? They have a much greater independence of feeling and action than the laborers, or even farmers of this country generally have—being all nearly on a equality, with no one above them except the Government and its officers; they know that it is contrary to their priest, whom they dislike and despise; it is a great novelty, and they have quickness and intelligence. Some of them think they ought to have some religion, and cannot endure the mass and the confessional; some are excited by curiosity, because the preacher has been prosecuted by the authorities, and listened to by great crowds in other places; some are interested in the gospel; some are converted to God. Whatever the motives which bring them together, it is certainly remarkable that Roman Catholics, by hundreds and thousands, without the smallest prospect of advantage, should be willing to hear the great truths of the gospel set before them in the most emphatic and the plainest manner, against the wishes both of the priests and the Government. The other villages of the Yonne are in circumstances similar to those of St. Maurice, and are not less willing to have the gospel preached to them. On Sunday, the 4th, we attended in the morning at the opening of the temple of Aillant, in a pleasant valley watered by the Tholon, an affluent of the Yonne. Here the curiosity which attracted hundreds when M. Audebez first preached among them, has subsided; and while the congregation in the parish church consisted of less than thirty women, among whom the priest and his associates were yelling out their discordant recitative as they perambulated the building, the congregation in the new Protestant temple was not more than forty or fifty, chiefly men. M.

Loriot, the evangelist placed here, is a good man; but the French Catholics require much zeal and much vivacity in the man who is to break through their inveterate levity and disregard of religion. In the evening, we attended worship in the temple at Sens, where pastor Bertholet preached with much animation. About 150 persons were in attendance. The Protestant schools in connection with the chapel are good. An excellent schoolmaster and excellent schoolmistress second the evangelic efforts of M. Bertholet, and a zealous colporteur is also diligent in diffusing the Scriptures among the people. On Monday evening, October 8, we closed our tour of inspection by attending a pastoral meeting at the house of M. Bertholet, where about twenty-four persons, almost all lately Roman Catholics, assembled at their pastor's house to read the Scriptures and to pray. Of most of them M. Bertholet has reason to hope that they are truly converted to God; and these are the harvest of one year. Doubtless others will follow. This work at Sens is encouraging. There, till lately, the circumstances of the city rendered the prospect of Protestant success very remote. There were no Protestants in the place; the archbishop and the Catholic Church are rich; men without religion do not like to put themselves out of good society by embracing a proscribed doctrine; and those who do not blindly follow the priests are generally indifferent to all religion: so that to get hearers was difficult. Yet the wood of the sacred cross, skulls and bones of martyrs set in gold with coronets of pearls, and even the chasuble of St. Thomas à Becket, without which treasures France (said the sacristan) at the Revolution would have been overthrown, were not sufficient to hinder many devout persons from hearing the Protestant preacher; while some were

all the more disposed to listen, because of their contempt for these worthless relics. The richer classes, indeed, do not venture to attend, chiefly because they would lose their place in society, and the poor are hindered by the fear of losing their employment; still is there here, as the result of the efforts of about two years, a pastor, a temple, two schools, a schoolmaster and mistress, a colporteur distributing the Scriptures, and a congregation from about 150 to 300 who attend the preaching. Thus the Yonne has shown itself not less willing to hear the gospel than the Upper Vienne and the Lower Charente. The prosperous graziers and agriculturists of a rich soil not far from the metropolis, are not more indisposed to Protestant doctrine than the vine-growers of the west, or the inhabitants of the chesnut-covered hills towards the south. It would be easy to prove the existence of a similar disposition in the population of the north and of the south of the kingdom; the reports of the missionaries of the Evangelical Society of Geneva, and of the evangelical ministers of the Reformed Church in the most northern districts, agreeing with the reports published by the Evangelical Society of Paris. Every where it is indeed chiefly the poor who are attracted; but, let it be remarked, the first successes of the gospel, as preached by the apostles, were among the poor, and that the poor are the mass of the nation. The New Testament is now sold by pious colporteurs to hundreds of thousands throughout the kingdom; and there are many indications that a great extension of evangelical religion might, with the blessing of God, be effected in France, if only suitable missionaries—men of fervent piety and strong sense—could be sent in numbers to the hundreds of populous communes who are willing to receive them. To train these, a school of evan-

gelists is now about to be formed; and the Evangelical Society, conducted by enlightened and devoted brethren in Paris, only needs effective aid to become an immense blessing, first, to France, and then, through France, to Europe and the world.

FINIS.

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